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CONSTITUTION OF THE BRITISH ARMY AS IT IS, AND AS IT SHOULD BE.

"The military institutions of Great Britain bear as little resemblance to those of other powers, as the English themselves to other nations."—GENERAL FOY.

THE constitution of the British army is, perhaps, the greatest anomaly that ever existed in any free country. It is based on the foundation of slavery, solemnly recognised by laws professedly enacted for the protection of liberty. It is officered on a principle of exclusion, which is not only at variance with the spirit of our civil institutions, but presents an insurmountable obstacle to the developement of genius, talent, and ambition, in its own ranks. It is governed by a code which, however its practical severity may have been mitigated by the reacting force of public opinion, is calculated to perpetuate the debasement of the soldier, and to maintain the ascendancy of the privileged caste for whom alone all the honours and distinctions of the service are reserved. Regarded with jealousy by the popular branch of the legislature, and subsisting only by a tenure annually renewed, the army has long been abandoned to the direction and control of those who had the strongest interest to make it what it is; and, in the irrational apprehension of danger from a regular and permanent armed force, it has, through ignorance or neglect, perhaps both united, been permitted to assume a form, and to have impressed upon it a character, which certainly qualify it, in an eminent degree, for performing any service that the enemies of liberty may require at its hands. What, in fact, *is* the British army? We answer: A mass of disciplined slaves, governed by terror—the terror of the lash. Rewards it has none, for those whose thews and sinews constitute its strength; but it rejoices in the stern severity of its discipline, which is maintained by means of punishments, some of them at least such as are only inflicted upon slaves, and which, applied to freemen, infer indelible infamy. It is a sort of incorporation, in the worst form, of the worst species of despotism. It is also composed of the very worst materials; and its constituent principle is of such a nature as to prevent an infusion of better; whilst, from the *fact* of its composition, is usually deduced the necessity of maintaining, in full force and vigour, the very system which excludes all improvement. Will it be maintained, then, that a body so composed, constituted, and governed, is in harmony with the institutions of a free nation? or, that it may not, at some crisis, perhaps not remote, become a ready and powerful instrument of dictatorial government, under any bold bad man, who, in defiance of the law and constitution of the country, may have united, in his own person, all the offices of the state? In ordinary times, the inherent evil tendencies of the system are counteracted by indirect influences, by moral and political agencies, by the habit of respect for the laws, and, above all, by the power of public opinion. But occasions may occur, emergencies may arise, crises may suddenly surprise us, when all these secondary restraints will be found unavailing, and when the *ultima ratio* of factions, as well as kings, will be opposed to the encroaching spirit of reform and improvement.

But, however this may be, it cannot be without its use at the present time, to shew what the constitution of the British army actually *is*, and, from the exposition of some of its more glaring defects and anomalies, to endeavour to ascertain the practical remedy to be applied—not only as corrective of existing abuses, but with a view to those improvements calculated at once to raise the character of the army, and to augment its efficiency as a protective force. Hitherto the armed mass has, in a great measure, remained untouched by the hand of reform. There have, no doubt, been many improvements in detail. The soldier is no longer swindled by the paymaster; nor is the service, as heretofore, defrauded by the army contractor; the vexatious pedantry of martinets and military posture-makers has been restrained; military duties have been defined and simplified; the men are better cared for, and their wants more regularly supplied; humanity, long kept at the outside of the barrack-gate, has at length managed to gain admission into the square—nay, even to present herself on parade; and, what is better still, indeed best of all, the torture of the lash is now but rarely applied, and almost never to the same extent as formerly. But, without undervaluing such concessions to the advancing spirit of the

age, we still contend that the radical vices and defects in the constitution of the army remain in all their original deformity—nay, more, that these have been guarded with the most watchful and jealous care by that many-headed, "multi-faced" caste, whose consequence and power are so deeply interested in their preservation. Once, and only once, they were in some small jeopardy. The resistless force of public opinion had placed a liberal and reforming administration in power; the usurpations of the boroughmongers—fortified though they were by that "prescriptive authority" which Sir Robert Peel considers as so much stronger than "law or reason"—had a measure of justice done upon them; the nation was provided with a fulcrum, on which the great lever of public opinion could act with considerable efficacy; a new era commenced (*Novus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;*) and, from that moment, the progression of reform, however exposed to partial retardations, became as certain as the course of time. In juxtaposition with such a state of things, the great military preserve was, no doubt, in some little peril. But still, in spite of every effort, the army was kept snug. Lord Grey might, for the time, have something to say at St James's or at Windsor; but the Duke of Wellington reigned by deputy at the Horse-Guards. The armed force was surrounded by a line of circumvallation, which the reforming administration durst not venture to break through with any measure of improvement. For their miserable cowardice in this, and some other respects, they paid the penalty of an insulting and almost ignominious dismission from office. Emboldened by their weakness—or what, in their situation, was the same thing, want of due energy—the enemies of reform hurled them from office, in which they forthwith installed themselves; and the ascending movement of the great principle which reform sanctioned and legalized, suffered, in consequence, a temporary retardation. But, as this obstruction has, in spite of every effort, been removed; and as, in truth, the army has nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, everything to hope from any reform which may be proposed in its constitution and administration, we shall proceed, as we proposed, to shew generally what that constitution *is*, and also what, in our humble opinion, *it ought to be*.

Before doing so, however, we shall anticipate and endeavour to remove an objection, which may be raised, *in limine*, to any change, however reasonable or necessary, in the constitution of the armed force. That army, it may be said, is second to none in Europe; perhaps, taking it as a whole, it is the first in the world. Constituted as it now is, it has fought and conquered; sometimes when opposed to fearful odds, often under heavy disadvantages. In the Peninsular campaigns, and in the short, but decisive struggle of 1815, in the Netherlands, it triumphed over the veterans of France, even when inspired with all the confidence arising from the conviction that they were led into battle by great, and hitherto successful commanders. Why, then, it may be argued, attempt any change in the constitution of a body which has so nobly done its duty to the country, and so victoriously fulfilled every purpose of its institution? Is it not enough that the end desired has been attained? This is the sort of logic by which a real and efficient reform of the army has been, and, no doubt, will continue to be, opposed. The system works well; what more would you desire? The vigour and energy which enable a free people to surmount the evils inherent in their institutions, and, even *in spite of these*, to surpass other nations, are produced by the enemies of improvement, as evidence of the excellence of those very institutions, and as an argument against any attempt to reform or amend them. The British soldier has fought and conquered "under the cold shade of aristocracy," through the sombre and chilling gloom of which, not a ray of hope ever penetrated to cheer him under the toils of the march, or to sustain him in the trying hour of battle. If slow-wasting fatigue, or the more active destruction of the field and the siege, spare him, years of honourable toil, hardship, and danger, lead to nothing better than an old age of privation and poverty;—no generous and inspiring motive is held out to animate his courage; no prospect brightens before him to incite to the performance of heroic deeds;—if he lives, it is only to be used as a sort of human automaton, whilst the machinery continues fit to perform its functions; and, if he falls, he sinks amongst a heap of undistinguished dead, to be for ever forgotten: Yet, because, even in these circumstances, he does his duty nobly—because he is not brave in this or in that action, but is brave always—because he possesses a firmness of nerve, and a strength of resolution, which neither the carnage of the field, nor the concentrated horrors of "the imminent deadly breach," can either shake or appal—because, in short, the indomitable spirit of freedom survives, even under the iron yoke of unrelenting military despotism—it is gravely contended that the system works well, and that the glorious results, produced in defiance of all its evil tendencies, are its natural and legitimate fruits! But this sort of reasoning cannot deceive any man who is not willing to be deceived. As well might it be maintained that, because the pedlar has grown up from youth to age with the pack on his back, his growth is the consequence of his having been doomed to carry a perpetual burden; as well might that which is the work of nature, in spite of the counteracting pressure, be considered as the *effect* of the pack. Yet this is really the sum and substance of the argument against a radical reform in the constitution of the army. Because the soldier has performed wonders under great disadvantages, make those disadvantages eternal; because he has fought without reward, suffered without honour, and died without glory, perpetuate the exclusion of every generous stimulus, deprive him of every adequate recompense.

In the composition of the British army, there

is that action and reaction which has contributed more than any other cause to keep down its *moral*, and to keep up the odious system upon which it is governed. In time of peace it is recruited by voluntary enlistment; and, in time of war, partly by this means, and partly by an indirect system of conscription, so ingeniously contrived as to be productive of all the evils and none of the advantages peculiar to that method of recruitment. When the regular recruiting system was found insufficient to fill up the gaps occasioned by war, recourse was had to the standing militia. This body was, for the most part, composed of substitutes, generally the refuse of the population of great manufacturing towns, who had been tempted to become such in consequence of the exorbitant premiums offered for persons to serve instead of those who had been balloted; and, as commissions in the regiments of the line were offered to militia officers who could induce a certain number of men to enter the regular service along with them, this measure seldom failed to produce the desired effect. Volunteering into the line independently was also encouraged by the tender of a fresh bounty; and the idle or dissipated characters whom the love of money had tempted to enter the militia as substitutes for a limited period, were easily prevailed on, when the first bounty had been squandered away, to sell the reversion of their liberty for a second supply of money. In this way, the militia regiments served as a sort of filtrating, though not purifying, medium for those of the line. They were no sooner completed than they were decimated; the drafts upon the parishes were continually renewed; and a conscription of the worst kind was thus practically established. At the end of the late war in Spain, the recruits from the militia were twice as numerous as those obtained by voluntary enlistment. In a word, compulsory service had become the principal element of the formation of the army, which was thus enabled to repair its losses with soldiers already, in some degree, trained to the use of arms.

An army raised by means of direct conscription is always a national army. Such a method of recruiting acts with proportional equality upon every class; and, if it takes the bad, it takes also the good along with them, and they are enabled to give a tone to the whole. But it was far otherwise with the indirect conscription which we are here considering. It took, because it could only take, the worst class. The men who served on their own account in the militia almost never volunteered; the second bounty had no temptation for them. It was the substitutes alone, originally men of idle and depraved habits, fished out of the purlieus of vice and misery in great towns, who sold the reversion of their liberty, and, we may also add, of their lives. Hence, compulsory service, so far from tending to elevate the *moral* of our army, tended rather to depress it; for, as might have been expected, the men obtained from the militia were generally of a much worse description than those supplied, in the ordinary way, by voluntary enlistment. But why, it may be asked, was it found necessary to have recourse to compulsion? Why, with a redundant population continually pressing upon the means of existence, did voluntary enlistment prove insufficient to supply the losses sustained in actual service? The reasons, we think, are very obvious, and we shall now endeavour to state them as briefly as possible.

And, in the first place, many young men, who, from a desire to see the world and indulge the love of adventure which is natural to their age, might be disposed to enter the army *for a limited period*, would, nevertheless, shrink from perpetual military servitude. A service without term presents something appalling to a reflecting mind; it is, in fact, the highest punishment but one inflicted by the civil law of the state. To enter upon a career—if career it may be called—from which there is no release, except to the hospital or the grave, is an act which no sane man will commit, who has any other hope or prospect in the world, or whom distress and misery have not rendered weary of existence. It is no doubt true, that, since 1806, men might engage for seven years or for life; but unlimited service has been encouraged in preference; so much so, indeed, that it is now the almost universal rule, whilst limited service is the rare exception. This miserable remnant, this shadow of a shade, is all that has been retained of the great and enlightened plans of Mr Windham for improving the composition and elevating the character of the army; but, to all good purposes, it is practically a dead letter; and the old system of life slavery is now in as full vigour as if that distinguished statesman had never existed. Here, then, is one radical evil in the constitution of the British army. Unlimited service is bondage; and bondage must ever repel from the ranks that class from which alone really good soldiers can ever be obtained.

In the second place, respectable young men are prevented from entering the army, in consequence of the low estimation in which its character is generally held; or, we should rather say, the opinion which prevails as to the utter profligacy and demoralization of the men by whom its ranks are filled. Hence, when a youth, in a mad frolic, breaks away from his friends and enlists, he is given up for lost: and nothing is more common, in such cases, than to hear his relations state, with mournful sincerity, that they would rather have seen him in a winding-sheet than in an uniform; that they would have considered his natural death as a less heavy calamity than his moral ruin. Nor can we wonder that such a feeling should exist, when we reflect, first, that men of good character are, in a manner, excluded from the army; and, secondly, when we call to mind that a Peer of the United Kingdom (the late Lord Melville) declared, in his place in Parliament, on the 18th of March 1817, that "the worst men were the fittest for soldiers," and that "it was desirable to keep the best at home." Such a sentiment was, no doubt, natural enough in a statesman who had sent on board the fleet

the sweepings of the jails and the hulks; but all experience unites to disprove its truth. The best have ever been the bravest men. It is on them alone that reliance can be placed in the moment of severe trial; it is to them that every officer looks for support when the moral and physical powers are tasked to the uttermost, and when poor humanity is called upon for its greatest efforts of daring or of fortitude. Men whose bodily frames have been shattered by debauchery, and whose minds have been contaminated by long familiarity with low, grovelling vice, are not, and cannot be brave. "I never knew a blackguard," says Prince Eugene, "who was good for anything." "In armies," says Napoleon, "the moral force is to the physical as three parts to one." Bad men may possess desperation, but they must ever be strangers to true courage. What, then, shall be said of those who, like the Peer above named, have sought to *ruffianise* the army? Is it wonderful that the sound and virtuous portion of the lower ranks should take alarm at such a declaration, and impress the minds of their children with a horror of the service, when they are told by authority, that "the *worst* men are the *fittest* soldiers."

Thirdly, another cause why respectable young men are repelled from the army consists in the just apprehension of a degrading and infamous punishment, which may be inflicted for offences that do not, of their own nature, infer *infamy*. When a soldier commits any crime, as, for instance, robbery and burglary, which, on trial and conviction by a jury, would infer the *infamia juris*, he is commonly left to be dealt with by the civil law; but for offences purely military—such as drunkenness, insubordination, striking a non-commissioned officer, and the like, which are not in their own nature *infamous*—he is also liable to a punishment the infliction of which is attended with indelible *infamy*. The characters written upon a man's back by the cat-o'-nine-tails can never be effaced; the ignominy of the infliction adheres like the marks of the small-pox. Now, this operates in two different directions. In the first place, it prevents young men of sense and reflection from entering a service where a military fault, unattended with any moral guilt or depravity, would expose them to a punishment from the disgrace and ignominy of which no man ever recovered; and, secondly, it presents an insuperable obstacle to every scheme intended to elevate the *moral* of the army, and to replace the brutalizing principle of terror by motives of a different and higher description. On the one hand, a body governed by the lash is an object of disgust and aversion to all who possess proper feelings, and are animated with right sentiments; on the other, the existence of such a regime is totally incompatible with any standard of morality, little, if at all, above the lowest, in that body itself. The evil, therefore, is twofold. Young men of character are prevented from entering the army; and young men of no character at all, when they happen to enlist, may probably be made worse, but, under such a system cannot possibly become better. Nor can any improvement in this respect ever be effected until the obstructing cause is removed, and the sentiment of honour is diffused throughout every rank in the service. Whilst a soldier, convicted by a court-martial of the least military fault, may be made to stand up flat against a ladder or the halberts, stripped naked to the waist, and, in that position have his shoulders and back lacerated by the drummers of the regiment with a cat-o'-nine tails—it is absurd to expect that he can ever be brought to think and feel like the member of an honourable profession, or that he will regulate his conduct by any other principle than that of simply avoiding the infliction of stripes. It is clear, therefore, that the *conditio sine qua non* of a reform in the army, is the total abolition of the servile punishment of flagellation. But how is this to be effected, consistently with the maintenance of discipline, and, we may add, the safety of the country? Flogging is a penal infliction which was introduced into the army solely in consequence of the depraved and demoralized elements of which, especially in time of war, it is composed. To bad or infamous characters it was thought that an infamous punishment could alone apply; the army, it has commonly been said, consists of *mauvais sujets*, who are inaccessible to shame, and incapable of being controlled by anything but terror; it is placed beyond the operation of ordinary rules, and must be governed upon principles peculiar to itself. Now, mark the vicious circle in which this reasoning revolves. The army is, for the most part, composed of worthless characters; the system pursued in its formation is such as to prevent persons of a better description from entering its ranks; *therefore*, it must be governed on principles calculated to make the bad worse, and to prevent their places being supplied by better. Flogging is an evil arising from another evil; but still it must be continued, because it serves to aggravate that other evil, and presents an insuperable obstruction to the application of the proper remedy. We are satisfied, however, that, even with the army as it is now constituted, flogging might, with due care and attention, be abolished, without detriment, nay, with manifest advantage to its discipline. This, we think, may be very easily made out, by reasoning from admitted *facts*. The discipline of the British army was never, at any period of its history, so complete and so efficient as at present. But there is not now one case of flogging for twenty that took place thirty years ago. The infliction of this punishment has become both less frequent, and less severe. These premises cannot be disputed. But if the progressive diminution of flogging has been attended, as appears to be the case, with a progressive improvement in the discipline and efficiency, what reason is there to apprehend any danger to either, if this punishment were totally abolished? At the same proportional rate of decrease, it will, in a few years, die out, under the silent reforming influence of public opinion; but, if the *power* be retained, however seldom it may be exercised, we fear

that, though much will be gained to humanity, the disposition of the better classes to enter the army will be very little, if at all, increased. To insure the respectability of the army, and to open a door for the admission of good men into its ranks, every vestige of a punishment attended with *infamy* should be obliterated, and even "the shadow of its name" dispelled.

Fourthly, rigid economists as we are, we cannot help thinking that the pay and appointments of both officers and soldiers are, in our army, graduated upon too low a scale. The latter are, upon an average, paid at a rate something under that of the lowest wages earned by a common labourer; and of this pittance, after certain deductions called *stoppages* are made for various necessaries, scarcely one-fourth remains at the disposal of the men. The consequence but too frequently is, that, instead of saving this trifling surplus, or applying it to augment their comforts, they drink it; whereas, if it were more considerable, they would probably be induced to act differently. But the low rate at which soldiers are paid has another, and, if possible, a worse effect. In a great manufacturing and commercial country like this, the respectability of any employment or profession is, and, we fear, ever will be, in a certain degree, at least, measured by the proportional rate at which those engaged in it are paid or remunerated for their services. This is, no doubt, a very improper, and often most unjust standard to judge by; but then it is an obvious one; and, however erroneous or absurd may be its application in particular instances, it is found to be tolerably correct upon the whole. Estimated according to such a standard, the profession of a soldier must, therefore, be ranked, in point of respectability, below that of most trades and occupations, if not even below that of the better class of day-labourers, who have been brought up to no craft, and have nothing to dispose of but their mere physical force or strength. Hence, no sensible workman or operative, who follows a trade requiring some degree of skill and dexterity, will ever, excepting in seasons of general distress and depression, dream of entering the army. Enlisting as a soldier will continue to be regarded, as now, a last and desperate resource; and, in times of ordinary prosperity, the army will be almost exclusively recruited from that class which hangs as it were loose upon society, and which, having no regular pursuit to depend on, will, consequently, be often compelled by necessity to take the only employment which remains open to them. Nor are the officers much, if at all, better off than the soldiers; perhaps they are, in several respects, considerably worse. We know of no liberal profession, indeed, the higher members of which are so inadequately rewarded. In many regiments, it is quite impossible for any officer, even though unmarried, to live upon his pay; and if he has no other resource, he must, in a short time, become involved in debt, from which he may never, perhaps, be able to extricate himself. This, in our apprehension, is a great evil. An officer who has nothing but his talents and his sword, and who is at the same time associated with men having other means to depend on, soon finds himself placed in circumstances which oppose an insurmountable obstacle to his future advancement in his profession; for what chance can such a man have, more especially if he happen to be married, in competition with men of fortune, who can purchase promotion, or men of influence, who can command it? But it seems to be part of the policy which has hitherto prevailed in the government of the army, to discourage, if not to exclude men of this stamp, and to prevent as much as possible, aspiring talents, unaccompanied by the accessories of rank or fortune, from competing with insolent mediocrity, when supported by one or other, or both; and, most assuredly, no better method could have been devised for attaining this end than graduating the pay of officers so very much below the average standard of remuneration in other liberal professions.

But, fifthly, all these causes, however much calculated to operate disadvantageously, would have been counteracted had *la carrière ouverte aux talens* been a maxim recognised in the constitution, or acted upon in the administration of our army. All other obstacles would have been overcome, all other difficulties surmounted, all other disadvantages disregarded, if the powerful stimulus of making promotion the reward of *merit* alone, had been applied to our army, as it has been to that of France, and, partially, even to the armies of the despotic monarchies of the Continent. Matters, however, are differently ordered in this country, where, by means of the sale of commissions—the habitual deference paid to parliamentary and other kinds of influence—and the operation of the law of seniority, the conservative principle of mediocrity—together with all the discouragements already enumerated, as tending to prevent men of respectability, talents, and information, from entering the ranks of the army—a wall of partition is reared up between the few and the many, and the monopoly of the former is secured by the perpetual practical exclusion of the latter. "The soldiers and the officers form, in England, two classes, separated by an almost insurmountable barrier. This is the result of the [military] institutions of the country." Such are the words of General Foy, and their truth cannot be disputed. God has distributed genius and talents in nearly equal proportions amongst all men; nor, in his beneficent distribution, can we recognise any traces of classes or categories of men. He knows no arbitrary distinctions in conferring his gifts; but, as the common Father of All, deals them out as liberally to the humblest as to the highest or most exalted of mankind. Amongst the greatest number, therefore, (*οἱ πολλοί*,) must, of necessity, be found the greatest absolute amount of genius and talents; whilst those of the mass who are possessed of ability, having, generally, nothing else to depend on for improving their condition, or advancing their fortunes, must, for this reason, be more disposed to active exertion

and enterprise, than persons who enjoy the advantage of wealth, or can calculate on advancement from family connexions or political influence. But all this amount of talent, which liberal and enlightened institutions would at once call into the most active and strenuous exertion, is, as nearly as possible, excluded from our service. There, genius and ability, if allied with poverty or an undistinguished origin, have no scope allowed for unfolding their energies; the field is exclusively reserved for wealthy or patrician mediocrity. The science of Turenne, the unerring judgment of Marlborough, the genius of Frederick, the inspirations of Napoleon, and the bravery of Ney, if all concentrated in a plebeian of the ranks, would not, in ordinary circumstances, raise him to a higher grade than that of a colour-sergeant, nor, even in the most favourable circumstances, command anything beyond an ensign's commission, with, perhaps, an eventual prospect of obtaining a lieutenancy, as the terminal point, the *ne plus ultra* of his career.

When we look at the actual composition of the army, and consider it, not as it *should be*, but as *it is*, we find that, though formed under every imaginable disadvantage, it still contains in its ranks many noble elements. "No one, who is not well acquainted with the soldiers themselves," says Major Mitchell, in his admirable *Essay on Tactics*—"not even the officers, unless where they are liked and confided in by the privates—can possibly form an estimate of the number of *intelligent* and *deserving men* to be met with in the ranks of every regiment." General Foy, an enemy, bears similar testimony in favour of the non-commissioned officers of our army. "The English non-commissioned officers," says he, "are *excellent;* their courage and talent are there *stopped short*, and *they are not allowed to rise any higher*. As they are nominated by the commander of the regiment, they cannot be broke but by the sentence of a court-martial. Their authority is extended by the minute details of inspection, of discipline, and of daily instructions, which, in other armies, would not be committed to them. Far from looking upon the young officers who come into the regiment as usurpers of employments, they act towards them *as useful counsellors* and *respectful mentors*. The English live upon the past; the word *equality* rarely echoes upon the ears of the citizens, but *never upon those of the soldier*. From time to time, and, particularly, during war, a sergeant receives an ensign's commission; *it is to him nearly the same as a marshall's staff*, and he is not disposed to murmur at it—so deeply are the social classifications engraved in his mind. And what is more, it frequently happens that the comrades of the fortunate man quiz him for his awkwardness, and for the habits unbecoming his new position. Birth or education makes a *gentleman;* a commission is not supposed to confer that qualification!"* Such is our system; such are its effects upon the mind of the soldier. The *prestige* of caste prevails over everything; the *social classifications* have become so deeply rooted that he himself recognises his own inferiority, and wonders when, by exceptions few and far between, the pre-established *inequality* is violated. Notwithstanding the admitted "excellence" of the non-commissioned officers, the hope of one day passing the line of demarcation which separates them from the commissioned officers, scarcely obtains a place in their minds. "Under the cold shade of aristocracy," all generous and aspiring ambition is chilled; "the genial current of the soul" is congealed by its eternal frost. Is this, we ask, a condition in which the defensive force of a great, free, and enlightened nation should be placed? Why should the army form an exception to all other professions and pursuits? Why should the "intelligent and deserving men" to be found in its ranks, and to whose "number" Major Mitchell bears so pointed testimony, be excluded from all the rewards of the service into which they have entered, and of which they constitute the main support?

Hitherto we have spoken only of the common soldiers, who are, in general, much superior, both in intelligence and desert, to what we might have expected, considering the nature of our military institutions, and the effect which these are calculated to produce in repelling persons of respectable character from the army. Let us now cite the character which has been drawn of our general officers, by one who had occasion to observe and oppose them in the field. "Whilst a French general of division," says Foy, "was wearying himself in studying the topography of the country, in feeding, training, and haranguing his soldiers, in persuading the Spanish people to adopt systems of administration and of political conduct, the English lieutenant-general opposed to him, divided his time between *hunting, horse*

* Foy, however, makes some assertions affecting the British soldier which are totally groundless. "The English soldier," says he, "is *stupid* and intemperate." Now, it cannot be denied that he is "intemperate," and that most of his faults spring from drinking to excess; but it is not true that he is "*stupid*," otherwise the French have made but an indifferent use of their *superior* intelligence in allowing themselves to be so often beaten by an army composed of blockheads. The real fact is, that our soldiers, though they make less parade of their intelligence than their more mercurial rivals, are not in any respect behind the latter in that particular; and that, though all are not of course equally gifted, the admitted excellence of the non-commissioned officers affords at least a presumption in favour of the mass from which they are taken. "No one," says Major Mitchell, in the words already quoted, "who is not well acquainted with the soldiers themselves, not even officers, unless they are liked and confided in by the privates, can possibly form an estimate of the number of *intelligent* and deserving men to be met with *in the ranks of every regiment.*" Again, the French general alleges that our soldiers "are *naturally inclined to mutiny*," and that "cruel punishments" alone "keep them to their duty." The very opposite of these assertions, however, is the fact. So far are our soldiers from being "naturally inclined to mutiny," that there is no service, perhaps, where acts of military insubordination are of more rare occurrence;—and where mutinies have actually taken place, these have almost invariably been occasioned either by acts of oppression and injustice, or by the excessive infliction of those "cruel punishments," which are here supposed to be alone instrumental in keeping them to their duty.

exercise, and the *pleasures of the table!* The one, alternately governor, engineer, and commissary, had his mind continually on the rack, and was never at rest, even when he was in line: the nature of his daily conceptions led him to enlarge his sphere of activity, to imagine and to produce. *The other troubled himself as little about the local circumstances of the country* in which he was carrying on war, as he did *about the manners and prejudices of the people who inhabited it;—he looked to the commissariat for the supply of provisions, to the quarter-master-general's department for surveys of the ground and preparing the marches, and to the adjutant-general's department for smoothing all difficulties.* Excepting in cases where he was employed in the command of a detached corps, he took as little interest as possible in the military combinations, and was only anxious *to narrow, as much as possible, the circle of his own responsibility.* In the quiet cantonments, the habitual duties of the English general officer were confined to police regulations, inspections, and the transmission of orders and reports; in the day of battle, he led his troops into action with no effort, and with wonderful bravery. In this point, also, there are distinct shades *in the system of each army.* The Englishman is only expected to do his duty; he must, on all occasions, be equally intrepid and devoted. The Frenchman, who commands men of intellect and reasoning, need not expose himself on ordinary occasions; but, whenever the pressure of danger calls for the *coup d'oeil* and genius of the leader to secure the general safety, he must shew himself more than a man, if he does not wish to be looked upon as less than nothing. The French soldier rates himself highly, and has no idea of obeying one *who is not better than himself.*"

Here we have the two systems brought into juxtaposition, contrasted, and pretty faithfully characterised. And what are the fruits of each respectively? On the one hand, apathy, indifference to, and ignorance of, everything beyond the mere routine of duty, the absence of all spirit of enterprise, and an abject dependence on the general arrangements, without the slightest provision against sudden and unforeseen emergencies; on the other, incessant activity, unwearied industry, insatiable curiosity, self-dependence, foresight, and the acquisition of valuable knowledge—difficulties smoothed or surmounted, and every possible preparation made for entering on the field of action with advantage. In the former case, the object seems to be, never to ascend above the *minimum* of exertion absolutely necessary or prescribed; in the latter, the constant aim is to overpass the *maximum* of expectation formed. The British officer knows that, by following the ordinary routine of duty without deviating into any gratuitous exertion, the law of seniority, quickened in its operation by the casualties of actual service, will carry him forward: the French officer is continually made sensible that promotion, though scarcely attainable by rule, is ever within the reach of genius, talents, and intrepidity—or, in other words, the certain, generally the prompt, in many cases, the instant, reward of distinguished personal merit. Another point of comparison, or rather of contrast, is the marked difference observable in the habits of the French and of the English soldier. The former, as we have seen, rates himself highly, because he knows that the brightest rewards of the service are within his reach, and consequently he has no idea of obeying any one who is not better or braver than himself. The latter, excluded from all such inspiriting hopes, cares not a straw by whom he is led, or rather *accompanied* into action, and fights just as well under Beresford as he would do under Wellington. Glory and fortune are for others, not for him: he displays his constitutional bravery without effort—from the dogged instinct of his nature, he refuses to be beaten; but when his firmness and perseverance are at length crowned with success, and he stands victorious on the bloody field, what is it all to him? Not one leaf of that laurel which his sweat and his blood have earned will ever descend, even by reversion, on his unhonoured brow. He has fought and conquered for his superiors alone—never, in any degree, for himself.

The same author also gives us his estimation of the British commissioned officers of the inferior grades. After remarking that "the English officers have, for a long time, enjoyed little consideration in Europe, or in their own country," and that "public education there follows a direction quite opposite to the military profession," he proceeds to observe: "The regulations for admission into the army require that candidates for ensigncies should not be under sixteen years of age, and endowed with a good constitution. The officers formerly were characterised as ignorant and dissipated, although most of them had received a liberal education. Some of them preserve their laborious habits even in the camp. They write, and sometimes publish journals of their travels or campaigns, in which the sincerity of the observer is more conspicuous than his talent of observation. Some young men, who had already attained the rank of captain, have been known to avail themselves of intervals of inactivity, and resume at the military schools those studies which had been too early interrupted. A much greater number, however, will be found, who, *in the movement of a dissipated life, forget the little they have learned.*" This, we know, will not be relished, and will be stoutly denied; but it is not, on that account, a less correct representation of the fact. Matters are not now nearly so bad as they were, nor are officers, in general, so shamefully ignorant as formerly; but they are still bad enough, notwithstanding. With abundance of leisure at their disposal, they waste it in idleness, amusement, or dissipation; study is a thing rarely thought of; and they are a hundred times to be found lounging in the streets, or dancing attendance upon silly young women as heedless as themselves, for once that they can be detected in the

barrack-room with a book in their hands. Their greatest enemy seems to be time—precious time. Hence, their total want of knowledge, even of professional subjects, would scarcely be believed except by those who have mixed a good deal in their society, and listened to their conversation. To the great majority, the idea of studying military science, or cultivating an acquaintance with military literature, seems never, by any chance, to occur. Accordingly, when they do publish anything, even on professional subjects, their productions are, for the most part, light, frivolous, sketchy, and filled with mere matters of detail; without indicating that maturity of information, or that capacity for generalizing a mass of results into one great truth, which can only be acquired by long study and habitual reflection. Napier's *History*, we admit, is a magnificent exception; so magnificent, indeed, that it shines in solitary splendour. But the interval between that great work and the average run of our other military publications is immense; and that interval remains in some measure unoccupied. There are, no doubt, a few officers of superior education and of cultivated minds, such as Major Mitchell, and some others, who have given promise of better things. The former, in particular, has vigorously attacked, and rudely shaken some of the prevailing notions and prejudices on the subject of tactics. But these men are by no means to be considered as fair or average specimens of the class to which they belong;—they are, on the contrary, *raræ aves*, as seldom to be met with as black swans;—and we are not quite certain that they are viewed with peculiar favour by those immediately above them in rank, nor even by the dispensers of military patronage. Major Mitchell, though worth a whole century of others, is on the half-pay unattached. Unreflecting, unreasoning, unquestioning obedience, is the one grand principle inculcated and revered in our service.

Every army, composed of the citizens of a free state, contains, in its own ranks, men qualified to command. Paradoxical as it may appear to the blind idolaters of our exclusive system, this maxim is undeniably true. The talent always exists, and, when called for, will easily be found. In our service, indeed, it is allowed to lie fallow: no culture is bestowed on it; no encouragement is held out to induce the possessors to cultivate it; all the rewards of a liberal and generous ambition are carefully placed beyond their reach. But wherever a different system has been acted upon, either from choice or necessity, the result has completely established the truth of our position. At the commencement of the wars of the French Revolution, when the great military powers of the Continent had combined to arrest, and, if possible, roll back that mighty movement, the defensive means of France were apparently reduced to the very lowest ebb. Army, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, there was none, or next to none. Crowds of ardent and enthusiastic young men, no doubt, flocked round the republican standards; but, though full of enthusiasm, they were devoid of discipline, and nearly equally destitute of the means of instruction. The shock of the Revolution had disorganized the old army, whose constitution proved even more fragile than the monarchy which had been shattered to pieces by the same collision; and those of its officers who had escaped, being drawn into the vortex of emigration, were found to be equally conceited and imbecile, men of buckram and parade, without the possession of a single quality which fitted them for acting a suitable part in the tremendous crisis with which they had been overtaken. But the mass was true to itself—the spirit of the nation lived in its ranks. From these, officers were, so to speak, improvised. Talents and energy atoned for all deficiencies. The invaders were driven from the soil of France; victory settled on the republican banners; generals taken from the ranks baffled all the skill and resources of men who made war according to antiquated rules; and, in due time, that Great Nation which the despots had fancied they could subdue by a holyday march and some parade demonstrations, found itself in a condition to dictate the law to Europe. It may not be uninteresting or uninstructive to notice here a few of the men who were cast up by this mighty convulsion, and whose genius and talents were instrumental in effecting so astonishing a consummation.

Augereau, *né dans la classe du peuple*, enlisted in the carabineers of France, passed into the service of Naples, and was there a common soldier in 1787; but, having been expelled from the Neapolitan states in 1789, he embraced with ardour the cause of the Revolution, joined the army, where he soon attracted notice, and rose rapidly through the different grades. On every field of battle, he gave proofs of the most intrepid courage, and proved himself an admirable general of division, without having any pretensions to the highest military talents. As a battle-general, he had few equals, perhaps no superior. His admirable coolness, and prompt *coup d'œil* in the midst of danger, have been universally acknowledged. In other respects, he was ignorant, conceited, unsteady, and, like Moreau, wholly devoid of moral courage.

Bernadotte, the present king of Sweden, is a native of the province of Béarn, in the Pyrenees. He enlisted very young, and, in 1789, was subaltern and adjutant of the regiment of royal marines. He saved his Colonel, Merle-Ambert, in the insurrection which took place at Marseilles; and remained faithful to the rules of discipline and to the royal cause, until the moment when Louis XVI. took the oath to the constitution decreed by the National Assembly. During the course of the Revolution, he shewed himself a sincere republican and a good citizen; and signalized himself in the field by his great military talents, no less than by his brilliant valour. He also evinced rare administrative and political skill, as well as military genius; and, on this account, was chosen by the Swedish nation, and adopted by Charles XIII. as successor to the throne of

the great Gustavus. The character of Bernadotte is tarnished by his ingratitude to Napoleon, to whom, in fact, he owed everything. Although he compromised Davoust at Auerstadt, in 1806, and misconducted himself at Wagram, in 1809, when the Saxons under his command were praised to the skies, although they had behaved ill in the field, the Emperor forgave him everything, and he repaid this generosity at Leipsic, in 1813, when he mainly contributed to the overthrow of his imperial friend and benefactor. The grace of this service, however, kept him on the throne which Napoleon had enabled him to ascend; and he still survives, as almost the only relict of the class of men to which he belonged.

Berthier was the son of the porter of the war office. His father having sustained a fatal outrage at the hands of a great lord, young Berthier experienced the protection of Mesdames, received a tolerable education, and was appointed to the regiment of Soissonnais. He made war in America, and was named Commandant of the National Guard at Versailles, in the course of the Revolution. Latterly, he attached himself to the fortunes of Napoleon, who loaded him with riches and honours. Berthier was an indifferent general, but unrivalled as *chef d'état-major*. Intoxicated with the favours of fortune, he displayed the most foolish and extravagant pride, and favoured with all his might all sorts of despotism. In his mind, the Revolution had failed to supplant the servile habits of the old regime, under which he was nurtured. He was insolent, yet dastardly; haughty, yet mean; tyrannical, yet obsequious; and his untimely end, alike inglorious and cruel, was occasioned by that vain and frivolous ostentation which alternately excited the ridicule and disgust of his old companions in arms.

Brune, descended of a plebeian family, and foreman of a printing establishment in Limousin, embraced with ardour the cause of the Revolution. He gave proofs of intrepidity and military talents, gained several important victories, and displayed a noble disinterestedness during his commands in Switzerland and in Holland. He approved himself a good citizen, and a good Frenchman: he deceived no friends, betrayed no cause, sacrificed no principle, and passed through the ordeal of the Revolution, and of the empire, without a stain on his character. He perished, the victim of the most atrocious assassination, at Avignon, in 1815—an assassination planned by the royalist reactionaries of that period, and directed by a well-known person, who, having betrayed his country in 1814, sought to recommend himself in 1815, by inflaming the passions and pointing the vengeance of a vindictive faction.

Bessières, born in the class of the people, a brave soldier and an excellent general, embraced with enthusiasm the cause of liberty and equality, and distinguished himself by many splendid feats in arms; but, seduced by his attachment to Napoleon, and proud of the dignities conferred upon him, he devoted himself to the service of that wonderful man, seconded his projects for extending the power of France at the expense of its liberty, evinced equal judgment and energy in all the commands entrusted to him, and fell, like a gallant soldier, during the campaign of 1813, in Germany, whilst in the act of rallying and sustaining some young conscripts who had been thrown into disorder by a charge of the enemy's cavalry. Excepting Suchet, Bessières was the only one of Napoleon's generals, who, intrusted with an independent command in the Peninsula, conducted his operations with complete success. When Napoleon received intelligence that Bessières had gained the battle of Rio Seco, a most seasonable and important success, he exclaimed, "'Tis the battle of Almanza, and has saved Spain.'

Davoust, *issu de petite noblesse*, was, at the commencement of the Revolution, a sub-lieutenant in the royal regiment of Champagne, which he induced to declare for the popular cause. He gave proofs of military talents as a general of cavalry, and distinguished himself by uncommon valour on the field of battle. His marriage with the sister of Beauharnais, and the most absolute devotion to Napoleon, procured him high favour and immense fortune. His talents were not perhaps of the first class; but he was methodical, persevering, and obstinate—qualities which enabled him to prevail at Auerstadt, even after he had been deserted by Bernadotte, and left, with a single corps, scarcely 36,000 strong, to oppose the main body of the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, amounting to about 68,000 men. His conduct in 1815 was generally considered as equivocal. He was a man despotic by character, and, by ambition, of a harsh, unyielding disposition, and even capable of cruelty if he met with resistance.

Lannes, the son of a dyer at Lectoure, in the department of Gers, enlisted as a common soldier; served in the army of the Pyrenees, until the treaty of peace with Spain; and then proceeded, with the rank of *chef de brigade*, to join the army of Italy, in which, under Napoleon, he signalized himself by the most heroic intrepidity. From the battle of Montenotte, in the beginning of 1796, till the passage of the Tagliamento in 1797, and the signature of preliminaries at Leoben, he was almost continually in contact with the enemy; and, at a later period, it was said of him, that he was the best general of division and the first grenadier in Europe. He fell by a cannon-ball at the battle of Essling, where he had performed prodigies of prowess and heroism, and breathed out his soul in expressions of the most devoted attachment to his imperial benefactor.

Lefebvre, born in the plebeian class, was a common soldier in the French guards, at the commencement of the Revolution. His courage and his military talents attracted notice in the first campaigns of the war which ensued. On every field of battle he reaped fresh glory; and he immortalized himself by the siege and capture of Dantzig, defended by Marshal Kalkreuth.

He was an excellent—nay, even a great general; but still not entitled to be ranked, in this respect, with Massena, Bernadotte, Desaix, Kléber, Moreau, and Brune; all of them first-rate strategists and tacticians, and all of them, too, sprung from the class of the people.

Mortier, born in the class of the people, entered a battalion of volunteers in 1791, and made himself remarked in the early campaigns of the Revolution, but did not attain the rank of brigadier-general till 1799. Without having attached his name to any great victory, he took an active and often a very glorious part in the different campaigns under the empire. "Général ordinàire, il a fait preuve de bravoure sur tous les champs de bataille!"

Ney, *issu d'une famille plébéienne*, signalized himself, even at the commencement of his military career, by an intrepidity which merited all the honours and distinctions that were afterwards conferred upon him. Few generals combated so valiantly, and contributed so powerfully to the success of the French arms. Danger was his playmate, and death his almost daily companion. In the disastrous retreat from Russia, he saved the remains of that army of four hundred thousand men whom Napoleon had so madly conducted into the depths of the Muscovite deserts, and still more madly abandoned to the frosts of the North. Ney was an excellent general of the advanced guard, and an heroic general of partisans; but he was not a great captain, like Kleber, Massena, or Napoleon, endowed with the genius of war, and capable of directing the largest masses with the same facility as a single division. In the year 1814, he embraced the cause of the Bourbons, and almost used violence to force Napoleon to abdicate; in March 1815, he abjured his allegiance, and joined Napoleon upon his return from Elba. But he was no longer the same man as formerly. He lost his head at Quatre Bras, wasting his strength in detached efforts; and, after Waterloo, where he led the imperial guard to the charge with his accustomed bravery, but without success, he returned to Paris, where he spread consternation and dismay, by an absurd exaggeration of the loss sustained in that great battle. Though included in the capitulation for the occupation of Paris, he was tried, condemned, and shot on the plain of Grenelle. His death will be an eternal disgrace to the memory of the Emperor Alexander, and will tarnish the glory of the Duke of Wellington, who had neither the generosity nor even the justice to demand pardon for an accused, who appealed, it is said, to conventions concluded with himself.

Soult is the son of a peasant of Saint-Amans, near De Castres, in the department of Tarn, who, having served in the army, and attained the rank of sergeant, had obtained his discharge, and become a sort of land-steward to the Marquis of Dulac on his estate of La Bruyère—a situation which enabled him to give some education to his son. Soult enlisted early, approved his courage on the field of battle, obtained speedy promotion, displayed commanding military talents, particularly in Spain, and acquired an immense fortune in that country. It is said that, at one time, he attempted to get himself made King of Portugal; but this imputation is probably groundless. His recent political conduct, as President of the Council of Ministers under Louis Philippe, has, upon the whole, done him credit, if not as a politician, at least as a man of humanity. In advocating a general amnesty of political offences, and in retiring from office when he found that he could not carry his object, he proved at once his good sense and his perfect sincerity. Surrounded by men who had been connected with all systems, in a country which has been the prey of revolution, he was prepared to expect that such a measure would have been cordially received and promptly passed. But he found that he had sadly miscalculated, as did also his gallant successor, Marshal Gérard. Those who most need forgiveness and oblivion themselves are commonly amongst the last to extend mercy to similar errors or failings in other men.

We must stop here. The above names have been selected at random, and many others equally distinguished, or even more so, have been omitted. We have not said a word of Massena, Moreau, Richepanse, (whose presence of mind gained the battle of Hohenlinden,) Hoche, Joubert, Jourdan, (the victor of Fleurus,) Kellermann, (the hero of Valmy,) Saint-Cyr, Suchet, Kellermann the younger, (whose brilliant charge turned defeat into victory on the field of Marengo,) Murat, (the most chivalrous of soldiers, and, except Ney, the bravest of men,) Macdonald, Marmont, Junot, Gérard, and a multitude of others, all illustrious names in the annals of the French army—such names, indeed, as no other army of ancient or modern times, perhaps, can produce or boast of. But enough has been done for our purpose; enough to sustain the conclusion which it is the chief object of this article to establish. All these great soldiers and great commanders, who filled Europe with the terror of their names, and carried the *drapeau tricolore* in triumph to almost every capital of the Continent, were not the slow growth of ages, but *were contemporaries;* they all sprung from the ranks of *one* national army; they almost all belonged to *the class of the people*. But, in our service, not one of their number would, in all probability, have ever risen higher than the grade of sergeant or sergeant-major; or, if, perchance, some few had been suffered to pass the magic circle which circumscribes the privileged caste, checkmate would have awaited them at the second move, and there they would have been stopped short for ever.

Now, we ask, Is this a healthful, or even an endurable state of things? Is it not time, and more than time, that the work of reform should be commenced on a body constituted as our army now is? Is it not time that the many should have some scope afforded for the exercise of their natural talents, and that the usurpation of the few should be at least abridged, if it cannot be

altogether destroyed? Is the spirit of oligarchical exclusion for ever to preside over the constitution and government of our army? No. The time is coming, and even now is, when the work of reform will and must commence, and when those lines of circumvallation, within which insolent mediocrity has entrenched itself, will be levelled with the earth. The army needs reform; and its wants in this respect will, ere long, be supplied. From the principle which is now at work, there is no man who has so much to expect as the soldier; because any change, however small, must tend to improve his condition, and cannot possibly render it worse. We have pointed out some of the more obvious defects in the constitution of our army. Let any of these be removed, and the result, we are convinced, will be such as to make men hold up their hands and wonder that such evils should have been allowed to exist so long. Abolish, for instance, the sale of commissions,* and enact that these shall, in future, be the rewards of eminent merit; do this, and the effects of the measure will be almost immediately apparent. Improve, at the same time, the condition of the soldier; affix a term to the period of his service; make it his interest to be steady and well-behaved; encourage him to cultivate his mind; treat him, in short, as if, instead of obeying, he were destined one day to command; and he will fulfil your utmost expectations. The task will, no doubt, be difficult at first; but, in time, fresh supplies of a better description of men will render it easy, and, what is more, accelerate the progression of improvement.

We had much more to say upon this subject, one upon which we would willingly enlarge; but, for the present, we must refrain. In this paper, our object has been merely to submit general views, with general illustrations; but, that the enemies of military reform may not have it in their power to stigmatise us as mere *theorists*, we shall take an early opportunity to shew these persons that we are indifferently well acquainted with *practice* and detail. At all events, we cannot possibly be more ignorant of the science and art of war than the great majority of those whose profession *it is*, and whose business it *ought* to be, but *is not*, to understand both.

* "It was estimated that, during the last war, the sale of commissions brought into the public treasury an annual revenue of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. *The principle of purchase flatters the pride of the English aristocracy*; they conceive themselves more independent of the royal authority, from having *bought* their employments; and *they are delighted when the road to preferment is opened exclusively to* MONEY *and to* PATRONAGE!"—FOY.

TRADITIONARY BALLADS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

NO. IV.—THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW. A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:—
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!

"And some, they played with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

"'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank,
From the blind old widow's corn!

"'Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!'

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low—
'And this,' said they, 'by the sun-rise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

" ' Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!'

" And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
' I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
' And I want some more to spin.

" ' I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

" And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

" And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

" But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

" And I peeped into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

" And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

" Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

OXFORD.

Continued from our Fourteenth Number.

The Dean was sitting in a spacious library or study, elegantly, if not luxuriously furnished. Footmen, stationed as repeaters, as if at some fashionable rout, gave a momentary importance to my unimportant self, by the thundering tone of their annunciations. All the machinery of aristocratic life seemed indeed to intrench this great Don's approaches; and I was really surprised that so very great a man should condescend to rise on my entrance. But I soon found that, if the Dean's station and relation to the higher orders had made him lofty, those same relations had given a peculiar suavity to his manners. Here, indeed, as on other occasions, I noticed the essential misconception as to the demeanour of men of rank, which prevails amongst those who have no personal access to their presence. In the fabulous pictures of novels, (such novels as once abounded,) and in newspaper reports of conversations, real or pretended, between the King and inferior persons, we often find the writer expressing *his* sense of aristocratic assumption, by making the King address people without their titles. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, or Lord Liverpool, figures usually in such scenes, as "Wellington" or "Arthur," and as "Liverpool." Now, as to the private talk of George IV. in such cases, I do not pretend to depose; but, speaking generally, I may say that the practice of the highest classes takes the very opposite course. Nowhere is a man so sure of his titles or official distinctions as amongst *them;* for it is upon giving to every man the very extreme punctilio of his known or supposed claims, that they rely for the due observance of their own. Neglecting no form of courtesy suited to the case, they seek, in this way, to remind men unceasingly of what they expect; and the result is what I represent—that people in the highest stations, and such as bring them continually into contact with inferiors, are, of all people, the least addicted to insolence or defect of courtesy. Uniform suavity of manner is indeed rarely found, *except* in men of high rank. Doubtless this may arise upon a motive of self-interest, jealous of giving the least opening or invitation to the retorts of ill-temper or low breeding. But, whatever be its origin, such I believe to be the fact. In a very long conversation of a general nature upon the course of my studies, and the present direction of my reading, Dr Cyril Jackson treated me just as he would have done his equal in station and in age. Coming at length to the particular purpose of my visit at this time to himself, he assumed a little more of his official stateliness. He condescended to say, that it would have given him pleasure to reckon me amongst his flock; "But, sir," he said, in a tone of some sharpness, "your guardians have acted improperly. It was their duty to have given me at least one year's notice of their intention to place you at Christ Church. At present I have not a dog-kennel in my college untenanted." Upon this, I observed that nothing remained for me to do, but to apologize for having occupied so much of his time; that, for myself, I now first heard of this preliminary application; and that, as to my guardians, I was bound to acquit them of all oversight in this instance, they being no parties to my present scheme. The Dean expressed his astonishment at this statement. I, on my part, was just then making my parting bows, and had reached the door, when a gesture of the Dean's, courteously waving me back to the sofa I had quitted, invited me to resume my explanations; and I had

a conviction at the moment, that the interview would have terminated in the Dean's suspending his standing rule in my favour. But, just at that moment, the thundering heralds of the Dean's hall announced some man of high rank: the sovereign of Christ Church seemed distressed for a moment; but then recollecting himself, he bowed in a way to indicate that I was dismissed. And thus it happened that I did not become a member of Christ Church.

A few days passed in thoughtless indecision. At the end of that time, a trivial difficulty arose to settle my determination. I had brought about fifty guineas to Oxford; but the expenses of an Oxford inn, with almost daily entertainments to young friends, had made such inroads upon this sum, that, after allowing for the contingencies incident to a college initiation, enough would not remain to meet the usual demand for what is called "caution money." This is a small sum, properly enough demanded of every student, when matriculated, as a pledge for meeting any loss from unsettled arrears, such as his sudden death or his unannounced departure might else continually be inflicting upon his college. By releasing the college, therefore, from all necessity for degrading vigilance or persecution, this demand does, in effect, operate beneficially to the feelings of all parties. In most colleges it amounts to £25: in one only it was considerably less. And this trifling consideration it was, concurring with a reputation *at that time* for relaxed discipline, which finally determined me in preferring W—— College to all others. This college had the capital disadvantage, in my eyes, that its chapel possessed no organ, and no musical service. But any other choice would have driven me to an instant call for more money—a measure which, as too flagrantly in contradiction to the whole terms on which I had volunteered to undertake an Oxford life, I could not find nerves to face.

At W—— College, therefore, I entered: and here arises the proper occasion for stating the true costs of an Oxford education. First comes the question of *lodging*:—This item varies, as may be supposed; but my own case will place on record the two extremes of cost in one particular college, noways differing, I believe, from the general standard. The first rooms assigned me being small and ill-lighted, as part of an old Gothic building, were charged at four guineas a-year. These I soon exchanged for others a little better, and for them I paid six guineas. Finally, by privilege of seniority, I obtained a handsome set of well-proportioned rooms, in a modern section of the college, charged at ten guineas a-year. This set was composed of three rooms—viz., an airy bedroom, a study, and a spacious room for receiving visiters. This range of accommodation is pretty general in Oxford, and, upon the whole, may be taken perhaps as representing the average amount of luxury in this respect, and at the average amount of cost. The furniture and the fittings up of these rooms cost me about twenty-five guineas; for the Oxford rule is, that, if you take the rooms, (which is at your own option,) in that case, you *third* the furniture and the embellishments—*i. e.* you succeed to the total cost diminished by one-third. You pay, therefore, two guineas out of each three to your *immediate* predecessor. But, as he also may have succeeded to the furniture upon the same terms, whenever there happens to have been a rapid succession of occupants, the original cost to a remote predecessor is sometimes brought down, by this process of diminution, to a mere fraction of the true value; and yet no individual occupant can complain of any heavy loss. Whilst upon this subject, I may observe, that, in the seventeenth century, in Milton's time, for example, (about 1624,) and for more than sixty years after that era, the practice of *chumship* prevailed: every set of chambers was possessed by two co-occupants; they had generally the same bedroom, and a common study; and they were called *chums*. This practice, once all but universal, is now entirely extinct; and the extinction serves to mark the advance of the country, not so much in luxury as in refinement.

The next item which I shall notice, is that which in college bills is expressed by the word *Tutorage*. This is the same in all colleges, I believe—viz. ten guineas per annum. And this head suggests an explanation which is most important to the reputation of Oxford, and fitted to clear up a very extensive delusion. Some years ago, a most elaborate statement was circulated of the number and costly endowment of the Oxford Professorships. Some thirty or more there were, it was alleged, and five or six only which were not held as absolute sinecures. Now, this is a charge which I am not here meaning to discuss. Whether defensible or not, I do not now inquire. It is the practical interpretation and construction of this charge which I here wish to rectify. In most universities, except those of England, the Professors are the body on whom devolves the whole duty and burthen of teaching: they compose the sole fountains of instruction; and if these fountains fail, the fair inference is, that the one great purpose of the institution is defeated. But this inference, valid for all other places, is not so for Oxford and Cambridge. And here, again, the difference arises out of the peculiar distribution of these bodies into separate and independent colleges. Each college takes upon itself the regular instruction of its separate inmates—of these and of no others; and for this office it appoints, after careful selection, trial, and probation, the best qualified amongst those of its senior members who choose to undertake a trust of such heavy responsibility. These officers are called tutors; and they are connected by duties and by accountability—not with the university at all, but with their own private colleges. The Professors, on the other hand, are *public* functionaries, not connected (as respects the exercise of their duties) with any college whatsoever—not even with their own—but altogether and exclusively with the whole university. Besides the public tutors appointed in each

college, on the scale of one to each dozen or score of students, there are also tutors strictly private, who attend any students in search of special and extraordinary aid, on terms settled privately by themselves. Of these persons, or their existence, the college takes no cognizance; but, between the two classes of tutors, the most studious young men—those who would be most likely to avail themselves of the lectures read by the Professors—have their whole time pretty severely occupied: and the inference from all this is, not only that the course of Oxford education would suffer little if no Professors at all existed, but also that, if the existing Professors were *ex abundanti* to volunteer the most exemplary spirit of exertion, however much this spectacle of conscientious dealing might edify the University, it would contribute but little to the promotion of academic purposes. The establishment of Professors is, in fact, a thing of ornament and pomp. Elsewhere, they are the working servants; but, in Oxford, the ministers corresponding to them bear another name—they are called *Tutors*. These are the working agents in the Oxford system; and the Professors, with salaries in many cases merely nominal, are persons sequestered, and properly sequestered, to the solitary cultivation and advancement of knowledge, which a different order of men is appointed to communicate.

Here let us pause for one moment, to notice another peculiarity in the Oxford system, upon the tendency of which I shall confidently make my appeal to the good sense of all unprejudiced readers. I have said that the *Tutors* of Oxford correspond to the *Professors* of other universities. But this correspondence, which is absolute and unquestionable as regards the point then at issue—viz. where we are to look for that limb of the establishment on which rests the main teaching agency—is liable to considerable qualification, when we examine the mode of their teaching. In both cases, this is conveyed by what is termed "lecturing;"—but what is the meaning of a lecture in Oxford and elsewhere? Elsewhere, it means a solemn dissertation, read, or sometimes histrionically declaimed, by the professor. In Oxford, it means an exercise performed orally by the students, occasionally assisted by the tutor, and subject, in its whole course, to his corrections, and what may be called his *scholia*, or collateral suggestions and improvements. Now, differ as men may as to other features of the Oxford, compared with the hostile system, here I conceive that there is no room for doubt or demur. An Oxford lecture imposes a real *bona fide* task upon the student; it will not suffer him to fall asleep, either literally or in the energies of his understanding; it is a real drill, under the excitement, perhaps, of personal competition, and under the review of a superior scholar. But, in Germany, under the declamations of the Professor, the young men are often literally sleeping; nor is it easy to see how the attention can be kept from wandering, on this plan, which subjects the auditor to no risk of sudden question or personal appeal. As to the prizes given for essays, &c. by the Professors, these have the effect of drawing forth latent talent, but they can yield no criterion of the attention paid to the Professor; not to say that the competition for these prizes is a matter of choice. Sometimes, it is true that examinations take place; but the Oxford lecture is a daily examination: and, waving *that*, what chance is there (I would ask) for searching examinations, for examinations conducted with the requisite *auctoritas*, (or weight of influence, derived from personal qualities,) if—which may Heaven prevent!—the German tenure of professorships were substituted for our British one: that is, if for independent and liberal teachers were substituted poor mercenary haberdashers of knowledge—cap in hand to opulent students—servile to their caprices—and, at one blow, degrading the science they profess, the teacher, and the pupil? Yet I hear that such advice *was* given to a Royal Commission, sent to investigate one or more of the Scottish universities. In the German universities, every Professor holds his situation—not on his good behaviour—but on the capricious pleasure of the young men who resort to his market. He opens a shop, in fact; others, without limit, generally men of no credit or known respectability, are allowed to open rival shops; and the result is, sometimes, that the whole kennel of scoundrel Professors ruin one another; each standing with his mouth open, to leap at any bone thrown amongst them, from the table of the "Burschen;" all hating, fighting, calumniating each other, until the land is sick of its base knowledge-mongers, and would vomit the loathsome crew, were any natural channel open to their instincts of abhorrence. The most important of the Scottish Professorships—those which are fundamentally morticed to the moral institutions of the land—are upon the footing of Oxford tutorships, as regards emoluments: that is, they are not suffered to keep up a precarious mendicant existence, upon the alms of the students, or upon their fickle admirations. It is made imperative upon a candidate for admission into the ministry of the Scottish Kirk, that he shall shew a certificate of attendance through a given number of seasons at given lectures.

The next item in the quarterly (or, technically, the *term*) bills of Oxford is, for servants. This, in my college, and, I believe, in all others, amounted nominally to two guineas a-year. That sum, however, was paid to a principal servant, whom, perhaps, you seldom or never saw; the actual attendence upon yourself being performed by one of his deputies; and to this deputy—who is, in effect, a *factotum*, combining in his single person all the functions of chambermaid, valet, waiter at meals, and porter or errand-boy—by the custom of the place and your own sense of propriety, you cannot but give something or other in the shape of perquisites. I was told, on entering, that half-a-guinea a-quarter was the customary allowance—the same sum, in fact, as was levied by the college for his principal; but I gave mine

a guinea a-quarter, thinking that little enough for the many services he performed; and others, who were richer than myself, I dare say, often gave much more. Yet, sometimes, it struck me, from the gratitude which his looks testified, on my punctual payment of this guinea—for it was the only bill with regard to which I troubled myself to practise any severe punctuality—that perhaps some thoughtless young man might give him less, or might even forget to give anything; and, at all events, I have reason to believe that half the sum would have contented him. These minutiæ I record purposely; my immediate object being to give a rigorous statement of the real expenses incident to an English university education, partly as a guide to the calculations of parents, and partly as an answer to the somewhat libellous exaggerations which are current on this subject, in times like these, when even the truth itself, and received in a spirit of candour the most indulgent, may be all too little to defend these venerable seats of learning from the ruin which seems brooding over them. Yet, no! Abominable is the language of despair even in a desperate situation. And, therefore, Oxford, ancient mother! and thou, Cambridge, twin-light of England! be vigilant and erect, for the enemy stands at all your gates! Two centuries almost have passed, since the boar was within your vineyards, laying waste and desolating your heritage. Yet that storm was not final, nor that eclipse total! May this also prove but a trial and a shadow of affliction! which affliction, may it prove to you, mighty incorporations, what, sometimes, it is to us poor frail *homunculi*—a process of purification, a solemn and oracular warning! And, when that cloud is overpast, then, rise, ancient powers, wiser and better—ready, like the λαμπαδηφόροι of old, to enter upon a second *stadium*, and to transmit the sacred torch through a second period of twice* five hundred years. So prays a loyal *alumnus*, whose presumption, if any be, in taking upon himself a monitory tone, is privileged by zeal and filial anxiety.

To return, however, into the track from which I have digressed. The reader will understand that any student is at liberty to have private servants of his own, as many and of what denomination he pleases. This point, as many others of a merely personal bearing, when they happen to stand in no relation to public discipline, neither the university nor the particular college of the student feels summoned or even authorized to deal with. Neither, in fact, does any other university in Europe; and why, then, notice the case? Simply thus: if the Oxford discipline, in this particular chapter, has nothing special or peculiar about it, yet the case to which it applies *has*, and is almost exclusively found in our universities. On the Continent, it happens most rarely that a student has any funds disposable for luxuries so eminently such as grooms or footmen; but, at Oxford and Cambridge, the case occurs often enough to attract notice from the least vigilant eye. And thus we find set down to the credit account of other universities, the non-existence of luxury in this or other modes, whilst, meantime, it is well known to the fair inquirer, that each or all are indulgences, not at all or so much as in idea proscribed by the sumptuary edicts of those universities; but, simply, by the lower scale of their general revenues. And this lower scale, it will be said—how do you account for that? I answer, not so much by the general inferiority of Continental Europe to Great Britain in *diffusive* wealth; (though that argument goes for something—it being notorious, that, whilst immoderate wealth, concentrated in a small number of hands, exists in various continental states upon a larger scale than with us, moderately large estates, on the other hand, are, with them, as one to two hundred or even two hundred and fifty, in comparison of ours;) but chiefly upon this fact, which is too much overlooked, that the foreign universities are not peopled from the wealthiest classes, which are the class either already noble, or wishing to become such. And why is that? Purely from the vicious constitution of society on the Continent, where all the fountains of honour lie in the military profession or in the diplomatic. We English—haters and revilers of ourselves beyond all precedent, disparagers of our own eminent advantages beyond all sufferance of honour or good sense, and daily playing into the hands of foreign enemies, who hate us out of mere envy or shame—have amongst us some hundreds of writers who will die or suffer martyrdom upon this proposition—that aristocracy, and the spirit and prejudices of aristocracy, are more operative (more effectually and more extensively operative) amongst ourselves than in any other known society of men. Now, I, who believe all errors to arise in some narrow, partial, or angular view of truth, am seldom disposed to meet any sincere affirmation by a blank unmodified denial. Knowing, therefore, that some acute observers do really believe this doctrine as to the aristocratic forces, and the way in which they mould English society, I cannot but suppose that some symptoms do really exist of such a phenomenon; and the only remark I shall here make on the case is this, that, very often, where any force or influence reposes upon deep realities, and upon undisturbed foundations, *there* will be the least heard of loquacious and noisy expressions of its power; which expressions arise most—not where the current is most violent, but where (being possibly the weakest) it is most fretted with resistance.

In England, the very reason why the aristocratic feeling makes itself so sensibly felt and so distinctly an object of notice to the censorious observer, is, because it maintains a troubled existence amongst counter and adverse influences, so many and so potent. This might be illustrated abundantly. But, as respects the parti-

* Oxford may confessedly claim a duration of that extent; and the pretensions of Cambridge, in that respect, if less aspiring, are, however, as I believe, less accurately determined.

cular question before me, it will be sufficient to say this: with us the profession and exercise of knowledge, as a means of livelihood, is honourable—on the Continent it is not so. The knowledge, for instance, which is embodied in the three learned professions, does, with us, lead to distinction and civil importance; no man can pretend to deny this; nor, by consequence, that the professors personally take rank with the highest order of gentlemen. Are they not, I demand, everywhere with us on the same footing, in point of rank and consideration, as those who bear the king's commission in the army and navy? Can this be affirmed of the Continent, either generally, or, indeed, partially? I say, *no*. Let us take Germany as an illustration. Many towns (for anything I know, all) present us with a regular bisection of the resident *notables*, or wealthier class, into two distinct (often hostile) coteries; one being composed of those who are "*noble*," the other, of families equally well-educated and accomplished, but *not*, in the continental sense, "noble." The meaning and value of the word is so entirely misapprehended by the best English writers, being, in fact, derived from our own way of applying it, that it becomes important to ascertain its true value. A "nobility," which is numerous enough to fill a separate ball-room in every sixth-rate town, it needs no argument to shew, cannot be a nobility in any English sense. In fact, an *edelmann* or nobleman, in the German sense, is strictly what we mean by a *born gentleman;* with this one only difference, that, whereas, with us, the rank which denominates a man such, passes off by shades so insensible and almost infinite into the ranks below, that it becomes impossible to assign it any strict demarcation or lines of separation—on the contrary, the Continental noble points to certain fixed barriers, in the shape of privileges, which divide him, *per saltum*, from those who are below his own order. But were it not for this one legal benefit of accurate circumscription and slight favour, the Continental noble, whether Baron of Germany, Count of France, or Prince of Sicily and of Russia, is simply on a level with the common landed *esquire* of Britain, and *not* on a level in very numerous cases. Such being the case, how paramount must be the spirit of aristocracy in Continental society! Our *haute noblesse*—our genuine nobility, who are such in the general feeling of their compatriots, will do *that* which the phantom nobility of the Continent will not: the spurious nobles of Germany will not mix, on equal terms, with their untitled fellow-citizens, living in the same city and in the same style as themselves; they will not meet them in the same ball or concert room. Our great territorial nobility, though sometimes forming exclusive circles, (but not, however, upon any principle of high birth,) do so daily. They mix as equal partakers in the same amusements of races, balls, musical assemblies, with the baronets, (or *élite* of the gentry;) with the landed esquires, (or middle gentry;) with the superior order of tradesmen, (who, in Germany, are absolute ciphers, for political weight or social consideration, but, with us, constitute the lower and broader stratum of the *nobilitas*,* or gentry.) The obscure baronage of Germany, it is undeniable, insist upon having "an atmosphere of their own;" whilst the Howards, the Stanleys, the Talbots of England; the Hamiltons, the Douglases, the Gordons of Scotland, are content to acknowledge a sympathy with the liberal part of their untitled countrymen, in that point which most searchingly tries the principle of aristocratic pride—viz., in their pleasures. To have the same pursuits of business with another, may be a result of accident or position: to have the same pleasures, being a matter of choice, argues a community of nature in the *moral* sensibilities, in that part of our constitution which differences one man from another in the capacities of greatness and elevation. As with their amusements, so with their graver employments: the same mutual repulsion continues to divide the two orders through life.

The nobles either live in gloomy seclusion upon their private funds, wherever the privilege of primogeniture has enabled them to do so; or, having no funds at all, (the case of ninety-nine in one hundred,) they go into the army—that profession, the profession of arms, being regarded as the only one compatible with an *edelmann's* pretensions. Such was once the feeling in England: such is still the feeling on the Continent. It is a prejudice naturally clinging to a semi-barbarous (because growing out of a barbarous) state, and, in its degree, clinging to every stage of imperfect civilization; and, were there no other argument, this would be a sufficient one—that England, under free institutions, has outrun the Continent in real civilization, by a century; a fact which is concealed by the forms of luxurious refinement in a few exclusive classes, too often usurping the name and honours of radical civilization.

From this super-appreciation of the military profession, arises a corresponding contempt of all other professions whatsoever *paid by fellow-citizens*, and not by the King or the State. The clerical profession is in the most abject degradation throughout Southern Germany; and the reason why this forces itself less imperiously upon the public notice, is, that, in rural situations, from the absence of a resident gentry, (speaking generally,) the pastor is brought into rare collision with those who style themselves *noble;* whilst, in towns, the clergy find people enough to coun-

* It may be necessary to inform some readers, that the word *noble*—by which so large a system of imposition and fraud, as to the composition of foreign society, has long been practised upon the credulity of the British—corresponds to our word *gentlemanly*, (or, rather, to the vulgar word *genteel*, if that word were ever used legally, or *extra gradum*,) not merely upon the argument of its *virtual* and operative value in the general estimate of men, (*i. e.* upon the argument that a count, baron, &c., does not, *qua* such, command any deeper feeling of respect or homage than a British esquire,) but also upon the fact, that, originally, in all English registers, as, for instance, in the Oxford matriculation registers, all the upper gentry (knights, esquires, &c.) are technically designated by the word *nobiles*.—*See Chamberlayne, &c.*

tenance those who, being in the same circumstances as to comfort and liberal education, are also under the same ban of rejection from the "nobility," or born gentry. The legal profession is equally degraded: even a barrister or advocate holds a place in the public esteem little differing from that of an Old Bailey attorney of the worst class. And this result is the less liable to modification from personal qualities; inasmuch as there is no great theatre (as with us) for individual display. Forensic eloquence is unknown in Germany, as it is too generally on the Continent, from the defect of all popular or open judicatures. A similar defect of deliberative assemblies—such, at least, as represent any popular influences and debate with open doors—intercepts the very possibility of senatorial eloquence.* That of the pulpit only remains. But even of this—whether it be from want of the excitement and contagious emulation from the other fields of oratory, or from the peculiar genius of Lutheranism—no models have yet arisen that could, for one moment, sustain a comparison with those of England or France. The highest names in this department would not, to a foreign ear, carry with them any of that significance or promise which surrounds the names of Jeremy Taylor or Barrow, Bossuet or Bourdaloue, to those even who have no personal acquaintance with their works. This absence of all fields for gathering public distinctions, co-operates, in a very powerful way, with the contempt of the born gentry, to degrade these professions; and this double agency is, a third time, reinforced by those political arrangements which deny every form of State honour or conspicuous promotion to the very highest description of excellence, whether of the bar, the pulpit, or the civic council. Not "the fluent Murray," or the accomplished Erskine, from the English bar—not Pericles or Demosthenes, from the fierce democracies of Greece—not Paul preaching at Athens—could snatch a wreath from public homage, nor a distinction from the State, nor found an influence, nor leave behind them an operative model, in Germany, as now constituted. Other walks of emolument are still more despised. Alfieri, a Continental "noble"—that is, a born gentleman—speaks of bankers as we in England should of a Jewish usurer, or tricking money-changer. The liberal trades—such as those which minister to literature or the fine arts, which, with us, confer the station of gentlemen upon those who exercise them—are, in the estimate of a continental "noble," fitted to assign a certain rank or place in the train and equipage of a gentleman, but not to entitle their most eminent professors to sit down, except by sufferance, in his presence. And, upon this point, let not the reader derive his notions from the German books: the vast majority of German authors are not "noble;" and, of those who are, nine-tenths are liberal in this respect, and speak the language of liberality, not by sympathy with their own order, or as representing *their* feelings, but in virtue of democratic or revolutionary politics.

Such as the rank is, and the public estimation of the leading professions, such is the natural condition of the universities which rear them. The "nobles" going generally into the army or leading lives of indolence, the majority by far of those who resort to universities do so as a means of future livelihood. Few seek an academic life in Germany who have either money to throw away on superfluities and external show, or who have such a rank to support as might stimulate their pride to expenses beyond their means. Parsimony is, therefore, in these places, the governing law; and pleasure, not less fervently wooed than at Oxford or at Cambridge, putting off her robes of elegance and ceremony, descends to grossness, and not seldom to abject brutality.

The sum of my argument is—that, because, in comparison of the army, no other civil profession is, in itself, held of sufficient dignity; and not less, perhaps, because, under governments essentially unpopular, none of these professions has been so dignified artificially by the State, or so attached to any ulterior promotion, either through the State or in the State, as to meet the demands of aristocratic pride—none of them is cultivated as a means of distinction, but originally as a means of livelihood; that the universities, as the nurseries of these unhonoured professions, share naturally in *their* degradation; and that, from this double depreciation of the place and its final objects, few or none resort thither who can be supposed to bring any extra funds for supporting a system of luxury; that the general temperance, or sobriety of demeanour, is far enough, however, from keeping pace with the absence of costly show; and that, for this absence even, we are to thank their poverty rather than their will. It is to the great honour, in my opinion, of our own country, that those often resort to her fountains who have no motive but that of disinterested reverence for knowledge; seeking, as all men perceive, neither emolument directly from university funds, nor knowledge as the means of emolument. Doubtless, it is neither dishonourable, nor, on a large scale, possible to be otherwise, that students should pursue their academic career chiefly as ministerial to their capital object of a future livelihood. But still I contend that it is for the interest of science and good letters, that a considerable body of volunteers should gather about their banners, without pay or hopes of preferment. This takes place on a larger scale at Oxford and Cambridge than elsewhere; and it is but a trivial concession in return, on the part of the university, that she should allow, even if she had the right to withhold, the privilege of living within her walls as they would have lived at their fathers' seats;

* This subject is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote of Goethe, recorded by himself in his autobiography. Some physiognomist, or phrenologist, had found out, in Goethe's structure of head, the sure promise of a great orator. "Strange infatuation of nature!" observes Goethe, on this assurance, "to endow me so richly and liberally for that particular destination, which only the institutions of my country render impossible. Music for the deaf! Eloquence without an audience!"

with one only reserve, applied to all modes of expense that are, in themselves, immoral excesses, or occasions of scandal, or of a nature to interfere too much with the natural hours of study, or specially fitted to tempt others of narrower means to ruinous emulation.

Upon these principles, as it seems to me, the discipline of the university is founded. The keeping of hunters, for example, is unstatutable. Yet, on the other hand, it is felt to be inevitable that young men of high spirit, familiar with this amusement, will find means to pursue it in defiance of all the powers, however exerted, that can properly be lodged in the hands of academic officers. The range of the proctor's jurisdiction is limited by positive law; and what should hinder a young man, bent upon his pleasure, from fixing the station of his hunter a few miles out of Oxford, and riding to cover on a hack, unamenable to any censure? For, surely, in this age, no man could propose so absurd a thing as a general interdiction of riding. How, in fact, does the university proceed? She discountenances the practice; and, if forced upon her notice, she visits it with censure, and that sort of punishment which lies within her means. But she takes no pains to search out a trespass, which, by the mere act of seeking to evade public display in the streets of the university, already tends to limit itself; and which, besides, from its costliness, can never become a prominent nuisance. This I mention as illustrating the spirit of her legislation; and, even in this case, the reader must carry along with him the peculiar distinction which I have pressed with regard to English universities, in the existence of a large volunteer order of students seeking only the liberalization and not the profits of academic life. In arguing upon their case, it is not the fair logic to say—these pursuits taint the decorum of the studious character; it is not fair to calculate how much is lost to the man of letters by such addiction to fox-hunting; but, on the contrary, what is gained to the fox-hunter, who would, at any rate, be such, by so considerable a homage paid to letters, and so inevitable a commerce with men of learning. Anything whatsoever attained in this direction, is probably so much more than would have been attained under a system of less toleration. *Lucro ponamus*, we say, of the very least success in such a case. But, in speaking of toleration as applied to acts or habits positively against the statutes, I limit my meaning to those which, in their own nature, are morally indifferent, and are discountenanced simply as indirectly injurious, or as peculiarly open to excess. Because, on graver offences, (as gambling &c.,) the malicious impeachers of Oxford must well have known, that no toleration whatsoever is practised or thought of. Once brought under the eye of the university in a clear case and on clear evidence, it would be punished in the most exemplary way open to a limited authority; by *rustication* at least—*i. e.* banishment for a certain number of terms, and consequent loss of these terms—supposing the utmost palliation of circumstances; and, in an aggravated case, or in a second offence, most certainly by final expulsion. But it is no part of duty to serve the cause even of good morals by impure means; and it is as difficult beforehand to prevent the existence of vicious practices so long as men have, and ought to have the means of seclusion liable to no violation, as it is afterwards difficult, without breach of honour, to obtain proof of their existence. Gambling has been known to exist in some dissenting institutions; and, in my opinion, with no blame to the presiding authorities. As to Oxford in particular, no such habit was generally prevalent in my time; it is not an English vice; nor did I ever hear of any great losses sustained in this way But, were it otherwise, I must hold, that, considering the numbers, rank, and great opulence of the students, such a habit would impeach the spirit and temper of the age rather than the vigilance or magisterial fidelity of the Oxford authorities. They are limited, like other magistrates, by honour and circumstances, in a thousand ways; and if a knot of students will choose to meet for purposes of gaming, they must always have it in their power to baffle every honourable or becoming attempt at detecting them. But upon this subject I shall make two statements, which may have some effect in moderating the uncharitable judgments upon Oxford discipline. The first respects the age of those who are the objects of this discipline; on which point a very grave error prevails. In the last Parliament, not once, but many times over, Lord Brougham and others assumed that the students of Oxford were chiefly *boys*; and this, not idly or casually, but pointedly, and with a view to an ulterior argument; for instance, by way of proving how little they were entitled to judge of those thirty-nine articles to which their assent was demanded. Now, this argued a very extraordinary ignorance; and the origin of the error shewed the levity in which their legislation was conducted. These noble Lords had drawn their ideas of a university exclusively from Glasgow. Here, it is well-known, and I mention it neither for praise nor blame, that students are in the habit of coming at the early age of fourteen. These may allowably be styled *boys*. But, with regard to Oxford, eighteen is about the *earliest* age at which young men begin their residence: twenty and upwards is, therefore, the age of the majority; that is, twenty is the *minimum* of age for the vast majority; as there must always be more men of three years' standing, than of two or of one. Apply this fact to the question of discipline: young men beyond twenty, generally—that is to say, of the age which qualifies men for seats in the national council—can hardly, with decency, either be called or treated as boys; and many things become impossible as applied to *them*, which might be of easy imposition upon an assemblage *really* childish. In mere justice, therefore, when speculating upon this whole subject of Oxford discipline, the reader must carry along with him, at every step, the recollection of that signal difference as to

age, which I have now stated, between Oxonians and those students whom the hostile party contemplate in their arguments.* Meantime, to shew that, even under every obstacle presented by this difference of age, the Oxford authorities do, nevertheless, administer their discipline with fidelity, with intrepidity, and with indifference as respects the high and the low, I shall select from a crowd of similar recollections two anecdotes, which are but trifles in themselves, and yet are not such to him who recognises them as expressions of a uniform system of dealing. A great Whig Lord (Earl C——) happened (it may be ten years ago) to present himself one day at Trinity (the leading college of Cambridge) for the purpose of introducing Lord F——ch, his son, as a future member of that splendid society. Possibly it mortified his aristocratic feelings to hear the head of the college, even whilst welcoming the young nobleman in courteous terms, yet suggesting, with some solemnity, that, before taking any final resolution in the matter, his Lordship would do well to consider whether he were fully prepared to submit himself to college discipline; for that, otherwise, it became his own duty frankly to declare that the college would not look upon his accession to their society as any advantage. This language arose out of some recent experience of refractory and turbulent conduct upon the part of various young men of rank; but it is very possible that the noble Earl, in his surprise at a salutation so uncourtly, might regard it, in a Tory mouth, as having some lurking reference to his own Whig politics. If so, he must have been still more surprised to hear of another case, which would meet him before he left Cambridge, and which involved some frank dealing as well as frank speaking, when a privilege of exception might have been presumed, if Tory politics, or services the most memorable, could ever create such a privilege. The Duke of W—— had two sons at Oxford. The affair is now long past; and it cannot injure either of them to say, that one of the brothers trespassed against the college discipline, in some way, which compelled (or was thought to compel) the presiding authorities into a solemn notice of his conduct. Expulsion appeared to be the appropriate penalty of his offences: but, at this point, a just hesitation arose. Not in any servile spirit, but under a proper feeling of consideration for so eminent a public benefactor as this young nobleman's father, the rulers paused—and at length signified to him, that he was at liberty to withdraw himself privately from the college, but, also, and at the same time, from the University. He did so; and his brother, conceiving him to have been harshly treated, withdrew also; and both transferred themselves to Cambridge. That could not be prevented: but there they were received with marked reserve. One was *not* received, I believe, in a technical sense; and the other was received conditionally; and such restrictions were imposed upon his future conduct as served most amply, and in a case of great notoriety, to vindicate the claims of discipline, and, in an extreme case, a case so eminently an extreme one that none like it is ever likely to recur, to proclaim the footing upon which the very highest rank is received at the English Universities. Is that footing peculiar *to them*? I willingly believe that it is not; and, with respect to Edinburgh and Glasgow, I am persuaded that their weight of dignity is quite sufficient, and would be exerted to secure the same subordination from men of rank, if circumstances should ever bring as large a number of that class within their gates, and if their discipline were equally applicable to the habits of students not domiciled within their walls. But, as to the smaller institutions for education within the pale of dissent, I feel warranted in asserting, from the spirit of the anecdotes which have reached me, that they have not the *auctoritas* requisite for adequately maintaining their dignity.

So much for the aristocracy of our English universities: their glory is, and the happiest application of their vast influence, that they have the power to be republican, as respects their internal condition. Literature, by substituting a different standard of rank, tends to republican equality; and, as one instance of this, properly belonging to the chapter of *servants*, which orginally led to this discussion, it ought to be known that the class of "servitors," once a large body in Oxford, have gradually become practi-

* Whilst I am writing, a debate of the present Parliament, reported on Saturday, March 7. 1835, presents us with a determinate repetition of the error which I have been exposing; and, again, as in the last Parliament, this error is not *inert*, but is used for a hostile (apparently a malicious) purpose; nay, which is remarkable, it is the *sole* basis upon which the following argument reposes. Lord Radnor again assumes that the students of Oxford are "boys;" he is again supported in this misrepresentation by Lord Brougham; and again the misrepresentation is applied to a purpose of assault upon the English universities, but especially upon Oxford. And the nature of the assault does not allow any latitude in construing the word *boys*, nor any room for evasion as respects the total charge, except what goes the length of a total retraction. The charge is, that, in a requisition made at the very threshold of academic life, upon the understanding and the honour of the students, the University burdens their consciences to an extent, which, in after life, when reflection has enlightened them to the meaning of their engagements, proves either a snare to those who trifle with their engagements, or an insupportable burden to those who do not. For the inculpation of the party imposing such oaths, it is essential that the party taking them should be in a childish condition of the moral sense, and the sense of responsibility; whereas, amongst the Oxonian *under*graduates, I will venture to say that the number is larger of those who rise above, than of those who fall below twenty; and, as to sixteen, (assumed as the representative age by Lord Radnor,) in my time, I heard of only one student, amongst, perhaps, sixteen hundred, who was so young. I grieve to see that the learned Prelate, who replied to the assailants, was so much taken by surprise; the defence might have been made triumphant. With regard to oaths incompatible with the spirit of modern manners, and yet formally unrepealed—*that* is a case of neglect and indolent oversight. But the *gravamen* of that reproach does not press exclusively upon Oxford—all the ancient institutions of Europe are tainted in the same way, more especially the monastic orders of the Romish Church.

cally extinct under the growing liberality of the age. They carried in their academic dress a mark of their inferiority; they waited at dinner on those of higher rank, and performed other menial services, humiliating to themselves, and latterly felt as no less humiliating to the general name and interests of learning. The better taste, or rather the relaxing pressure of aristocratic prejudice, arising from the vast diffusion of trade and the higher branches of mechanic art, have gradually caused these functions of the order (even where the law would not permit the extinction of the order) to become obsolete. In my time, I was acquainted with two servitors: but one of them was rapidly pushed forward into a higher station; and the other complained of no degradation, beyond the grievous one of exposing himself to the notice of young women in the streets, with an untasseled cap: but this he contrived to evade, by generally going abroad without his academic dress. The *servitors* of Oxford are the *sizars* of Cambridge; and I believe the same changes* have taken place in both.

One only account with the college remains to be noticed; but this is the main one. It is expressed in the bills by the word *battels*, derived from the old monkish word *patella*, (or batella,) a plate; and it comprehends whatsoever is furnished for dinner and for supper, including malt liquor, but not wine, as well as the materials for breakfast, or for any casual refreshment to country visiters, excepting only groceries. These, together with coals and faggots, candles, wine, fruit, and other more trifling *extras*, which are matters of personal choice, form so many private accounts against your name, and are usually furnished by tradesmen living near to the college, and sending their servants daily to receive orders. Supper, as a meal not universally taken, in many colleges is served privately in the student's own room; though some colleges still retain the ancient custom of a public supper. But dinner is, in all colleges, a public meal, taken in the refectory or "hall" of the society; which, with the chapel and library, compose the essential public *suite* belonging to every college alike. No absence is allowed, except to the sick, or to those who have formally applied for permission to give a dinner party. A fine is imposed on all other cases of absence. Wine is not generally allowed in the public hall, except to the "high table," *i. e.* the table at which the fellows and some other privileged persons are entitled to dine. The head of the college rarely dines in public. The other tables, and, after dinner, the high table, usually adjourn to their wine, either upon invitations to private parties, or to what are called the "common rooms" of the several orders—graduates and undergraduates, &c. The dinners are always plain, and without pretensions—those, I mean, in the public hall; indeed nothing *can* be plainer in most colleges—a simple choice between two or three sorts of animal food, and the common vegetables. No fish, even as a regular part of the fare; no soups, no game; nor, except on some very rare festivity, did I ever see a variation from this plain fare at Oxford. This, indeed, is proved sufficiently by the average amount of the *battels*. Many men "battel" at the rate of a guinea a-week: I did so for years: that is, at the rate of three shillings a-day for everything connected with meals, excepting only tea, sugar, milk, and wine. It is true, that wealthier men, more expensive men, and more careless men, often "batteled" much higher; but, if they persisted in this excess, they incurred censures, more and more urgent, from the head of the college.

Now, let us sum up; premising, that the extreme duration of residence in any college at Oxford amounts to something under thirty weeks. It is possible to keep "short terms," as the phrase is, by a residence of thirteen weeks, or ninety-one days; but, as this abridged residence is not allowed, except in here and there a college, I shall assume—as something beyond the strict *maximum* of residence—thirty weeks as my basis. The account will then stand thus:—

1. Rooms,	£10	10	0
2. Tutorage,	10	10	0
3. Servants, (subject to the explanations made above,) say	5	5	0
4. Battels, (allowing one shilling a-day beyond what I and others spent in much dearer times; *i. e.* allowing twenty-eight shillings weekly,) for thirty weeks,	40	4	0
	£66	9	0

This will be a liberal calculation for the college bill. What remains? 1. Candles, which the reader will best calculate upon the standard of his own general usage in this particular. 2. Coals, which are remarkably dear at Oxford—dearer, perhaps, than anywhere else in the island; say, three times as dear as at Edinburgh. 3. Groceries. 4. Wine. 5. Washing. This last article was, in my time, regulated by the college, as there were certain privileged washerwomen, between whom and the students it was but fair that some proper authority should interfere to prevent extortion, in return for the monopoly granted. Six guineas was the regulated sum; but this paid for everything, table-linen, &c., as well as for wearing apparel; and it was understood to cover the whole twenty-eight or thirty weeks. However, it was open to every man to make his own arrangements, by insisting on a separate charge for each separate article. All other expenses of a merely personal nature, such as postage, public amusements, books, clothes, &c., as they have no special connexion with Oxford, but would, probably, be balanced by corresponding, if not the very same, expenses in any other place or situation, I do not calculate. What I have specified are the expenses which would accrue to a student in consequence of leaving his father's house. The rest would, in

* These changes have been accomplished, according to my imperfect knowledge of the case, in two ways: first, by dispensing with the services whenever that could be done; and, secondly, by a wise discontinuance of the order itself in those colleges which were left to their own choice in this matter.

these days, be the same, perhaps, everywhere. How much, then, shall we assume as the total charge on account of Oxford? Candles, considering the quantity of long days amongst the thirty weeks, may be had for 1s. 6d. a-week; for few students—unless they have lived in India, after which a physical change occurs in the sensibility of the nostrils—are finical enough to burn wax-lights. This will amount to £2 : 5s. Coals, say sixpence a-day; for threepence a-day will amply feed one grate in Edinburgh; and there are many weeks in the thirty which will demand no fire at all. Groceries and wine, which are all that remain, I cannot calculate. But suppose we allow for the first a shilling a-day, which will be exactly ten guineas for thirty weeks; and for the second—nothing at all. Then the extras, in addition to the college bills, will stand thus:—

Washing, for thirty weeks, at the privileged rate,	£6	6	0
Candles,	2	5	0
Fire,	5	5	0
Groceries,	10	10	0
Total,	£24	6	0

The college bills, therefore, will be £66 : 9s.; the extras, not furnished by the college, will be about £24 : 6s.—making a total amount of £90 : 15s. And for this sum, annually, a man may defray *every* expense incident to an Oxford life, through a period of weeks (viz. 30) something more than he will be permitted to reside. It is true, that, for the *first* year, there will be, in addition to this, his outfit; and for *every* year, there will be his journeys. There will also be twenty-two weeks uncovered by this estimate: but for these it is not my business to provide, who deal only with Oxford.

That this estimate is true, I know too feelingly. Would that it were *not!* would that it were false! Were it so, I might the better justify to myself that commerce with fraudulent Jews which led me so early to commence the dilapidation of my small fortune. It *is* true; and true for a period (1804–8) far dearer than this. And to any man who questions its accuracy, I address this particular request—that he will lay his hand upon the special item which he disputes. I anticipate that he will answer thus:—"I dispute none: it is not by positive things that your estimate errs, but by negations. It is the absence of all allowance for indispensable items that vitiates the calculation." Very well: but to this, as to other things, we may apply the words of Dr Johnson—"Sir, the reason I drink no wine, is because I can practise abstinence, but not temperance." Yes: in all things, abstinence is easier than temperance; for a little enjoyment has invariably the effect of awaking the sense of enjoyment, irritating it, and setting it on edge. I, therefore, recollecting my own case, have allowed for *no* wine parties. Let our friend, the abstraction we are speaking of, give breakfast parties, if he chooses to give any; and certainly to give none at all, unless he were dedicated to study, would seem very churlish. Nobody can be less a friend than myself to monkish and ascetic seclusion, unless it were for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

But, however this be settled, let no mistake be made; nor let that be charged against the system which is due to the habits of individuals. Early in the last century, Dr Newton, the head of a college in Oxford, wrote a large book against the Oxford system, as ruinously expensive. But then, as now, the real expense was due to no cause over which the colleges could exercise any effectual control. It is due exclusively to the habits of social intercourse amongst the young men; from which *he* may abstain who chooses. But for any academic authorities to interfere by sumptuary laws with the private expenditure of grown men, many of them, in a legal sense, *of age*, and all near it, must appear romantic and extravagant, for this (or, indeed, for any) stage of society. A tutor being required, about 1810, to fix the amount of allowance for a young man of small fortune, nearly related to myself, pronounced £320 little enough. He had this allowance, and was ruined, in consequence of the credit which it procured for him, and the society it connected him with. The majority have £200 a-year: but my estimate stands good for all that.

Having stated, generally, the expenses of the Oxford system, I am bound, in candour, to mention one variety in the mode of carrying this system into effect, open to every man's adoption, which confers certain privileges, but, at the same time, (by what exact mode, I know not,) considerably increases the cost, and in that degree disturbs my calculation. The great body of undergraduates, or students, are divided into two classes—*Commoners*, and *Gentlemen Commoners*. Perhaps nineteen out of twenty belong to the former class; and it is for that class, as having been my own, that I have made my estimate. The other class of *Gentlemen Commoners*, (who, at Cambridge, bear the name of *Fellow Commoners*,) wear a peculiar dress, and have some privileges which naturally imply some corresponding increase of cost; but why this increase should go to the extent of doubling the total expense, as it is generally thought to do, or how it *can* go to that extent, I am unable to explain. The differences which attach to the rank of "Gentleman Commoners," are these:—At his entrance, he pays double "caution money"—that is, whilst Commoners in general pay about twenty-five guineas, he pays fifty; but this can occur only once; and, besides, in strict point of right, this sum is only a deposit, and is liable to be withdrawn on leaving the University, though it is commonly enough finally presented to the college in the shape of plate. The next difference is, that, by comparison with the Commoner, he wears a much more costly dress. The Commoner's gown is made of what is called *prince's stuff;* and, together with the cap, costs about five guineas. But the Gentleman Commoner has two gowns—an undress for the morning, and a full dress-gown for the evening; both are made of silk, and the latter is very elaborately ornamented.

The cap also is more costly, being covered with velvet instead of cloth. At Cambridge, again, the tassel is made of gold fringe or bullion, which, in Oxford, is peculiar to the caps of noblemen; and there are many other varieties in that University, where the dress for "pensioners," (*i. e.* the Oxford "Commoners,") is specially varied in almost every college; the object being, perhaps, to give a ready means to the academic officers for ascertaining, at a glance, not merely the general fact that such or such a delinquent is a gownsman, (which is all that can be ascertained at Oxford,) but also the particular college to which he belongs. Allowance being made for these two items of "dress" and "caution-money," both of which apply only to the original out-fit, I know of no others in which the expenditure of a Gentleman Commoner ought to exceed, or could with propriety exceed, those of a Commoner. He has, indeed, a privilege as regards the choice of rooms; he chooses first, and probably chooses those rooms which, being best, are dearest; that is, they are on a level with the best; but usually there are many sets almost equally good; and of these the majority will be occupied by Commoners. So far, there is little opening for a difference. More often, again, it will happen that a man of this aristocratic class keeps a private servant; yet this happens also to Commoners, and is, besides, no properly college expense. Tutorage is charged double to a Gentleman Commoner—viz., twenty guineas a-year: this is done upon a fiction (as it sometimes turns out) of separate attention, or aid given in a private way to his scholastic pursuits. Finally, there arises naturally another and peculiar source of expense to the "Gentleman Commoner," from a fact implied in his Cambridge designation of "*Fellow* Commoner," *commensalis*—viz., that he associates at meals with the "fellows" and other authorities of the college. Yet this again expresses rather the particular shape which his expenditure assumes than any absolute increase in its amount. He subscribes to a regular mess, and pays, therefore, whether present or not; but so, in a partial sense, does the Commoner, by his forfeits for "absent commons." He subscribes also to a regular fund for wine; and, therefore, he does not enjoy that immunity from wine-drinking which is open to the Commoner. Yet, again, as the Commoner does but rarely avail himself of this immunity, as he drinks no less wine than the Gentleman Commoner, and, generally speaking, wine not worse in quality, it is difficult to see any ground for a regular assumption of higher expenditure in the one class than the other. However, the universal impression favours that assumption. All people believe that the rank of Gentleman Commoner imposes an expensive burden, though few people ever ask why. As a matter of fact, I believe it to be true, that Gentlemen Commoners spend more by a third, or a half, than any equal number of Commoners, taken without selection. And the reason is obvious: those who become Gentleman Commoners are usually determined to that course by the accident of having very large funds; they are eldest sons, or only sons, or men already in possession of estates, or else (which is as common a case as all the rest put together) they are the heirs of newly acquired wealth—sons of the *nouveaux riches*—a class which often requires a generation or two to rub off the insolence of a too conscious superiority. I have called them an "aristocratic" class; but, in strictness, they are not such; they form a privileged class indeed, but their privileges are few and trifling, not to add that these very privileges are connected with one or two burdens, more than outweighing them in the estimate of many; and, upon the whole, the chief distinction they enjoy is that of advertising themselves to the public as men of great wealth or great expectations; and, therefore, as subjects peculiarly adapted to fraudulent attempts. Accordingly, it is not found that the sons of the nobility are much inclined to enter this order: these, if they happen to be the eldest sons of Earls, or of any Peers above the rank of Viscount, so as to enjoy a title themselves by the courtesy of England, have special privileges in both Universities as to length of residence, degrees, &c.; and their rank is ascertained by a special dress. These privileges it is not usual to forego; though sometimes that happens, as in my time, in the instance of Lord George Grenville, (now Lord Nugent;) he neither entered at the aristocratic college, (Christ Church,) nor wore the dress of a nobleman. Generally, however, an elder son appears in his true character of nobleman; but the younger sons rarely enter the class of Gentlemen Commoners. They enter either as "Commoners," or under some of those various designations ("*scholars*," "*demies*," "*students*," "*junior fellows*") which imply that they stand upon the foundation of the college to which they belong, and are aspirants for academic emoluments.

Upon the whole, I am disposed to regard this order of Gentlemen Commoners as a standing temptation held out by authority to expensive habits, and a very unbecoming proclamation of honour paid to the aristocracy of wealth. And I know that many thoughtful men regard it in the same light with myself, and regret deeply that any such distribution of ranks should be authorized, as a stain upon the simplicity and general manliness of the English academic laws. It is an open profession of homage and indulgence to wealth, *as* wealth—to wealth disconnected from everything that might ally it to the ancestral honours and heraldries of the land. It is also an invitation, or rather a challenge, to profuse expenditure. Regularly, and by law, a Gentleman Commoner is liable to little heavier burdens than a Commoner; but to meet the expectations of those around him, and to act up to the part he has assumed, he must spend more, and he must be more careless in controling his expenditure, than a moderate and prudent Commoner. In every light, therefore, I condemn the institution, and give it up to the

censures of the judicious. So much in candour I concede. But, to shew equal candour on the other side, it must be remembered that this institution descends to us from ancient times, when wealth was not so often divided from territorial or civic honours, conferring a real precedency.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE POLITE ART OF LYING.

It has been said by one of the wisest of those whose sayings are based on the doings of mankind, that there can be no greater proof of the original perversity of mankind, than the number of laws which have been found indispensable, in all times and countries, to restrain the growth of crime. And, certes, we *are* rigorous, even unto the purest canons of righteousness, in chastising the backslidings of the poor—the vices of the low. We "prosecute them according to the utmost rigour of the law" for overrunning our parsley-beds; we encage them, "as the act directs," for tramping barefooted through our villages; we dismiss them to the tread-mill for putting to death the hare that feloniously preys upon the roots of their little garden; we mulct them here, we fine them there, by all the Midas-like force of judgment of a county quorum; we forbid them to tipple, while *we* reel bacchantly through their streets; we interdict chuck-farthing and cribbage, while the more than vestal-guarded altar, consecrated to midnight vice, at White's, is known to have been kept burning unextinguished for sixty years; we exact damages for an oath, and God-damn them for not having small-change, to pay the forfeit, ready in their pockets; we tax, distrain, screw, thumbscrew, incarcerate; and, at length, denounce to the legislature the secret murmurs of the people against our legalized severity.

> That in the Captain 's but a choleric word
> Which in the Soldier is flat blasphemy.

The village girl is committed to a month's hard labour for transgressions which only serve to attract the mob of fashion around some satin sofa at Almack's; and John is dismissed without a character, when convicted of a lie——oh, odious vice!—oh, accomplishment in which—ourselves so deeply studied—we so labour to accomplish our footmen!

How do we lift our eyes and hands to heaven over these and similar iniquities! how point out to the abhorrence of our taffeta son and heir, the ragged urchin convicted of peculation in our orchard! Defrauded, by accident perhaps, of a nail of calico in our ten ells' measure, we rave against the dishonesty of linendrapers, individually and collectively; or, injured by an imperfect copy of a new work, swear that not a bookseller in the land but merits Newgate. For *we*, forsooth, are people of honour, bound with Styx nine times round us, by the triply triple severity of the moral code of society, and the divine code of the Decalogue. *We* are impeccable—without spot or blemish, flaw or fracture. *We* pay our debts, fulfil our promises, adhere to our word; shun the pursuit of other men's game, eschew trespass on other men's grounds, flee from the seductions of other men's wives, take no holy name in vain; dice not, drink not, dabble not in stock-exchange jobberies; forswear not ourselves, lie not, neither equivocate. Or, do you doubt us, Sir? Dam'me—we wear a sword. Our Mantons are true as ourselves. Chalk Farm is the word; and our honour, as my lord or gentleman, unimpeachable and unimpeached.

But—

> "The Prince of Darkness was a gentleman,"

cries Lear, when, in his fits of frenzy, he utters such exquisite truths; and bright was the idea of the modern painter, who, in delineating the temptation of mankind, pourtrayed the Evil One under the semblance of a serpent, having a human face—the lips full of sweetness, the eyes full of guile, and the head surmounted by a coronet.

As we do live by bread, there is more lying in one fashionable club than in one entire suburb of Sheffield or Birmingham; more knavery between lord and lord at Tattersall's than in a gipsy camp; more equivocation in "both their Houses" than in all the parish grammar schools of the kingdom. Examine into the negociations of the higher classes—whether an estate is ever sold—a house, a horse, an ass, a joint stool—without mutual suspicion of unfairness or over-reaching. Ask of the public whether a ministry was ever displaced and replaced, without some accusation of baseness, of double-dealing—some conviction of petty defalcation. Ask of the world whether the public correspondence of the law-makers proves them not to be law-breakers. They squabble—they call names—affect the vein of ancient Pistol, and talk big:—but oh! with what littleness—what less than littleness, do their actions follow up their words! What school-boy would dare to skulk a fight, after the fashion of certain senators, who, having boldly given the lie, give sneakingly the hand of reconciliation; who creep through the augre-hole of a supposition, to declare, "That, if that that that gentleman said just now was *intended* as an offence, their own rejoinder was intended as ditto ditto; but, if *not*, they remain his obedient humble servant?" Out upon such paltry tergiversation! It would ruin the character of a cowboy at a statute fair.

It is amazing, moreover, how we labour to train up our great ones in the paths of mendacity; how we impose upon them oaths which they cannot keep—obligations which they cannot realize. The king, in his enthronization—the bishop, the minister, the chancellor, the very ensign when he receives his colours—accepts conditions that are worse than a negation—that he is tacitly prepared and permitted to falsify.

The dandy cheats at Melton, or in the Ring, when putting off a jade upon a friend, because all is fair in horse-dealing; the libertine cheats at Almack's or in Kensington Gardens, when seducing a jade *from* a friend, because all is fair in love; the candidate cheats at the hustings, because all is fair in electioneering; the fine lady cheats the Dover custom-house, while curtsying through, with her furbelows stuffed with Flanders lace, because all is fair in smuggling.

Does some paltry quarrel arise in a fashionable circle, every man whispers to his neighbour, "Do not put pen to paper—do not commit yourself." And what does this apprehension of committal imply, but that verbal asseverations are safe, because so easy of denial? In the progress of the dispute, misrepresentations arise that would disgrace the servants'-hall. People are brought face to face to eat their own words; confidences are violated, secrets betrayed; no one believes anybody, and everybody declares that nobody is deserving of credit. Proficiency in the polite art of lying is brought home with impunity to the very teeth of the proudest of the proud.

Look at the triumph of a woman of the world, returning from a bargain shop where she fancies she has overreached a haberdasher; look at her when she has beat down, in her demand for wages, the kitchen-maid condemned to scrub saucepans and decapitate chickens, for the support of an aged grandmother. See how like a Jew she disposes of her opera-box, or foists off concert-tickets on some timid friend; or lies to the tax-gatherers, who assure her that a brace of thoroughbred greyhounds cannot be scheduled as "a cur;" or to the mantua-maker, to whom she protests that the satin she brings to be matched cost her but a crown a-yard at some rival mercer's. All these offences are rank, and smell to Heaven, of the very wantonness of gratuitous dishonesty!

We confess we look with trembling to the coming forth of any announced biography of the modern mighty dead; any "Conversations," or "Recollections," or "Inedited Letters." It is not their frailties—such frailties as flesh is heir to—of which we dread to hear. The follies of such men as Nelson and Rodney, Fox or Canning, serve rather to encourage the erring to redeem themselves from blame by redoubled excellence, than to depreciate heroism or talent in the estimation of the world. But we apprehend, and not without reason, that the wicked memory or prying spirit of the biographer may bring to light the latent meanness of the man of the world—the paltry avarice of a Horace Walpole, the satirical treachery of a Byron. Letters and confidences produce startling revelations. Few, alas! are the pure in soul, like Heber—the manly honest, like Collingwood; while the shabby, the false, the double-faced, the double-minded———!

SONNETS.

ON THE MODERN GREEKS.

On Seeing the Greek Troops pass through a Town in Bavaria.

THESE, then, are Greeks! O sight of infamy!
'Twas something, even when Botzaris bled,
To know, that, on the bosom of the dead,
There lay no vestment of tyrannic dye.
If these are Greeks, where is the Grecian eye?
Where is the helmet that should grace the head?
Ask of their King! O Greece! why didst thou wed
The offspring of an alien tyrant?—why—
Thou soul unquenchable—why wert thou dumb?
Thou wert not lost, until Thermopylæ
Was a Bavarian landmark—till the tomb
Where sleeps Miltiades was given away
Unto a German owner. 'Tis thy doom
To perish by a king and kingly sway!

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks!" Thus sung
Thy poet, Hellas; for his eye was clear
And watchful as a mother's; and, in fear
And love commingled, over thee he hung,
Even as a wild bird careth for her young.
This was his warning; but thou wouldst not hear—
And thou hast given thine ancient shield and spear
To one who from a line of despots sprung.
Did those who fell by Missolonghi's wall
Pour forth their blood to purchase such a crown?
Was this the only triumph which they sought
To win by battle and by death? Thy thrall
Beneath the Ottoman had more renown:—
One conquered thee—the other only bought.

W. E. A.

THE LIFE AND SONGS OF BÜRGER.

No. II.

Continued from our last Number.

IN our last number, we pursued the personal career of the poet Bürger, from childhood, through a turbulent youth and the vicissitudes of man's troubled estate, to an early grave. The notices which we then gave of the direction of Bürger's poetical labours, of the progress of his education and self-culture, and of his personal disposition and tendencies, anticipate most of the observations applicable to an author whose works, in general, strongly reflect his individual feelings and propensities. We have described Bürger, as directed, by nature and circumstances, to the cultivation of popular song. In this vocation, two different kinds of success may be gained. The first is the achievement of that supreme genius, animated by the highest purpose, which

commands an universal interest, by clothing elevated subjects with clear simplicity of utterance; and penetrates into the inmost sources of human nature with a language speaking to all hearts, employing its power to popularize, without degrading the most exquisite forms of truth and beauty. By such a power are the many unconsciously raised above their common range of belief and thought; while the perceptions of the gifted few are awakened and gratified. Thus to vindicate the universal rule of poetry—to diffuse its influence, by winning all to lovely contemplations, rather than by appealing to vulgar tendencies—to communicate, but not to debase its spirit and its charm;—this is, indeed, the highest gift of genius, and its most noble exercise. Many exquisite endowments are required for the other less arduous kind of success. This is the reward of the poet who, either from temperament or from choice, adopts the character and embodies the ordinary feelings of the many, with such happiness in manner and in selection of subject as his art can supply. His aim must be to represent in vivid colours the ideas and emotions that lie in the daily track of existence, with such enhancement as the spirit of poetry confers upon all subjects whatsoever. But here its alchemy can only sublime the matter on which it works, in so far as relates to the form and colour of the subject. The difference between these two classes of popular poetry is essential and striking: here, the poet uses the common properties of human nature as a key wherewith he opens all hearts to the reception of the lovely and the divine—there, he deals with the ordinary sensations and daily experience as the objects to be expressed and beautified. In the one case, the poet imparts to the ideal a visible and impressive form; in the other, he arrays the real with such graceful ornaments as his feeling and invention can devise. In this latter department, the qualities required are, clearness of perception; address in seizing upon the most gracious aspect of common feelings; a cordial earnestness of tone, attesting the poet's unfeigned sympathy with his fellow-men; bold and apposite imagery; and language, vigorous, unaffected, and musical. Such are the qualities which the songs of Bürger display: it is unnecessary to state more expressively to which of the two classes of popular poetry above described they belong. The spirit which possessed our lyrist did, indeed, at times carry him to the verge of a higher sphere; but his wonted muse was less ambitious in her flight, and loved to hover over the flowers or rest in the shadows of daily household life.

The songs before us may be divided into two classes—personal and descriptive. The first are eminently the offspring of sensation, (the sensation, indeed, of a nature generous, sensitive, and ardent,) and represent the loves and sorrows of the poet with an earnestness which needed not the evidence of his history to attest their reality. Their tone is lively, passionate, or desponding, according to the mood or the incident of the moment; and their almost unrivalled charm consists, not merely in a theme which will never lose its magic so long as love and life exist, but still more in their cordial fervour of language and the faultless beauty of their versification. Knowing, as we do, how much of these subtle graces must evaporate in translation, we should have declined the task, were it not that Bürger's *personal* lyrics are almost unknown to English readers, and, therefore, especially demand our notice. We hope that, even in the following imperfect version, some trace may yet be found of the affectionate and graceful simplicity of the exquisite original.

LOVE'S WITCHERY.

Turn and face me, maiden shy;
Soft—no winking, roguish eye!
Wilful maiden, mark me duly,
Answer to my question truly—
Ha! look upwards, maiden shy;
Wink you shall not, wicked eye!

So! no fright art thou, 'tis true,
With those eyes so clear and blue;
Brow and nose no fault defaces,
Mouth and cheek deserve their praises:
Thou art charming, love, in sooth—
Charming quite, in very truth.

Yet, though charming, form and mien,
Still thou art not quite a queen;
Not an empress;—'midst the fairest,
Who will crown thee as the rarest?
Charming feature, charming mien,
Need so much to make the queen!

Hundred beauties, well 'tis known,
Tens of hundreds, might be shewn,
Proud and fain to challenge places
Passing thine in choice of graces;
Hundred beauties I can see,
Hundreds far surpassing thee.

Yet a sovereign's power thou hast
O'er thy loyal servant cast;
With imperial law o'erbearing,
Now enchanting, now despairing:
Life and death, as kings decree,
Holds thy trusty slave from thee.

Hundreds are no trifling sum—
Yet, dear girl, did hundreds come—
Ay, ten thousand, did they bring thee,
Down from throne and realm to fling thee—
Tens of thousands—what a sum!—
All would fail, were all to come!

Roguish eyelets, roguish mouth,
Face me straight, and tell me truth—
Say, what made thee mine thus solely,
None but thou, and thou so wholly?
Wicked eyelets, wicked mouth,
Face me fairly, tell me truth!

Puzzling still. I can't divine
What so wholly made me thine:
Ha! with nought to wake this passion
Ne'er was done in Christian fashion—
Sorceress girl, all charm and spell,
Where's thy wand of magic? Tell!

All men, in some golden moment of their lives, have been in love. This is the one gracious condition of being, which, for a time at least, makes the rudest of vulgar natures deni-

zens of an existence which asserts its divine origin in all bosoms. And how clearly does the supremacy of this sweet impulse declare this by its victory over all other objects of earthly desire! Not long does the visitant linger with many; but who has not acknowledged, during the delicious season of its presence, that there is no ambition, or triumph, or desire, equal in worth to the supreme happiness of entire and favoured love? The expression of such a mood is the burden of the beautiful song we shall now attempt to translate. In the original, the poet avails himself, with great felicity, of the old Troubadour word, *minnesold*, or "the reward of love," for which we have no corresponding term of equal conciseness and antique grace. The days of old romance, alas! have bequeathed few such memorials to our present language.

LOVERS'-MEED.

Who in ladye-love hath favour,
  Oh, how richly he is crown'd!
Dearer boon hath service never
  From the highest Kaiser found—
He, with crown and throne to speed,
Serves, himself, for Lovers'-meed,

What is gold, or jewels' splendour?
  What the pearls a Sophi shews?
Ladye-love 's the only lender
  That the *heart* with wealth endows.
Not with pearls or diamonds fee'd,
Would I barter Lovers'-meed.

Place and state, ambition's prizes,
  Knightly calling, golden spurs,
All, for this, the heart despises,
  All the monarch's gift confers.
Honour's charms less strongly plead
Than the bliss of Lovers'-meed.

Nought besides on earth inherits
  Joy or rapture matching this;
Sweeter none but blessed spirits
  Taste in Paradise of bliss.
Honeyed stores are sweet indeed—
Sweeter far is Lovers'-meed.

Love's reward is sap and essence,
  Source and life of all our joys;
Love's reward relieves and lessens
  Every pang that peace destroys;
Plants that balsam-juices bleed
Cannot heal like Lovers'-meed.

Toils and risks, with free devotion,
  Love's sweet promise bids us meet;
Fire and battle, storm and ocean—
  Teaches death itself to greet.
Life prevails o'er fame or need,
Yet I'd die for Lovers'-meed.

All the wealth of store and coffer,
  Heart's blood shed from every vein,
Were a beggar's paltry offer
  For true lover's bliss and gain.
Every loss of blood or gold
Lovers'-meed pays hundredfold.

Ever, then, with trust unceasing,
  Will I seek this dearest boon;
In December's midnight freezing,
  Parched in summer's fervid noon.
For all service well is fee'd
By the bliss of true Love's-meed!

The more passionate of Bürger's amatory lyrics, besides their being, in general, too long for insertion here, are not great favourites with us. In order to sympathize with such fervid utterances of feeling, we require something in the poet beyond the language of sensation, however eloquent and melodious. We like him best in such effusions as the following, where a gracious and untroubled tenderness busies itself, in true lover's fashion, with dwelling on every charm and feature of the beloved object. And to us the occasional homeliness of expression, which we have not attempted to disguise, invests the strain with a certain affectionate attraction that phrases more curiously refined could not impart. It must not, however, be supposed that they are the result of carelessness in the poet; every syllable has been chosen and arranged with the nicest design; and the effect, whatever it be, is such as Bürger advisedly intended to produce. The title of this song, which describes the poet's own mistress, is—

THE SWEET ONE WHOM I MEAN.

How proud, in love's unnumber'd wiles,
The sweet one of my fancy smiles!
Declare, my grateful lips, declare,
Whose hand betrays this wonder rare?
That thus, in pride of lovely wiles,
The sweet one of my fancy smiles.

Who lit the sweet one's azure eyes,
That shine like spheres of Paradise?
The same who bade o'er sea and land
The radiant arch of heaven expand;—
'Twas He who lit the sweet one's eyes
That beam like spheres of Paradise.

Who thus with skilful care o'erspread
The sweet one's cheek with white and red?
He who a tender beauty showers
O'er the young almond's opening flowers:—
He with such cunning art o'erspread
The sweet one's cheek with white and red.

Who made the sweet one's ruddy mouth
So spicy fragrant, kind, and smooth?
He who to purple cherries lent
Their swelling ripeness, juice, and scent:—
He made the sweet one's ruddy mouth
So spicy fragrant, soft, and smooth.

Who bade the silken ringlets flow
Adown the sweet one's neck of snow?
He who the golden harvests bade
Wave, by His gentle zephyr swayed:—
He bade the silken ringlets flow
Adown the sweet one's neck of snow.

Who gave the sweet one voice and tongue
So heavenly sweet in speech and song?
He that with flute-notes softly trilled
The lark and nightingale hath filled:—
He gave the sweet one voice and tongue
So soft, for love's discourse and song.

Who, for the throne of full delight,
Hath arched the sweet one's bosom white?
Even He who made, its type exprest,
The swan with downy swell of breast:—
He, for a throne of full delight,
Hath arched the sweet one's bosom white.

What artist framed in form and limb
The sweet one's shape so soft and slim?
His hand, that is, and was of yore
All beauty's artist evermore:—
His highest hand in form and limb
Hath framed her shape so soft and slim.

Who breathed through life and soul her mind,
So angel-gentle, pure, and kind?
Who else than He, whose high commands
Have peopled Heaven with angel bands?
He breathed with life a soul and mind
So angel-gentle, pure, and kind.

Praise for thy work, great Artist, praise!
And high thanksgiving for the grace
That made thine image charm my sight
With all that makes creation bright:—
Praise for thy work, great Artist, praise!
And high thanksgiving for thy grace!

Yet say for whom, with loving wiles,
In state of charms, this sweet one smiles?
O Heaven! by thy bright sun 'tis sworn,
Fain had I rather been unborn,
Unless for me, with loving wiles,
In sovereign charms, the sweet one smiles!

We cannot stay to gather more of the flowers which Bürger has woven into garlands, some to decorate the triumphs, some to strew the ashes of his love. They are all coloured with the true lyric warmth of tone; and breathe a devotion for the sex, whose smiles are the dearest reward of the poet, which, if not of high ideal elevation, is at least so fervent and unaffected as to justify the favour he universally enjoyed. Before we proceed to the second or descriptive class of Bürger's productions, we will give one specimen of a mode of composition rarely attempted by him, but always with eminent success. The vigorous brevity of his style, and a certain frank boldness of thought, and generous warmth, which form some of his most amiable characteristics, qualified him admirably to render justice to a theme like the following. There is a tone of independence in the strain, which we infinitely prize; and, as an instance of sententious compression, we know few pieces that can be placed in competition with it.

THE GREAT MAN.

There stirs my wrath one thing I meet—
When fawning praise and fool's conceit
The vulgar mean as greatness treat.

Thou, Soul of every Truth, proclaim
Who justly bears the great man's name?
Hence with all rashly squandered fame!

Whom God endows with sense to prize
The great, in bearing, worth, and guise;
And shews all being's strength and size.

Whose reason, in its wide command,
Even as a ball the hollow hand,
The earthly whole embracing, scanned;

And all things great, that here and there
Befell, in ages far or near,
Who knows—and when, and how, and where;

Who, drawing Nature's veil aside,
Even as the bridegroom sees his bride,
Views her in naked beauty's pride;

And ever, on her glowing breast,
By her emboldened, raised, possessed,
Inhaling love and life, doth rest.

Who hath the power, with will combined,
For all that human hand or mind
E'er did or doth, to serve mankind;

Who, gifted thus, in time and place
As fate ordains, in act displays
The standard art attempts to raise:—
This were a man—a great man's worth:
Such, from the womb of human birth,
Scarce one in ages struggles forth.

We now come to the second or descriptive portion of Bürger's lyrical poems. These chiefly consist of genuine popular ballads, in the strictest sense of the term; and here we approach a class of composition, in which, of all modern writers, our author has been the most eminently successful. To revive, amidst the fastidiousness of pampered taste, the bold and simple narrative style of earlier days; preserving the energetic plainness of a time when poetry lived in the voices of the people, while calling in the resources of art to heighten the manner, without impairing the spirit: this is a task requiring no common genius. Independently of his natural gifts, Bürger was greatly aided by the circumstances of his education and life, in the achievement of success in this department. Born amongst the people, familiar with their speech and mood, self-trained, after the manner of the older singers, and armed with thorough command of a strong vernacular language, he fell without effort into the style and expression of the true popular ballad. The charm and excellence of his productions lie in the perfect sincerity of spirit thus given; his art is evinced in the accuracy of expression, and in the melody of his numbers only: in the treatment of his subject, he is what most modern ballad writers only affect to be—resolutely in earnest; uttering in song what he has seen or heard, with all the rapidity of strongly-excited feeling. Thus, without forethought, he throws himself upon his subject with all the dramatic fervour, the bold apostrophes, the rapid flight from incident to incident, which belong to the genuine utterances of popular narrative poetry. There is no delay, no ornament; every trait starts forth with the vividness of eager life; and, in listening to the strain, we become actual spectators of the event, and are hurried on to the close, with an interest that admits of no pause or question. This is the true secret of the charm concealed in Bürger's ballads. It is difficult to select from so tempting a series. In choosing the following, we have been mainly guided by a reference to the space afforded us: most of those we could have wished to translate are too long for our limits. We need not, however, make any apology for introducing to our readers so noble a strain as—

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.*

The brave man's song aloud I raise,
Like pealing bell and organ's roll.
Who talks of gold? 'Tis song repays
The man that boasts a dauntless soul.
Thank God! that I can sing and praise,
To laud the brave in sounding lays!

A thaw-wind from the South-Sea passed;
All damp and dark, it northward rolled;
The clouds were chased by the snoring blast,
As when the lean wolf scares the fold;
The fields it scoured, the woods it brake,
The ground-ice burst in stream and lake.

Along the Jura melts the snow;
Hark! how a thousand cataracts sound!
The Wiesenthal lies whelmed below;
The land's main stream o'erflows its bound;
High on their track its wild waves curled,
And ice in rolling masses whirled.

* See conclusion of this article.

Of ashler built, from base to ridge,
  O'er heavy piers and arches, lay,
Across the waxing stream, a bridge;
  And a small toll-house stood midway:—
There dwelt the Bridgeward, with child and wife:
O, Bridgeward! Bridgeward! fly for life!

Now, near and nearer it groaned and jarred;
  It raved and weltered the walls about;
Sprang to the roof the pale Bridgeward,
  And saw the wrack and storm without.
"Have mercy on me, dear Heaven!" he prayed;
"All lost, all lost! Who brings me aid?"

And, crash on crash, from shore to shore,
  The ice-blocks rolled, now there, now here;
From either bank the torrent tore
  The landward arch, the landward pier:—
With wife and child the Bridgeward stood,
And howled yet louder than wind or flood.

And hither and thither, stroke on stroke,
  The ice-blocks rolled from side to side;
As, crushed and shattered with the shock,
  Pier after pier shot down the tide:
The middle arch will soon be riven—
Oh! mercy, mercy, gracious Heaven!

A crowd of gazers, great and small,
  Stood on the distant bank on high;
And wrung their hands, and shouted all—
  But none the rescue dared to try:
The trembling Bridgeward, with wife and child—
Their shrieks were heard o'er the tempest wild.

Song of the brave! when wilt thou swell
  Like chime or organ pealing strong?
Awake! O tell his daring, tell!
  What stays thee yet, my gallant song?
The wreck it threatens the middle pier—
Brave man, O hasten! brave man, appear!

The earl rode hurrying to the strand—
  A noble earl, on his charger bold:
What held the earl in his lifted hand?
  A purse, a weighty purse of gold:—
"Five hundred crowns the man shall have
That dares yon wretches' lives to save!"

Which was the brave? The earl, forsooth?
  Say on, brave song—bright song, declare!
By Heaven, a gallant earl, in truth,
  Yet know I one more gallant far!
Stand forth, brave man! brave man, appear,—
The wreck it threatens—the ruin 's near!

And ever higher the flood 'gan swell;
  And ever wilder screamed the blast;
And ever lower the courage fell;—
  O rescuer, rescuer, come in haste!—
Pier after pier was crushed and rent,
Loud crashing, after, the torn arch went.

"Ho! none to venture for the stake?"
  On high the earl he held the prize:
They hear; but all stand still and quake—
  Of all those thousands none replies:
In vain the Bridgeward, with child and wife,
Outshrieked for succour the tempest's strife.

Lo! with his staff, in homely guise,
  A plain, poor peasant man drew nigh;
His coat was of the rugged frieze,
  But port and look were bold and high:
He came and heard what the earl had said;
And looked upon that scene of dread;

And boldly sprung, with God to guide,
  On the next skiff, and o'er the flood,
In spite of surge, and storm, and tide,
  The rescuer made his passage good;
But the frail boat was far too small
In one adventure to succour all.

And thrice his arm the boat must urge
  Through storm and stream; and thrice he braved,
And thrice he crossed the roaring surge,
  Ere all the periled lives were saved.
Scarce on firm land the last one stood,
When the last wreck rolled down the flood.

Which was the brave man? Rise, and tell;
  Say on, my gallant song, say on!
The life that peasant risked so well,
  He staked, perchance, for gold alone?
For, had the earl his largess spared,
Nor risk, nor wreck yon boor had dared.

"Here," cried the earl—"the prize is won!
  Come, take thy meed, my gallant fere!"
Say, was not this right bravely done?
  By Heaven, 'twas spoken like a peer!
Yet nobler spirit filled the breast
That throbbed beneath yon peasant's vest.

"I bear no life that's bought and sold,
  Poor though I be, I lack not food:—
Give to yon houseless wretch your gold,
  Whose all was swallowed by the flood!"
This said, with stout and cordial tone—
He turned, and went his way alone.

Far sounds the brave man's song of praise,
  Like chiming peal and organ's roll;
No gold rewards—'tis song repays
  The man that boasts a dauntless soul.
Thank God, that gave me song and praise
To laud the brave in deathless lays!

This is assuredly a brave song, and worthy of the noble deed which it records. The inborn dignity of our poet's nature appears nowhere more excellent than in the heartiness with which he asserts the claim of genuine worth, independent of all factitious circumstances of distinction. We love him for this cordial tribute to peasant virtue. Had his lyre been oftener attuned to such stirring themes, how proudly might we have placed him beside his greater brethren, Burns and Béranger! But he was led astray by the seductions of the moment, and was busied too often with fancies which left no room for the presence of this more generous mood. When it visited him unsought, he proved what he might have done, had he freely wooed its influence.

Before we proceed to consider his "Leonore," we shall subjoin a specimen of the humorous, yet half-earnest way in which he loves at times to handle a pleasant incident. We wish to give some idea of his different styles; and, although the subjoined verses are of a kind which must inevitably lose much of their character in a new idiom, still the subject, we should think, will make amends to our readers, of both sexes, for all shortcomings. And, indeed, we could not, without self-blame, have omitted the opportunity here afforded us of extending the fame of the gallant

WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

I prythee, say where Weinsberg lies;
  Brave town it is, they tell,
That store of wives and maids supplies,
  Right sagely trained and well.
If e'er I seek to wive or woo,
I'll court some day in Weinsberg too.

Our Kaiser Conrad, ye shall hear,
  Waxed wroth against the town;
And, with his men-at-arms, drew near,
  And sate in leaguer down;
With horse and foot, and shot and shout,
He pressed and vexed it round about.

Now, as the town held out so fast,
  For all he urged it nigh,
In hot despite, with trumpet blast
  He made his herald cry—
"When I get in, ye knaves, take note,
Each one shall hang that wears a coat."

When, as they heard the trumpet bray,
  And marked the Kaiser's threat,
Up rose a wail and well-a-day,
  In house, and square, and street.
Their bread grew scant and dear in price,
Yet scarcer now was sage advice.

"Alas, for Colin! wo befall
  So dark a day!"—the swains
Cried "Miserere! one and all
  Must perish for our pains!
Alas, for Colin!—while I speak,
Methinks I feel the halter tweak!"

Yet oft, when Jack seems lost, in spite
  Of counsel, toil, or prayer,
Some Gill's invention leads him right
  From peril and despair:
For churchman's craft, and woman's wile,
Ye know, surpass all other guile.

A fresh young dame, demure and nice,
  (But yesternight a bride,)
When all were quailed, with sage advice
  The listeners edified:—
And ye, likewise, if pleased to wait,
Shall laugh and clap your hands thereat.

There went a troop of ladies fair,
  When midnight dark was down,
To Conrad's camp, to make their prayer
  For mercy on the town:
They begged so soft, they begged so sweet—
But more than this could nought entreat:—

"I grant the women exit free,
  With their best treasures all;
But such as still remain shall be
  Hewn down to mince-meat small."
With these hard terms, distrest and dumb,
The troubled fair slunk sadly home.

But, lo! at earliest peep of dawn—
  What means yon burdened troop?
The nearest barrier is withdrawn,
  And see, the women stoop
With man on shoulder—sewn in sack,
In faith!—and riding pick-a-back!

Now, as the clerks in camp oppose
  The sleight so barely dressed,
Quoth Conrad, "Comment, quip, nor glose,
  The Emperor's word shall wrest;—
Bravo!" he cried, "'tis bravely thus!
Would that our wife so deemed of Us!"

Free pardon and a feast he gave,
  In honour of the fair;
And mirth, and dance, and toast, and stave,
  Graced the glad revel there:
The beggar's housewife danced amain,
Beside the Mayoress with her train.

Now, shew me, pray, where Weinsberg lies:
  Brave town! it bears the bell
For maids and matrons true and wise,
  Right sagely trained, and well!

By Heaven, if e'er I wive or woo,
I'll seek a wife in Weinsberg, too!

We have purposely reserved to the last our notice of those great works, (amongst which the chief are, "Lenardo and Blandine," "The Parson's Daughter of Taubenhain," the "Wildegrave," and "*Leonore*,") wherein Bürger has elevated the popular ballad to the sphere of the highest tragic emotions, without departing from its native simplicity. In these remarkable compositions, pity, wonder, terror, and supernatural awe are woven into the tissue of lyrical narrative, with a mastery of hand that no other poet has shewn. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," unrivalled in its way, belongs to a different class: it is a creation of the ideal world. Bürger's is the tale of positive life; it fastens upon our closest sympathies and fears, with a seizure which allows of no escape for the imagination. Even while dealing with the supernatural, there is a terrible homely reality in his creations, which compels us to believe and tremble. Everything is plain, express, and in earnest; the unreal assumes a distinct and bodily form; the tragic becomes a spectacle acted beneath our very eyes; and, in his wonderful numbers we hear, with appalling distinctness, the wail of the heart-broken, the eldrich laugh of the maniac, the resounding tramp of the spectre steed. It is in this power of clothing with the most vivid reality all forms of the pathetic and supernatural; in the stern, nay, homely plainness with which his subject is impressed upon our perceptions; in the strong and yet most musical flow of numbers that seem poured from the very sources of natural song;—in these eminent characteristics, we believe Bürger's great ballads to be unequalled. We have selected the "Leonore," as it is the work on which his European reputation is founded: although disposed to assign the palm to others in the series above named, we shall not presume to question the justice of so universal a decision. Apology for the manifold imperfections of translation, it were of no use to offer; we have done our best to give some outline of an original which abler hands than ours have failed to present, with all its beauty and strength, in a foreign dress. The scene of the incident (and this, it will be observed, is characteristic of Bürger's genius, which preferred the immediate to the remote, even in his treatment of the supernatural,) is laid in his own times, at the close of the terrible war between Frederick the Great and the Empress Maria Theresa. We are in Saxony, in the first days of the peace which succeeded the terrible battle of Prague; and all who had friends or lovers in the Prussian army are anxiously awaiting their return.

LEONORE.

From nightmare dreams, at day-break red,
  Rose Leonore, and sighed:—
"O William! art thou false, or dead?
  How long wilt thou abide?"
For he had gone with Frederick's might,
Beneath the walls of Prague to fight;
And never a word had sent to tell,
If he were wounded there, or well.

The Monarch and the Empress, spent
With conflict fierce and vain,
They let their haughty mood relent,
And peace returned again:
And every host, with song and shout,
And drum and trumpet ringing out,
With greenwood branches gaily crowned,
All on their homeward march are bound.

And there and here, from far and near,
By road and mountain track,
Came old and young, to swell the cheer,
And meet the comers back.
"Thank God!" full many a matron cried;
"Glad welcome!" many a plighted bride:
But Leonora, wo the while,
She met no greeting, or kiss, or smile.

On every hand, at every name,
In every troop she sought;
But, first or last, of all that came,
Was none that tidings brought.
When all had passed, and hope was o'er,
Her raven hair she wildly tore;
With frantic gestures, all forlorn,
She cast her down on the earth to mourn.

Straight to her side the mother hied:
"God help the sore distrest!
What ails thee, child of love?" she cried,
And strained her to her breast.
"O mother, mother! gone is gone—
Sink earth, sink all—for hope is none!
There is no pity in God on high,
Wo, wo for my utter misery!"

"Look down, O God! and help our need!
Oh, breathe, my child, a prayer!
What God ordains is well decreed—
He pities our despair!"
—"O mother, mother! vain belief:
God hath not justly dealt this grief;
My ceaseless prayers, what speed had they?
And now—'tis now too late to pray!"

"Help, Jesu, help! Who seek the Lord
Know that he aids his own.
The Holy Sacrament adored,
Shall still thy grievous moan."
—"O mother! to this burning grief,
No rite of Church can bring relief;
No sacramental wine and bread
Can give back life to the silent dead!"

"Now, say, if faithless to his vows,
In distant Hungary,
Thy love forgets his creed and spouse,
In some new marriage tie?
Renounce, my child, a heart so vain;
Short be his triumph, scant his gain!
In the hour when body and spirit part,
This treachery shall consume his heart."

"O mother, mother!—gone is gone;
Lost, lost—forlorn, forlorn:
Death, death is all my love hath won—
Oh, had I ne'er been born!
Die out, for ever die, my light!
Be quenched in horror, sink in night!
There is no pity in God on high—
Wo, wo for my utter misery!"

"Help, Jesu, help! God, judge not thou
Thy poor distracted child!
The sin she speaks, she knows not now—
Hear not her ravings wild!
Forget, my child, this earthly grief,
And think on Heaven with firm belief;
So shall a Bridegroom yet appear,
To calm thy spirit, and bring thee cheer."

"O mother, where doth heavenly bliss,
And where do torments dwell?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven, where William is—
Where he is not, 'tis hell!
Die out, for ever die, my light!
Be quenched in horror, sink in night!
Blest were to me no earthly lot,
Blest were no heaven, where he is not!"

Thus wild her desperate passion flowed
Through every sense and vein;
And, daring still the wrath of God,
His justice did arraign.
She tore her hair and smote her breast,
Till the red sunset dyed the west;
And, glittering through the heavenly arch,
The golden stars began their march.

And hark!—trap, trap—a charger's heel
Jarred on the court-yard stone.
Straight by the porch, with ringing steel,
A horseman vaulted down.
And hark! and hark! the portal's ring
Stirs lightly, loosely—ting-ling-ling;
Then, through the wicket, clearly heard,
Came, short and shrill, each whispered word.

"Hist, hist, my girl! unbar the door—
Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
Still am I loved, or loved no more?
And dost thou smile or weep?"
—"Ah! William, thou? So late, mine own?
Long have I wept, and watched alone,
In bitter sorrow and deadly fear—
Whence comest thou riding to seek me here?"

"We mount but at the dead of night—
From Prague afar I come;
Late have I risen to claim thy plight,
And now will bear thee home."
—"Ah, first come in, to rest till morn—
Loud howls the blast through the pale hawthorn—
Come in, beloved, and let me fold
My arms around thee, to chase the cold!"

"Let the wind in the hawthorn howl and whirr—
Let the wind howl on, my dear;
The wild horse stamps—shrill rings the spur—
I may not tarry here!
Come, don thy kirtle, girl, with speed,
And spring behind me on the steed;
We've yet a hundred miles to tread
Ere we may reach the marriage bed."

"Ah, ride we yet a hundred mile
To reach our bridal bed?
The bell that chimed eleven, erewhile—
Hark, still it booms o'erhead."
—"Look up, look on, the moon shines bright;
We and the dead ride fast by night.
I'll pledge me yet, ere the midnight hour,
To bring thee, love, to the bridal bower!"

"Say, where is the chamber drest so late?
Say, where is the marriage bed?"
—"Far, far from hence—still, cool, and strait,
With boards at foot and head."
—"Hast room for me?"—"For me and thee—
Come, haste, and busk thee, and ride with me;
There 's waiting many a wedding guest,
The chamber is open, the couch is drest."

His true-love busked her, and all in haste
To horse she lightly sprung;
And fondly round the horseman's waist
Her lily arms she flung.
And hurry! hurry! with clattering tread,
In rushing gallop, away they sped,
While horse and rider snorted and blew,
And the stones they smoked, and the fire-sparks flew.

To right and left, ere dazzled eye
  Could snatch a hasty look,
How field, and wood, and moor shot by,
  And thundering bridges shook!
"Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright—
Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
Dost fear them, true-love—dost creep with dread?"
—"Ah, no! yet wherefore speak of the dead?"

What sounds are those of chant and knell?
  Why shriek the ravens hoarse?
Hark! passing bell—hark! requiem's swell—
  "Lay we in earth the corse!"
And, lo! a funeral train drew near,
With coffin, and trailing pall, and bier.
The wail for the dead was dull and harsh,
Like the bullfrog's croak in a sleepy marsh.

"Till midnight's past the dead may bide
  For knell and wail and song;
Now bear I home my fair young bride—
  Come, join the marriage throng!
Come, sacrist, lead the choral train,
And groan us out a bridal strain;
Come, priest, by thee be the blessing said
Ere we lie down in the marriage bed."

Down sank the bier—ceased chant and peal,
  The mourners, at his call,
Came hurrying hard at the charger's heel,
  Came hurrying one and all.
And on, still on, with clattering tread,
In rushing gallop, forth they sped,
While horse and rider snorted and blew,
And the stones they smoked, and the fire-sparks flew.

How, left and right, before their sight,
  Swept hill, and tree, and down!
How vanished, right, and left, and right,
  Hall, hamlet, tower, and town!
"Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright—
Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
Dost fear them, true-love—dost creep with dread?"
—"Ah, let them rest! why speak of the dead?"

Lo, there! lo, there! on the gibbet's beam,
  A ghostly company,
Half seen beneath the moony gleam,
  Dance on the gallows-tree!
"Sa sa, my mates, come hither apace,
Come down, my mates, and follow the race;
The marriage-dance ye'll featly tread,
When I and the bride are put to bed."

Hiss, hiss, the spectre crew behind
  Came on with whistling rush,
As when 'midst withered leaves, the wind
  Whirrs through the hazel bush;
And on, still on, with clattering tread,
In furious gallop, forth they sped,
While horse and rider snorted and blew,
And the stones they smoked and the fire-sparks flew.

Around the moonlit plains they fled—
  Fled past them fast and far;
How swam the flying clouds o'erhead!
  How glanced each passing star!
"Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright,
Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
Dost fear them, true-love—dost creep with dread?"
—"Wo's me! Disturb not the awful dead!"

"Ho! ho! methinks the cock 'gan crow—
  The sand is near its end;
Methinks I snuff the dawn—ho! ho!
  Quick, quick, my girl, descend!
Our course is over, our race is done,
The marriage doors are open thrown:
The dead ride on through the night apace—
'Tis done—we've reached our resting place."

Right at a portal's iron grate
  They dashed, with hanging rein—
The horseman waved his rod, and straight
  Sprang lock and bolt in twain:
Wide yawned the doors with jarring sound,
And over the echoing graves they bound;
All round, the tomb-stones grey and white,
Lay glimmering in the cold moonlight.

Look there! look there!—at once befell
  A sudden change, and grim:—
The horseman's garb like tinder fell
  In shreds from trunk and limb;
And, lo! his head—nor flesh, nor hair
Clings to that skull so ghastly bare!
A yellow skeleton he stands,
With scythe and glass in his bony hands!

The steed neighed wild, high reared the steed,
  And fire-sparks snorted forth;
And, ha! it gapes—with lightning speed
  All vanished in the earth!
With howlings shook the welkin pale,
The gulf below with shriek and wail;
While Leonore, with choking breath,
Shook on the verge of life and death.

And round and round, in the moony glance,
  In whirling circles rise
A troop of ghosts, in linked dance,
  And howled with hollow cries:
"Endure, endure! though grief hath riven
The heart, arraign not God in Heaven!
Thy forfeit body, sentenced, leave—
May God in mercy thy soul receive!"

In this version, the wonderful force and flow of the song, its expressive traits, its simplicity and fire, are, in a great measure, lost: yet even here the English reader will admire the skilful introduction of the subject; the rapidity of the narrative; the picture of unhallowed repining which awakens the expectation of some uncommon punishment; the startling and appropriate form in which it appears; the wild energy of the midnight career, enveloped in gathering horrors until its fearful close—where, however, a ray of hope, breaking through the utter darkness, heightens the true impressiveness of the tale. These are properties independent of verbal or metrical beauties; in these, however arrayed, the genius of the author makes itself known. *Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.*

Thus have we, in some measure, completed an outline of the Life and Songs of Bürger—a man surely noticeable as well for the gifts which he employed and perfected, as for those which he less wisely regarded. The tale of his life, interesting were it only a romance, has yet a greater value, as exhibiting the influences which coloured his writings, and as illustrative of the truth, which cannot be too often insisted upon—that, for sustained and high achievements in poetry, the rarest natural endowments, the most perfect command of its materials, will not suffice. A spirit of dedication; a consciousness of the worth and purpose of his calling; a clearness derived from the true insight which leads to genial exertion:—these are indispensable to the poet who would perfectly accomplish his appointed task. Or, as it was nobly said by one—himself a poet,

and a bright example of the truth he uttered :*— "The strife with outward circumstances and morbid feelings, which, in all instances, impairs the vigour of the soul, ought, least of all, to be permitted to burden the spirit of the poet, whose part is to disentangle himself from the present, and rise with free courage to the world of the ideal. However wild be the tempests that agitate his bosom, a clearness as of the sunbeams must lighten around his brow." V.

Recent German publications have, we believe, turned the attention of the admirers of German poetry to Bürger. Several contributors have thus simultaneously sent us specimens of the verses of Bürger. One other translation of the noble poem of the BRAVE MAN, and a few minor pieces, we are tempted to insert here, devoutly wishing that the popular and diversified nature of this periodical allowed greater scope for a German anthology.

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

Hark ! how the songs for the brave man roll,
  Like organ tone and clashing bell!
He who can boast a lofty soul—
  No gold, but song his praise shall tell.
Oh, thanks to God, that I can raise,
To the BRAVE MAN, a song of praise!

The thaw-wind from the Levant came;
  Moist over Italy it blew;
Like frightened sheep before the wolf,
  Before its breath the storm-clouds flew.
It swept o'er the field, it crashed through the wood;
The ice broke up, down poured the flood.

The snows dissolved in lofty hills,
  The din of thousand waters rose;
Wild o'er the meadows sweep the rills,
  And the great river swells and flows;
The waves rose high, and fierce, and strong,
Hurrying great rocks of ice along.

High raised on pillared arches stood,
  From massy blocks of stone upraised,
A bridge that proudly spanned the flood;
  And in the midst a hut was placed:
There dwelt the tollman, with child and wife—
O tollman, tollman, fly for thy life!

Hark! wild and high the tumult rings;
  Around that house the waters rave;—
Quickly upon the roof he springs,
  One look into the waste he gave.
"O merciful heaven, have mercy on me!
I am lost, ever lost, without succour from thee!"

The massy fabric falls pell-mell,
  At one end and the other;
The pillars, crashing, bursting, fell,
  First one and then another.
"Oh, horror, the centre is almost riven!
Mercy! have mercy, most merciful heaven!"

High on the distant bank there stands
  A crowd of gazers, great and small,
And each one weeps and wrings his hands;
  But no one to save among them all.
The trembling tollman, his wife and child—
They cry for help through the storm-wind wild.

Soundest thou, O thou song of the brave,
  Like organ peal and clashing bell?
Then warn the bold one who can save.
  Say on, my song—O tell! O tell!
Now near the hut rises the ravening river;
Oh, come now, thou brave one—come now or never!

A Graf* in haste comes galloping by—
  A noble Graf on stately steed.
What holds he in his hand so high?
  A purse—a noble meed.
"Two hundred pistoles I promise to him
Who saves these poor souls from the waters so grim."

Was it the Graf who thus could save?
  Say on, my noble song—say on!
By the highest God, the Graf was brave!
  But yet I know a braver One.
O brave man, brave man, where art thou?
The danger is most fearful now.

And ever higher rose the flood,
  And ever louder howled the gale,
And ever deeper sunk their mood—
  O saviour, saviour, wilt thou fail?
The pillars are broken and ruined all,
And now the arches begin to fall.

Hallo! hallo! come quickly, come!
  The noble held the purse on high;
And each one heard, but all were dumb—
  Though thousands heard, no one came nigh.
The tollman, in vain, with his wife and child—
They call for help through the storm-wind wild.

A simple peasant, see, appears,
  And on his travelling staff draws nigh;
Although his dress is mean and poor,
  His form is dignified and high.
He heard the Graf, and his promises too:
One look on the ravening flood he threw;

And boldly, in God's name, he sprung
  Into the nearest fisher's bark,
And gallantly, through wave and storm,
  The saviour reached his mark;—
But, alas! the boat was all too small
To be the preserver of them all.

Three times, through storm and eddying waves,
  He urged that fragile bark so small,
And three times came he safely back—
  And he has saved them all!
And scarce had he safely reached the shore,
When the last fragment fell with a sullen roar.

Who is, who is this valiant man?
  Onward, my song, still onward flow.
The peasant ventured his life, 'tis true,
  But was it for gold he ventured it so?
If the Graf had not offered that purse so good,
The peasant perhaps had not risked his blood.

"Here," said the Graf, "my valiant friend,
  Thou hast earned thy meed—thou hast reached the goal:"
Now, say, was that not bravely meant?
  By Heaven, the Graf had a lofty soul!
But higher and holier beat, I ween,
The heart 'neath that peasant's cloak so mean.

"My life for lucre may not be sold;
  I have little, 'tis true, yet enough of food;
Give to the poor tollman your gold,
  For he has lost all earthly good."
These words he said in a serious tone,
Then quietly went on his way alone.

High let the song of the Brave Man roll,
  Like organ peal and clashing bell!
He who can boast such a noble soul—
  No gold, but song, his praise shall tell.
Thanks, thanks to God, that I can raise
To the Brave Man my song of praise!

In a moment of quiet, all-sufficing joy, Bürger seems to have written the following song, so manifest an outpouring of an exuberantly happy heart. It was probably written in a fine day of

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* Schiller. *Kleine Schriften.*

* A title of nobility—earl or count.

summer; and the poet, rejoicing in the present beauty of nature, turned, with a wayward luxury, to a scene of the very opposite kind.

A WINTER SONG.

Cold winter's hand now strips the trees,
The bare boughs tremble in the breeze;
And from the meads hath ta'en away
Their verdant garniture of May;
And flowrets red, and white, and blue,
Are buried under ice and snow.

And yet, fair flowers, ye need not hope
For a song of death from me—
I know a face so beautiful,
That's fairer far than ye:
Her eyes are of the heaven's own blue,
Her brow so bright,
As marble white,
And, oh! her lips are rosy too!

The thrush may warble in the vale,
And in the wood the nightingale,
If I my Mary's voice may hear,
So pure, so soft, so silvery clear!
Her breath is like those airs of spring
That hyacinthine odours bring.

And, when I touch her ruby lips,
Oh, what ecstatic bliss!
No cherry, nor no strawberry,
Is sweeter than her kiss.
O May, why long I so for thee?—
The spring-time lives in her for me.

The subjoined lines were composed soon after the death of his second wife—that Mary, so long and so fatally beloved, whose history was given in our last number.

WHAT I HAVE LOST.

O blest reward, for which I long have striven,
With constancy, through years' revolving flight;
In sun and storm, nor resting day or night,
Even as the pilot struggles toward the haven!

O golden jewel, what delights ye gave!
O bowl of bliss, all fit for lips divine,
Filled to o'erflowing with celestial wine—
Alas! how soon thou'st vanished in the grave!

O nectar cup, thou wast enough to me,
To sweeten a whole life of wo,
Although through endless ages it should flow!
But, since thou went'st away—ah, wo is me!—
Each passing day brings bitterness to me—
No joy but in the hour of death for me.

There are some men to whom genius, perverted in its uses, becomes a curse rather than a blessing—and Bürger was one of those. What a deep feeling of hopelessness and friendlessness is breathed through the following poem!

SIGHS OF AN UNLOVED ONE.

Love is each living creature's lot—
The inheritance they have from Thee;
O Nature, why am I forgot?
Mother, thou hast neglected me!

Lives there a creature on the land,
In air, or in the deep, deep sea,
Shut out from love's most holy band?
No—all are loved but me.

Even in the field, the mead, and grove,
The bush is sheltered by the tree;
The very weeds and moss, they love:—
There is no love for me.

We might multiply such specimens without end. This is chosen rather as an indication of the state of feeling in which the darling poet of the people of Germany closed his disastrous pilgrimage, than for any distinguishing poetical quality that it possesses.

TO MY HEART.

Long, long, in howling wind and driving storm,
My feet have wandered through this world below;
But now my pilgrimage must soon be o'er,
And with the weary I will rest from wo.

Hollow the cheeks which once were bright and strong;
And all the flowers of life are pale and sere:
Heart, I must ask, What is't retains thee here,
In all thy strength and fulness, yet so long?

In spite of Time's compelling despot power,
Thou beatest yet as in the days of spring,
Yet striving with the nightingale to sing;
But, ah! Aurora listens sad and cold,
To all the lips of Tithon now can say——
I would, my heart, that thou too wert grown old!

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS ON SUNDAY, AND WHAT THE WRITER SAW AND HEARD THERE.

I FREQUENTLY spend a Sabbath morning in the country; rambling alone in the melancholy woods; sometimes resting myself against the rough bark of a time-worn tree; sometimes lingering on the woody heights, looking far over the surrounding world; and, at others, reclining listlessly by the side of some clear brook, over whose rippling way the branches meet and form nature's choicest canopy. Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings: I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have, by degrees, faded almost into oblivion, and send my mind on errands to the future; a thousand recollections, melancholy, yet exquisitely touching, throng about my heart, and a thousand anticipations beckon me onward in the path I am pursuing through this wayward world. At times I become so completely abstracted from the scenes around me, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being. I ruminate—I ponder—and I dream.

On one of these occasions, about the middle of the sultry month of August, when the dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little twittering stream, that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness, and inviting to repose. It was Sunday, and it seemed as if nature partook in its holy abstraction from worldly thoughts and worldly occupations. All

the customary sounds that give life and animation to rural sports and occupations, had ceased. Nay, even the tinkling cow-bell, which broke at intervals on the hallowed quiet of the day, seemed to come over me with a softened and mellowed tone, as if fearful of disturbing its repose, and awed by the solemnity of universal silence. Through the arched canopy of foliage that overhung the little stream, I could see it coursing its way, on either hand, among mossy rocks, glittering, as if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thousand meanderings. It is impossible—at least with me it is impossible—to resist the influence of such a scene. Reflecting beings, like ourselves, sink into a sort of melancholy reverie, and even the sprightliness of childhood is repressed by the hallowed quiet that reigns around. Guilt awakes from its long oblivion, and innocence becomes saddened with the stillness of nature.

As thus I lay, stretched in languid listlessness, on the bank of the stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, and gradually sinking into almost unconsciousness of the world and all it holds—the little birds sported about, careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant turmoil which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable hiding places. There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment—a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse croaking voice exclaiming—"Cruel, savage monster!—what does he here?" I looked around, and could see only a hawk, seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility. In a few moments, I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper:—"I daresay the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us." I looked again; and, at first, could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed; but, at the same time, imagined I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seemed commingled. My curiosity was awakened; and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and withal in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

"Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep," cried an eagle; "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a-week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living by prey."

"Let me scratch his eyes out," screamed a hawk; "for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barn-yard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural, indefeasible right."

"Ay, ay," barked a fox; "he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his hen-roost in the night, that I may not disturb him."

"Agreed!" hissed a snake; "for he won't let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature; and kills me according to scripture"—and thereupon he glared upon me, curled himself in spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in a most fearful manner.

"Agreed!" said a great fat spider, who sat in his net, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects—"Agreed; for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labours on all occasions."

"By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle fly; "for he will not let me tickle his nose on a hot summer day, though he must see, with half an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

"Kill him!" cried a little ant, who ran fuming and fretting about at a furious rate—"kill him without mercy; for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than I do killing a fly," addressing himself to the spider.

"The less you say about that the better," whispered the spider.

"Odd's fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the brook—"Odd's fish! kill the monster, by all means—hook him, I say; for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable appetite."

"To be sure," said a worm; "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for, though I am acknowledged, on all hands, to be his brother, he impales me alive on a hook only for his amusement."

"I consent," cooed a dove; "for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and made me a disconsolate widow"—upon which she began to moan so piteously, that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

"He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider.

"He drowns all my kittens," mewed the cat.

"He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty."

"He is a treacherous cunning villain," barked the fox.

"He has no more bowels than a wolf," screamed the hawk.

"He is a bloody tyrant," croaked the eagle.

"He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all with one voice.

I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away from hearing these pleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listlessness together kept me quiet, while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

"I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the eagle.

"I'll tear out his eyes," screamed the hawk.

"I'll whip him to death with my tail," barked the fox.

"I'll sting him home," hissed the snake.

"I'll poison him," said the spider.

"I'll fly-blow him," buzzed the fly.

"I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will," quoth the trout.

"I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant," said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set.

"And I'll—and I'll," said the worm—

"What will you do, you poor devil?" exclaimed the rest in a titter.

"What will I do? Why, I'll eat him after he's dead," replied Sir Worm; and then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout. The example was contagious.

"Oho! are you for that sport?" mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water.

"Tit for tat!" barked Reynard, and, snatching pussy up in his teeth, was off like a shot.

"Since 'tis the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle;" and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling.

"By your leave," said the toad, and snapped up the spider in less than no time.

"You ugly thief of the world," hissed the snake in great wrath; and, indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory.

"What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones!" cooed the dove; and, pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it, in quite a sentimental way, when the hawk, seeing this, screamed out—

"What a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence hath ordained I should eat her."

He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his eyry on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then, picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed, with great complacency, "What a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!"

"Humph!" exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes—for it seemed I had been half asleep—"humph! a man is not so much worse than his neighbours, after all."

THE ORANGE FLAG ON THE BREEZE,

As sung by PADDY RODY, *at a late Sederunt, in the Orange Saloon of the* PRY BUREAU.

THE Orange Flag is reared again!
Too long in darkness hath it lain;
But, see! upon the breeze once more
'Tis waving as it waved of yore;
And, if the Orange tint has failed,
And its red hue be somewhat paled—
Charge, boys!—a dash of traitor blood
Will make its colour sound and good;
And glory on his name be shed,
Who dyes it of the deepest red!

The Orange Flag again is reared
Too long its light has disappeared.
Who fights for Israel?—Prince and Peer
Beneath our banner muster here;
And pray'rs are now to Heaven ascending,
And priests are at the altar bending,
And Power is smiling on our deed—
Then, forward! to the charge with speed!
And glory on his name be shed
Who dyes his sword the deepest red!

See that your steel be sharp and true—
Its edge may have some work to do!
See that your well-sent bullets win
Sheer entrance through a traitor's skin!
On! be the Orange cause our trust;
Tread the vile peasants into dust;
Rathcormac may a hint afford—
Fire low without a warning word!
On! let the Orange Flag be driven
Triumphant by the winds of Heaven!
And glory on his name be shed,
Who dyes it of the deepest red!

A HEALTH TO LORD JOHN.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG. BY PAUL PRY, JUNIOR.

TUNE—"*My love is so pretty.*"

'Tis nonsense and folly, to nurse melancholy—
So let us be jolly whatever befall!
Philosophers tell us, if mischief assail us,
A glass with good fellows will settle it all.
There are plenty of troubles, which thinking on, doubles—
Then off with such bubbles, and let us be gay!
Dull stoics, like Cato, not worth a potato,
Have nothing to say to, but laugh while you may!
What pow'r shall divide us, when friends are beside us,
And leaders to guide us the path to go on?
A bumper this minute!—no daylight within it!
And put your hearts in it:—A HEALTH TO LORD JOHN!

Though Copleys and Scarlets, unprincipled varlets,
And high titled harlots, all threaten and frown—
No double-faced praters, nor blood-thirsty traitors,
Nor iron Dictators, shall trample us down.
No more disunited, our faiths we have plighted,
Till England is righted, to fight with the storm;
Though clouds gather o'er us, and danger 's before us,
One bright star will glad us, the light of Reform!
What pow'r shall divide us, when friends are beside us,
And leaders to guide us the path to go on?
A bumper this minute!—no daylight within it!
And put your hearts in it:—A HEALTH TO LORD JOHN!

WEST COUNTRY EXCLUSIVES.

CHAPTER III.

High and low, east and west, Mrs Luke had vowed a residence of four years upon the Continent to *finish* her daughter, and heroically devoted herself to the same length of exile. Poor lady, she little guessed at what she so rashly undertook. It was with great difficulty she obtained the consent of the other guardians to take her daughter abroad; but Mr Ewins first yielded to importunity, and, next, Bob Pirgivie, whose peculiar department was looking after the pecuniary concerns of the heiress.

For some years there was much less intelligence of the travellers than their female friends at home could have wished. During this period, Mrs Luke had remained near her daughter—at Boulogne, at Versailles, at Tours, and latterly at Bath. Sometimes she was really seen by persons from the west of Scotland; but, much more frequently, Mrs Luke was imagined to have been met with under very extraordinary circumstances. Her marriage was reported in her native circles at least once in every three months.

In the meantime, old Mrs Luke died one afternoon, and had her repositories effectually ransacked by her attendant gossips—our now venerable, but still active spinsters of the Trongate. Several letters were found addressed by Mysie to her dear grandmother, which threw some faint light upon the motions of the absentees. The first was dated Boulogne. We shall give but one extract:—"After unpacking our trunks to get out our new London mourning, we dressed, and drove out to the *chateau*, which means a castle, but not one like Dumbarton, nor Inverary, nor yet Loudon, or Cassillis House. I was so afraid—and so was mamma herself a little—to meet this grand Madame Didot we had heard so much about! But, dear grannie, only guess who she was! I give you, and Grizzy, your lass, nine guesses. Who but our own old Miss Dedham, become very like a painted French lady! Mamma found her out at once; and so did I, and was very glad to see her; but she could not recollect us at first at all, nor speak any English to us. Mamma was so mad at the Stronachs for sending us to her! But, dear grannie, you must not say one word of this to Miss Parlane or Miss Betty Bogle—for mamma says they are such horrid gossips; and she does not wish any one, not even the Stronachs, to know that Madame Didot was formerly the Smythes' nursery-governess, and ours, as it might hurt their feelings."

"The impertinent little cutty!" exclaimed Miss Parlane. "Miss Betty Bogle, indeed!—But go on, Mem—fine doings, truly!"

"Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, who is here, and many other grand gentlefolks, told mamma that Mons. Didot (Mons. means Mr) was formerly his *valet de place* at Paris. You don't know what that is; but it is very like a flunkie with you. I have already been at three different schools here, and mamma in five French boarding-houses. Though there is very genteel society, and many officer gentlemen and their ladies in them, Mamma does so long for a comfortable house of her own again! There is no breakfast, and no comfort, mamma says, and she hates French gibberish. The weather is terribly cold, and no carpets or good fires, and very ugly dining-rooms. I have had chilblains all winter; and yesterday, when I went to visit mamma, her face was swelled, and her nose so blue. 'O Mysie,' says she, 'I wish we were within twenty miles of the Monkland Canal, and we should have one rousing coal fire.' Dear grannie, I wish that too—for then I would see you."

Miss Bogle kept silent so long as the relation of foreign grievances proceeded; but when the reader ceased, she also burst out—"Impertinent little gipsy, indeed, Mem! 'Gossips,' quoth she! My truly, I'm mistaken if both mother and dochter do not give the world plenty room for gossip. But what are ye come to next?"

"I'm glad these papers of our friend, that's gone to a better place, has fallen into friendly hands like yours. These letters are not just for the eye of the fremmit, I'm jalousing."

The next letter, some years older, was dated Versailles. In it, "dear grannie" was informed—"Mamma took me away in great haste from Mademoiselle Seraphine's school. One day mamma gave a grand party. Sir Ogilvy was there, and several English gentlemen and ladies, with Mademoiselle and myself, and two of the boarders, whose grandfather was a Count—that is like a lord with you. Well, next morning, one of the gentlemen sent mamma a very polite letter, saying Mademoiselle had been an opera-dancer, and he remembered her as such at Lyons—that is, a play-actress, and a very naughty woman. My mother was so shocked, and cried her eyes out, and talked of coming home from such wicked people, if Miss Parlane and the gossips would not laugh at us. So off we came here. I liked that school very well myself. Mademoiselle was very good-natured, and a beautiful dancer, and did not wish to make the young ladies Papists, like the cross old governess in another school I was at.

"Mamma took me from the school before that, because the pupils got nothing but cold French beans to breakfast, and sometimes a cup of chiccory, which is something very like the coffee you give Girzy, after you are done yourself, and put more water upon the grounds for her. It is not so nice, to be sure, as Hawkie's milk, which I got at Halcyon Bank, but it is very well. Mamma talks of the Bank to our friends here very often; and there is a tall gentleman, whom we knew at Boulogne, who wishes to buy it from her at any price; but I hope mamma won't

give it to him, as it was my father's place; and I heard Bailie Pirgivie one day say it was mine, as I was an heiress."

"My word!" cried Miss Bogle, when the epistle was at this stage; "but Mysie Luke is mother's dochter! She's a sharp miss. Ye'll see a stramash about the gear yet. But go on, Mem."

"The tall gentleman is called Colonel Rugby Blake, and he is either an Englishman or an Irishman, and not our countryman. He is very attentive to mamma when she walks out, and interprets for her, and counts French money, which is not like our money; but I cannot say I like him, he stares so terribly. He teaches mamma and some other ladies short whist; and me tricks on the cards, when I visit my mother. Short whist is something like *catch honours*, which mamma used to play at long ago, but more genteel; for people lose more money by it. Dear grannie, do you remember when James Wilson and I used to play at *birky* upon your *whamled* mahogany tea-board in dear Glasgow? You see I do not forget my Scotch—mamma calls it my Doric, which is a Greek tongue; and I don't think she is so angry at my vulgar words now, as she used to be at home. We heard from Mr Ewins that James Wilson is learning to be a doctor at Edinburgh college, that he may get a post in India; but he should not go there, for my geography says, the climate is so hot that people get sick and die. Perhaps you will tell him that, grannie, when he calls for you."

We cannot longer follow the juvenilities of this epistle; the most important part of which was a marginal note, in the sturdy, stumpy, handwriting of Bailie Pirgivie, which Miss Parlane immediately identified:—"N. B. *To let Mounseer Colonel Rugby Blake two words into the mystery*, which will reward him for his instruction of my ward in tricks on the cards."

"The mystery, Miss Bogle! *What can it be?* There is something under this colonel I cannot fathom!"

"Colonel, Miss Betty! Just such a colonel, I daresay, as the chield was, they called a captain in the cutter, whom Mrs Luke had the impudence to introduce to my cousins, the Hawgreens, as a navy officer, at their grand banquet some years since, though he turned out nothing better than a kind of saut-water gauger, and has last week married Nelly Stronach."

"But no' slighted Miss Isabella o' Hawgreen, I hope," said the other, with a gentle sneer; "young ladies of family cannot aye afford to be so nice now-a-days as wealthy merchants' dochters:—but here's a parcel more of Miss Luke's letters in this drawer, tied up with a black ribbon. The date is only last year. It is marked *private*, too—what can they be about? It may be no' just fair to read them, Miss Penny"——

"No' just fair! What does the woman mean? Do you think that I, or my father's bairn, would do a dirty thing, as if we were come o' huxtery folk?" This was meant for a hard hit. "To be sure, there is no written testament found yet, authorizing us to act, so far as we have rummaged; but were not her last words to me, said in your hearing, Mem, 'Tak' hame the six Apostle spoons and the siller posset-pat, Miss Penny, upon my blessing; and letna Jean Sprot get her lang fingers ower them—are they no' a' for my dear son's bairn, my darlin' Mysie?' Is not that a legal warrandice to search for papers, given by word of mouth, if not by deed o' settlement under hand and seal?"

"Certainly, Mem," returned the less instructed Miss Bogle; and she continued—"I have heard of the Apostle spoons and the posset-pat, and should like weel to see them. It is said they have been amang the Lukes since the spulzieing o' Blantyre Priory in the Reformation times, when their namely forbear—a Mark Luke, too—commonly called the *Monk's Miller*, helped himsel'. And they are all for Miss Mysie? Well, them that ha'e muckle aye get mair—'a' body creeshes the fat sow's tail,' as the vulgar bye-word gangs; but I aye thought the posset-pat was to be yours, Mem, for like a compliment and memorandum." Miss Penny was all unheeding even this disappointment of her reasonable expectations. She had poked into a secret drawer of the old-fashioned escrutoire, and found a voluminous letter, not yet very old in date, and dated Paris. She read a few lines, and the skinny fingers of the self-appointed executrix trembled with eagerness; the spectacles vibrated upon her sharp and semi-transparent nose. It commenced thus:—

"My dearest grandmother—I have such a story to tell you! But you must not speak a word about it to anybody in the world, save Bailie Pirgivie; and send for him and tell him as fast as ever you can. But pray don't tell your lass, Girzy—for I know you love to chat with her—nor cousin Jean, nor anybody, lest it come to the ears of those spiteful old witches in the Trongate, who rejoice so to get anything against poor mamma." "Wha can the young cutty mean?" cried the indignant reader, laying the epistle on her lap. "Let me see:—there's Miss Jenny Catanach, in the Trongate, and Miss Christy Cammell, and Miss Rachel Rattray, and Mrs Saunders, the widow"——

"We'll reserve that point if ye please, ma'am," rejoined Miss Bogle, drily. "It's no doubt some one of those respectable ladies that's meant. Fine manners, upon my word, young ladies learn in France! Spiteful auld witches! the misleared little limmer! But Mysie Luke will turn out Bauby Peaston's daughter; and that ye'll see, Miss Penny, if ye live lang—and say then I said it. But go on, Mem."

"Go on!—my certy, here is a going-on!—Bauby Peaston has *kythed* at last," she said, skimming over the pages, as if keeping a look-out for breakers a-head, and desirous not to run foul of them in the dark a second time. Her grey-green eyes twinkled with mirthful malice. "It's surely something unco gude that ye keep it all to yourself, Miss Penny," said her compa-

nion, pettishly; but a quick, creaking footfall was heard—and, puffing, Bob Pirgivie—now, like Hamlet, become "fat and scant of breath"—suddenly opened the door and fairly caught both ladies in the manner.

"Ye needna lay wyte on me, Bailie Pirgivie," whimpered the serving-maid of the deceased, following him into the room, her apron at her eyes: "I sent the lassie to warn ye the blessed minute the breath gaed out of my auld mistress's body. I wat she had nae sair warsle—she slipped away like the bairn fa'ing asleep at the mother's breast; and was scarce decently streeked when Miss Bogle, there where she sits, riped her pouch, that aye lay below her bowster through her lang sickness, for the keys, and so opened the 'scrutoire, let me do or say"——

"Me! ye audaucious quean! I refer to Miss Parlane there"——

"Never mind, ladies," said the Bailie, coolly whipping up the letters scattered about—"ye wanted to help me in sealing up Mrs Luke senior's effects, I make no doubt—so let us set about it. I'll thank ye for that paper you are sitting upon, by accident, Miss Betty."

"And is there such a person as Mrs Luke junior, in the world, Bailie, any longer?" inquired the best informed, though still but half informed, Miss Parlane.

"O fie, ladies! ye would not have Mrs Luke get two husbands for her ain share, before other honest lasses get ane ava," said the facetious bachelor. Devoted as both the spinsters were to shewing a decent respect to the memory and remains of their ancient friend, abandoned in her age by her own flesh and blood, they resented his ill-breeding so far that he was obliged to make humble apologies before they would agree to attend the *chesting*, as the doleful and humiliating ceremony of placing the corpse in the coffin is named. They were, however, somewhat conciliated by being legally constituted interim custodiers of the posset-pot and the Apostle spoons, and promised a keepsake when the spoils were divided upon the return of the Lukes.

The little glimpse which one lady had obtained of the wanderings and aberrations of Mrs Mark Luke had only served to whet the curiosity of both. Miss Bogle, who was still strong, and always the more active of the two, wore out three pairs of heel-taps in this "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." Once the scent lay very strong after a young woman, the daughter of a lodging-house landlady at Largs, who had gone to France as the waiting-maid of Mrs Gengebre, and had in this capacity crossed Mrs and Miss Luke several times, both on the Continent, at Bath, and in London. But just as she was heard of, and matters put in fair train, the foolish girl, upon one-half day's courting, married an American sailor, and went off with him to Greenock, unmindful of the tea to which Miss Parlane had condescended to invite her—nominally, in respect of her mother having been a nurse in the Hawgreen family, but, in reality, on account of her superior continental knowledge.

If so simple a relation of the adventures of Mrs Luke as that which we have power to give would have satisfied her former friends and acquaintances, it might have been obtained with much less trouble than the vague and contradictory account gathered by Miss Parlane and Miss Bogle, though, haply, much less romantic and extraordinary.

Mrs Luke had, in fact, conceived herself exceedingly ill-used by her husband's settlement; but she prudently, and upon reflection, wished the affair kept altogether as quiet as possible. She was, at the same time, seized with one of those fits of restlessness, or fidgeting, which is so frequently a symptom of the excitement consequent upon any total or important revolution in our social condition. One clause of Mark's testament, reducing her jointure from £500 to £200, contingent upon her marrying again, had excited her especial displeasure. It was an outrage to her conjugal affection, an insult to her delicacy and prudence, matronly dignity, and maternal tenderness.

"I cannot surely be suspected of having counselled anything that must militate so directly against any sma' hope I might, at the end of year-and-day, have decently ventured to indulge," said the facetious Bailie Pirgivie, to the ten days old widow, winking, at the same time, to his brother-executor, as she swept through the chamber in full sables, her cambric at her eyes, in the first burst of resentment at this Herodian clause. True, this *post-mortem* jealousy only doomed her, under a penalty, to the "vowed and dedicate" condition that she had voluntarily affirmed, three times before the seals were broken, should be hers for life; but no human being can endure such insulting impositions and restraints upon personal liberty, and in a point so important. "I warned Mark against this clause," whispered the Bailie to Mr Ewins—"tie up a woman in her will, and ye set her red-wude upon what's forbidden—it's in the nature o' them, from Eve downwards—there will be nothing but marrying and giving in marriage in Mrs Luke's head, from this hour, and its weel if she escape some mischief." Mr Pirgivie's logic was not wholly false. The new-made widow, to whom such ideas might not so early, or ever, have occurred, was haunted day and night by curiosity to know who of all their unmarried acquaintaince, her husband could possibly have had in his eye, when he subjected her, at her age, to such conditions. Could it be ———, or could it be———? We must not give name to the shewy images of a certain baronet, and a young advocate, which flitted, like members of the line of Banquo, across Mrs Luke's fancy. Not only was this yoke fixed upon her; but, after an insulting preamble, praising her many virtues as a wife, it was stated, that, as Mark's "dear spouse, Mrs Barbara Peaston, otherwise Luke," was to enjoy sole and uncontrolled power over the whole fortune, effects, and heritages of her late brother, Robert Peaston, Esq. planter, St Kitt's. it was considered unnecessary to give her power over any part of her

husband's fortune, which was to accumulate during the minority of her daughter, under certain restrictions and conditions "hereinafter enumerated." In brief, Mr Luke's will, honest man as he was, displayed something of the sordid jealousy of a narrow-minded man, who was fully better acquainted with the value of money to himself in trade, than of its best uses for his daughter.

"Power over my brother's heritage! and that is just nothing!" exclaimed the indignant widow. "Well I deserved this at Mark Luke's hands! The wife I made to him, and the thanks I have gotten!" And a weeping was heard.

"Pardon, Ma—dame," cried Mr Bob—"every page of the testament shews the great regard of our late friend for his 'dear and loving spouse;' and as you have sworn against marriage—which, however, at eight-and-forty, is rather a rash vow—£500 a-year, the life-rent of Halcyon Bank, and all the furniture, is, permit me to say"——

"No more about it, if you please, sir," interrupted the widow, hastily, but with dignity. "Thank God, nothing can deprive me of the approbation of my own conscience, and the affections of my dear child."—

That *rich*, independent child was already become more important in her mother's eyes.

—"Or of a good liberal allowance for the board and education of the heiress," said Mr Ewins, as a peace-maker; "my friend here will agree with me in that?"

"Beyond all peradventure," cried the hearty Pirgivie, the more readily, that he had previously been made to perceive that his friend's testament was so contrived as to endanger the sowing the bitter seeds of envy and jealousy between the mother and her only child. "It must be an unreasonable sum that I'll think it my duty as a curator to object to." This looked better; and Mrs Luke was finally enabled to grumble to the tune of £1000 a-year, out of which her frugal fellow-executor, the Bailie, assured her she might save one-half. This was one point gained; but a greater remained. Her daughter must not only be educated abroad, but at such a distance as would leave the matrimonial disposition of the heiress entirely with her mother; and, as a commencement, a reluctant leave was obtained for one year to be passed at Boulogne, as has already been mentioned. At the end of that period, and of another of double the length, Mr Bob threatened to withhold the supplies, unless the absentees returned to Britain; but Mr Ewins would not consent to this extreme measure, and the time wore on until the heiress had reached the critical age of sixteen. During those probationary years, the path of Mrs Mark Luke had not lain on primroses. A woman of a less resolute spirit would have succumbed long before. Some of her manifold mortifications on the Continent were of a kind which, though ludicrous, were too mean and humiliating to bear recital. Suffice it that Bonaparte himself, with his family, (as it is now the fashion to call a general's staff,) never sustained a bitterer or more incessant skirmishing with Sir Hudson Lowe about household grievances, than did our Mrs Luke with the ladies conducting the different *pensions* she had tried; regularly finding every one worse than another, until driven to the unavoidable conclusion, that, in her native country, now triply endeared by distance, she could have enjoyed more *real* comfort for £80 a-year, than in France for 3000 livres. The question of *real* comfort is, however, one upon which French and English people never will agree; and, though a philosopher of the former nation has asserted that the only difference between one mode of living and another, and even between such extremes as Crockford's table and that of the parish workhouse, is but three months, full three years had not convinced Mrs Luke of this great dietetical fact, even to the limited extent of the difference existing between *comfort* at home, and good fashion abroad. The consequence was, that, though, with the fortitude of a martyr, she affirmed her satisfaction and delight with all she saw abroad to natives of her own country, she had, in reality, squabbled and higgled with, suspected and denounced every foreigner with whom she came into contact for three years, and was only becoming somewhat reconciled to the sinful, reprehensible, and strange habitudes of the country, when about to leave it. At her first going to France, all was bewilderment and disappointment. Next came blame and abuse. The national religion was a crime, the language an offence, the cookery odious, the wooden fuel beggarly, the household management insufferable, and female morals deplorable indeed! There was no fathoming the iniquitous depths of their white and red paint, or the falsity of their dyed hair and wigs.

In short, Mrs Mark Luke had taken abroad the notion, far from peculiar to her, that France is one vast hotel or watering-place, got up for the accommodation and amusement of the rich English, and maintained by and for them; and that, such being the case, great ignorance and perverseness were displayed in the keepers not rendering their dwellings, tables, and usages, more consonant and agreeable to British tastes and customs. Even French laces, toys, silks, and essences, here where they might be freely and openly purchased, became deteriorated in her eyes, lacking the dear delights of a smuggle. Smelfungus could not be more discontented than Mrs Luke, who secretly grumbled from Calais on to Tours, in her long pilgrimage in a country which knew not of the glories of Halcyon Bank; and openly railed over the same ground back again to Boulogne; nor ever once found how charming a land was that in which she had sojourned, until fairly settled in another.

And, during this long expatriation, what of the fashionable world had Mrs Mark Luke not seen! Her vulgar husband, poor man! rich as he was, had gone to his grave in such total ignorance of *life*, that the marvel was how he could rest in it.

She had now got so far before the Smythes and Stronachs, that she became doubtful if the

world of France had anything more to shew; and if she might not now sit down for the remainder of her days, reposing with dignity under the laurels of Halcyon Bank, and talking her neighbours into amazed silence with Paris and Versailles, "the Alps, the Appenine, and the river Po;" Colonel Rugby Blake, the Count di Gambade, and Lady Di Corscaden, the daughter of an English Peer, and the widow of an Irish Baronet. To this high society she was indebted for her original introduction to Sir Ogilvy Fletcher, whom she had the good fortune to be "able to oblige" at Boulogne; and, perhaps, some little to the amusement of her tea parties, where *small* play was introduced—and to the convenience of small loans, frankly advanced, when English and Irish remittances proved less punctual than those regularly supplied to the day by Bailie Pirgivie. This initiation certainly cost a few extra fees; but the grand principle of life is compensation. In giving teas, making small presents, lending occasional sums, and studying short whist under Colonel Rugby Blake and Lady Di, the time had past as pleasantly at Boulogne, as French landladies and French-English housekeeping would permit, until a slight alarm was felt by cash running short, and so very much spent! Above £700 in one six months! and Miss Luke's *pension* in arrear! besides other debts. It was astonishing how it could have all gone.

"If Mark Luke could look up from his grave," sighed Mrs Mark, as, pensively seated before her desk, she gazed and pondered upon Lady Di's receipt for £45 lent, and another from Colonel Rugby Blake for a like sum, the price of a handsome lady's pony he had had the good fortune to secure for Miss Luke, far under value, when his friend, Sir Ogilvy, went to Paris. A random thought did dart across Mrs Luke's mind that the handsome pony was a dear enough purchase, small as was her skill in horse flesh; and that there was just a bare possibility that the Colonel might have touched a little in his character of negociator; but she dismissed the unworthy suspicion, as ungenerous towards so gentlemanly and good-looking a person, and one so politely attentive to unprotected women—so marked, indeed, in his attentions to herself, that his friend, Lady Di had rallied her upon it.

Bailie Pirgivie shewed true masculine sagacity, when he prophesied that the prohibitory clause in Mark's will would put mischief into his wife's head.—Mrs Colonel Blake! It did not sound amiss. But then the Colonel (we believe *Captain* was the home title) was Irish, on militia half-pay, and that forestalled, addicted to exchanging and buying racers and ponies, and to more formidable games than short whist. Mrs Luke wanted not for shrewdness and observation. She knew the value of her present independent, unhusbanded condition; and, though vanity might betray her into a flagrant flirtation on an evening, a night of reflection was, at any time, sufficient to restore the habitual caution of her country, and to divide empire between ambition and prudence. Still she was but woman!

At the same hour Mrs Luke was musing, as above, over her paper securities, Colonel Rugby Blake had, as was his wont, carried *Galignani* and the *Dublin Morning Post* to Lady Di's lodgings.

"Your Ladyship did not honour Mrs Luke's tay-table last night?" followed the compliments of the morning.

"No, indeed; I was lazy, and comforted myself with a *Colburn*, and nursed my megrim and Psyche. My angel! keep down, will ye." Her Ladyship caressed her fat poodle. "I hope you spent a pleasant evening. Who rose victor?—but I need not ask that."

"You surely forget, Lady Di, that there were only school girls, Mademoiselle Seraphine, and an eternal dance," said the Colonel, reproachfully.

"So I did!" cried the lady, laughing; "and that you must, of course, dance attendance. Well, if gentlemen enjoy exclusive privileges, they must be content to suffer penalties too—but I hope it won't be for nothing."

"Well, sariously now, Lady Di, I wish to take your opinion, this morning, of all mornings, about that same affair. You take me?"

"It is the Scotch widow must take you," returned the lady, gaily breaking the ice.

"You're a wag any way, Lady Di, and always was, Ma'am; but your opinion now, as a friend."

"Oh, she is as rich as a Jewess; and, for a Scotch woman, not very——oh, I have met much worse-mannered, broader-brogued Scotch ladies, and of rank, too."

"For my own part, I think Mrs Luke a rather clever, intelligent, and well-informed woman, like all the Scotch."

"And so do I—vastly clever, and intelligent, and well-informed, with a clear thousand a-year, —'one fair daughter and no more,' and she an heiress."

Colonel Blake's chops literally watered, while his eyes sparkled.

"Oh, d—n the thousand, if it were ten of them! What I look to, is a handsome, well-bred, presentable, good-tempered sort of dashing woman —a good gig figure—and who keeps the step, as if to beat of drum."

"Nay, it is hopeless!" exclaimed the lady, throwing herself back in a convulsion of laughter, in which the gallant lover joined, more from sympathy than approbation.—"I see you are over head and ears—furiously in love!—Ten thousand pardons, though, for my impertinence," she continued, recovering her position and gravity. "I am the giddiest, most inconsequent creature in the world; but, as I see you are really serious"——

"Sarious as life and death, Lady Di."——

—"I may assure you, that I entirely agree in your opinion of my friend, Mrs Luke: she really is a charming woman, and the most obliging good creature, and so grateful for every small attention!"

"The girl is the only drawback; but, as she

is provided for, and the mother has that thrifle of independent pin-money"——

"Trifle, do you call it, Colonel Rugby Blake! Upon my honour, Sir"——

"A tousand, your Ladyship named it: now, I have heard that £500 is the outside of it."

"A clear thousand, I assure you; I have, indeed, seen Mrs Luke receive her quarterly drafts; and there is some great West India fortune or other in expectation, or reversion, or something of that sort. I shall be so rejoiced to see my new friend, Mrs Luke, 'gentle her condition,' and my old friend, Colonel Rugby, wive well. There is but one stipulation I must make"——

"Name it, my Lady!" said the Colonel, rubbing his hands; too generous to object to a lady doing some little thing for herself, who had the power of effectually serving him. "Sure, what in life is the use of gold, but to purchase pleasure! and what pleasure on earth so great as making a compliment to one's friends!"

Lady Di had been too long, during her husband's lifetime, in quarters in Ireland, not to know the exact Irish meaning of the word *compliment;* but, extravagant and thoughtless as she habitually was—ready to borrow on all hands, and rapacious at the card-table—she could not just make a cool bargain of her new friend, Mrs Luke, though she was good-naturedly willing to help her older friend to a good match, which might have its conveniences to herself.

"Nay, I shall let you off *easy,*" said she, apprehending all her advantage, and despising, without morally reprobating the offer of the jackal's share of the prey to herself—"my only stipulation is, that you make Mrs Luke purchase that delight of a Swiss carriage which the Thorntons are going to dispose of. All the world has left Boulogne, and the rest of it is grown so stingy, that one can no more command a friend's carriage than maintain one; but Mrs Luke, good soul, is so obliging, that hers, I am sure, would be a Diligence for the use of her friends."

"Say no more—it shall be done, my Lady—only put in a good word for your humble servant. Sure, my carriage—or my wife's carriage, which is the same thing—ought, in nature and duty, to be at the command of my late commanding officer's lady, by night or by day, fair weather or foul."

The words were not well said, when a note was brought, addressed by Mrs Luke to Lady Di, which that lady perused with a look of pettish vexation, and handed to Colonel Rugby, saying—"You know this person asks what is quite impossible, Rugby;—here is the mischief of accepting of any obligation from those sort of *cent. per cent.* people. What can she be after by this quick march?—But it is just, I daresay, a pitiful excuse for dunning." What could she be after, indeed?—places taken out for Paris, and for next morning! Poor Colonel Rugby's basket of eggs seemed fairly overset, long before the chickens were set to hatch; and he looked so comically perplexed, so mirthfully rueful, so perfectly *Irish*, as Lady Di said, that she was seized with another of those fits of laughter, which might have been fancied the height of rudeness in Mrs Luke, or any lower-born woman, but only became her. But this was the time of action, not of reflection—and the Colonel took his hasty way to Mrs Luke's. She was denied; but, sending up his card, with a message that he came direct from Lady Di Corscaden, he was finally admitted into the separate *parloir* retained by her. It was deserted at this moment; but, on a work-table, lay a letter just begun, with a few other scattered writings, and Mrs Luke's private memorandum-book. Colonel Rugby Blake was a man of honour—every soldier is so, and he had been a soldier for thirty years; but he was also a man of liberal curiosity, especially where his affections were concerned; and his eye-glass dangled over the table, as he stooped, so opportunely and temptingly, that the words, as it were, seemed transcribed on his brain without the intervention of his visual faculties or their optical helps. The burning words were—"My dear Sir,—We are on the wing for Paris, where I must have an immediate credit for £300 this ensuing quarter—£50 to be deducted from the next payment; as, owing to some little advances, I have exceeded my usual quarterly allowance of £250—I say my allowance—not my *income;* for, I trust, so vigilant a steward as Mr Pirgivie has a great deal to send me as arrears of the rent of Halcyon Bank and the grounds. As a friend of mine here, Lady Diana Corscaden, relict of Sir Dermot Corscaden, of Castle Corscaden, barony of Tirrykeeranvey, observed to me, the other night, 'The soil of France is a sponge for English gold—it swallows our guineas, and sends us up truffles instead.'"

At this point, a faint feminine rustle of silks was heard by the conscious ears of Colonel Rugby Blake, who, wheeling, whistling round, was caught by the fixed grey eye of a miniature painting on the chimney piece, which conscience whispered was that of his predecessor in that high place in the affections of Mrs Mark Luke which he now ambitioned. The miniature was flanked, on the right, by one of Mrs Mark Luke herself, in grand costume, and, on the left, by that of her daughter. Mrs Luke was not, like some widows, ostentatious of her husband's miniature, but she had placed it there when arranging her more precious luggage for her speedy decampment. The Colonel could just fix the devotion of his gaze upon the picture on the right, with a very respectable, though somewhat overblown attempt at a sigh, when the fair original stood before him!

Solomon has given a catalogue of mysteries which lay beyond the reach of his celebrated wisdom and powers of penetration, as the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid. But we opine that the way of a gallant and experienced Irish officer of militia with a widow well-jointured, might have equally set his sagacity at defiance. We, there-

fore, who are no Solomons, at once give it up. Suffice it that Mrs Mark Luke, albeit the guardian miniature on the chimney-piece, was surprised in a not inauspicious mood:—a helpless, unprotected woman, in a strange land!—exceedingly shocked and alarmed at having just learned the equivocal character of the person with whom, on the recommendation of Lady Di, (who, by the way, not unjustly accused herself of being the giddiest creature in the world,) she had placed her daughter. She durst not affront her fashionable patroness, the friend of Colonel Rugby Blake, by complaining of Mademoiselle Seraphine, and she was still so much under the influence of vulgar prejudice as really to feel much of the horror which the Colonel, not unnaturally, imagined might be in part exhibited, to operate upon his gallantry and sensibility. Her own pride also was mortified at having committed so capital a mistake, which, she feared, might, through the envious Madame Didot, take wind, and even reach Glasgow; and she saw no safety but in instant flight to Paris. In this condition, the Colonel found her. We are all beings of mixed motives and varying impulses; and though it is next to impossible that the distress of any unjointured Mrs Luke in the whole world could have long or deeply affected the gallant soldier, her emotion and evident pleasure in seeing a hero by her side in this turn of evil fortune, were not without effect. The Colonel was the first person who had addressed her in her sorrow, in kindly English speech—or something as near it as a rich, genial, Kerry brogue can attain. The Colonel became so much interested, that, had Mademoiselle Seraphine been of the fightable sex, he would at once have called her out. As it was, he heartily volunteered to be the military escort of his "dear Mrs Luke, and her pretty little daughter," to Paris, or wherever they pleased; in the warmth of his temporary feelings, forgetting entirely the ways and means necessary to achieve so gallant an enterprise. But, "Let war support itself," was *his* maxim.

"'A friend in need is a friend indeed,'" replied Mrs Luke, tearfully, to the frank, hearty offer, so gallantly tendered to a *lone* woman, in a strange land, with the precious charge of an heiress

Mrs Luke was, in short, "comforted marvellous much" by the address, politeness, and zealous friendship of Colonel Rugby Blake. She had never seen the superiority of military gentlemen as advisers and protectors in so conspicuous a light as at this trying juncture, and she said she never could forget it.

It was Colonel Rugby Blake who brought Mysie, and her goods and chattels, from the seminary of the screeching Mademoiselle Seraphine, *vi et armis*, and that with very little ceremony. It was Colonel Rugby Blake who forcibly beat down the jabbering lady-mistress of the *pension*, 500 francs of her extras, and who finally sold the beautiful lady's pony for £15, which he had so lately purchased for £45—but then there was no time to look about for a proper purchaser. The same haste, Mrs Luke fancied, must have made him forget to give her even that £15; but all would be in good time when they got on the road. Fairly on the way, Mrs Luke, seated between her daughter and her brave deliverer, felt quite serene and grateful under gentlemanly protection; yet it was very odd, too, that, stage after stage, when the Colonel settled for them at the inns, he never once remembered the price of the pony, on which £30 had been lost in three months. It may seem as odd to the reader, that Mrs Luke should have been musing upon the propriety of matrimony with a person who troubled her with such doubts, and who, if in Scotland, and in her husband's lifetime, she would inevitably, in similar circumstances, have set down as a swindler. But, do we not every day see the advertisers for suitable partners for life, adding an N.B., "All letters to be post-paid"—twopence being too much to put in jeopardy if haply the negociation should not succeed; and in £15 there are many twopences. Colonel Rugby Blake was no swindler, properly so called. Wealthy widows were his lawful prey; and, if he prevailed with himself to sacrifice his liberty, his free unhoused condition, all was in honour; and he would have fought any man who presumed to think, say, hint, or wink anything else—hair-triggers, and across the table. It was, indeed, in his own estimation, no small condescension to prudence and creditors which enabled him to wave strong personal objections in respect of age, family, and nation, and of his predecessor, the grocer. Let the world say what it might, the gallant Colonel was ready to proceed to the altar with the honest and entire conviction that Fortune, in this unequal contest, had given Mrs Luke greatly the advantage of him, and by far the best bargain, when it laid at her feet the five feet ten inches length of honest Denis Rugby, "lord of that presence, and no land beside." It is, therefore, unfair to set the Colonel down, as Bailie Pirgivie rashly did, the moment he had read Mysie's letter to her grandmother, for a swindling fortune-hunter, and rascally Irishman, who would, however, probably cease his devoirs the moment he knew how pecuniary matters stood; unless he was all a lie together, and the pittance remaining to the infatuated woman, if she should marry, an object to his necessity or cupidity.

In his opposition to her projected union, Mr Bob Pirgivie was perfectly disinterested. He thought no more of Mrs Luke for himself, than if she had been the eldest daughter of the Sultan—nor, indeed, of any of her kind; but he would not bear "that Bauby Peaston, his old friend, should make a fool of herself, and, perhaps, a wretch; vex little Mysie, and bring disgrace upon the 'sponsible memory of Mark Luke." The Bailie was troubled with restlessness and nightmare that whole night; which he set wholly down to the account of Colonel Rugby Blake, though some degree of the affliction might be fairly attributable to supping heartily on Glasgow

tripe, to which favourite viand he had treated a certain Lieutenant Kennedy of his acquaintance, in order slily to fish among the veteran's Peninsular recollections for some trace of the hero in question. The Lieutenant recollected Blakes of all degrees, among the *Connaught Rangers*, the *Kerry Boys*, the *Enniskillens*, and other regiments; but no Colonel Rugby of that name. Bob knew there was no such man; and hesitated whether he should set off on the top of the Carlisle mail next day, on his way to France, or try the effect of manœuvring, by an anonymous letter, *via* Hamburgh, sent through his correspondent there, to the gallant officer, filled with solemn warnings as to the real amount of Mrs Luke's jointure.

"I wish to the pigs," soliloquized the Bailie, as, with some feeling of annoyance and self-mortification, he folded up this cunning epistle—"I wish to the pigs, Mark Luke had lived to look after his womenfolk himself. Its hard that a peaceable man like me, who, for weel on to threescore years, kept clear o' the kind, should get his hands full o' them when he is wearing up in life, and needing quiet and rest. It *is* hard to have the fash o' the sex, without ever knowing what the haverel poets call their 'angelic ministrations'—though in what these may preceesely consist"—— But here the sceptical Bailie pressed his seal energetically upon the wax, making a corresponding impressive face, and abruptly broke off his soliloquy. His initials, R. P., with his blazon of two hands cordially dove-tailed by ten fingers, stared upon him, and he burst into a laugh of the mixed mood. "It's clear, nature never intended Bob Pirgivie for an anonymous letter writer. If the woman cannot be saved otherwise, she must e'en take her chance"—and he jerked his elaborate epistle into the fire, and retired to consult his pillow.

In the meantime, afar off in Paris, Mrs Mark Luke had first doubted—"but that not much"—whether it became her at forty-nine (she was determined to halt at forty-nine) to marry at all; next, whether Colonel Rugby Blake, to whom, however, she owed so very much, should *not* be the happy man; and, last and most important, whether it was strictly decorous, at her mature years, to assume the virgin costume of white and orange flowers, admitting, for a moment, that the above minor points were settled. Nature, or vanity, which satirists of our sex pretend is, in woman, second nature, speedily solved the first doubt; the happy audacity of the gallant Kerryman—who practically knew

> That woman, born to be controlled,
> Stoops to the forward and the bold—

the second; while nature, or vanity, again, through the lips of Madame Fontange, a Parisian priestess, who, in 1819, ministered to many "mi ladis," determined the third, entirely to the internal satisfaction of Mrs Luke, by covering the white silk with Brussel's lace, and mingling *immortelles* with the wreaths of orange blossoms. Still Mrs M. L. was troubled with doubts and misgivings. What would be said in the Trongate to her marrying an Irishman? What would the Smythes think? What influence would her marriage have upon her daughter's prospects? Might not Mr Ewins, who was *prejudiced* on some points, or Bailie Pirgivie, vulgar and obstinate upon all, object to Mysie remaining with her after her marriage, and thus a diminution of income accompany the loss of her daughter's society and guardianship? Ought she to consult her fellow-executors, and represent to them the advantages which must result to their ward from the projected union? Still she could not get rid of the apprehension that they might not see the affair in the same light, and procrastinated, like so many elderly, and also young ladies, until Destiny takes the form of a not unfavoured lover, and determines for them. While in this state of suspense, one of those seemingly trifling incidents upon which so much depends, determined the question, and bent up each stubborn faculty to the terrible feat. Lady Di Corscaden arrived in Paris, settled in the same hotel, and fell into her former habits of intimacy with Mrs Luke, whom, to all her friends, she laughingly declared to be the most obliging, good sort of useful creature, she had ever known—one whose kindness it was impossible to weary out, tax it as one might.

Her Ladyship enjoyed a tolerably extensive acquaintance among a certain class of the English and Irish in Paris, and did wonders for her friend in the way of introductions—which led to nothing. And why? Because Mrs Mark Luke had no *status*. Mrs Colonel Rugby Blake might, without the possibility of objection, appear at the parties of the ambassador's lady; but, in order to do so, she must first appear at the ambassador's chapel, and there obtain the requisite credentials; and this proud distinction itself was only to be obtained by the friendly offices of Lady Di, who had a near relation an *attaché* and a favourite with his Excellency. How would it read in the Glasgow newspapers some morning—"Married, at the British Ambassador's, Paris"—or, at all events, "at the British Ambassador's chapel"—for it might run either way, though the first was preferable?

Every doubt vanished; and Lady Di herself volunteered to be present—with several military men among the English. As many of the French noblesse might be procured as the Colonel chose to select for a marriage garland, from among those he usually met in the mornings at the coffee-houses, and in the evenings at the theatres and gaming-tables. The snowy robes and orange-flower chaplets were then finally laid out in their freshness and beauty upon the bed, for next morning's happy consummation. Sempstresses and milliners were, in the meanwhile, sending in small parcels and very long bills, and the Colonel's remittances, through his Dublin agent, had come, as usual, so exceedingly tardily, and he had been so often, of late, ashamed of "bothering his dear Mrs Luke for a few more gold pieces," that her tremours and *migraine* became serious, especially when she silently

watched the tears silently stealing down the cheeks of her daughter on the preliminary morning.

Miss Luke had been brought to Paris from school, upon this joyous occasion. Her share of bridal finery was ample, and her mother, in purchasing a new watch for herself, (chosen by the Colonel,) had endeavoured to make the young girl happy with her old one and other trinkets. The young heiress, wounded at heart, resented this attempt at *bribing* her judgment and gaining her approval. Though the mother was unable to look with indifference upon the distress of her *only*, her affectionate and sensible child, she found it necessary to dissemble.

"Get yourself ready to go out, Robina, love; the Colonel and Lady Di will be here immediately to take us to the Garden of Plants. You know this party is made up chiefly for your gratification, as the Colonel has no partiality for Natural History. You shall afterwards dine with us and a small select party of friends at *Tortoni's*. This is an indulgence the Colonel has requested for *his* daughter—you know how very fond he has always been of you." Mysie sullenly hitched round her stool, and replied not. "You must get over your childish Scotch notions, Robina, and learn to treat the Colonel with becoming respect, as your papa—the husband of your mother."

Poor Mysie now sobbed outright, and covered her face with her hands.

"What *is* the matter, child? How can you behave so absurdly?" cried the really distressed bride.

Oh! dear mamma, don't ask me! but, indeed, indeed, I do wish I was at home again with my grandmother in Glasgow."

"Your grandmother in Glasgow! You poor-spirited creature!—with all I have done for you, to make a gentlewoman of you, Miss Luke, and get you properly educated and introduced into society! And this is my thanks for all my cares and sacrifices, ungrateful girl as you are!

"I am not ungrateful, mother. I love you as much and more than I ever did, and that now makes me miserable and breaks my heart. When we were at home, you wont to say sometimes that I had an affectionate disposition."

"Shew it now, then, my love, by proper conduct," said the mother, caressing her. "In the step I am about to take, your happiness, Robina, has been a first-rate object with me. To give you that *protection* and *status* in society which belongs to the daughter of Colonel Rugby Blake, to lift you out of the mire of *low*"——

"I am not the daughter of Colonel Rugby Blake," retorted the girl, with spirit and firmness that at once astonished and made her mother uneasy; and she rose and withdrew herself from her mother's arms—"I am my own poor father's child, and your child; but I do not like—I *hate*, and I owe no duty to Colonel Blake—I will never call him father!" Her eyes glowed with passion. This was the *dourness* of the Luke race unexpectedly developed in a child, and in a very extraordinary manner. Mrs M. L. could scarcely believe her own eyes and ears. For the moment, she was effectually cowed; and a feather would, at this time, have turned the scale, if the daughter had known how to cast it in. But the docility and reverence of a child, and the habit of unquestioning submission, which had given way in a moment of passionate feeling, when the dawning spirit of the woman flashed out, resumed their power; so poor Mysie began to cry; and the harder, though not the stronger, not the really firmer, temper of age regained its ascendancy over inexperienced affectionate docility.

"Beware, Robina, how you provoke me too far—remember I am still your mother. I might at this moment send you back to your school to learn your duty to me and to your future father"——

"He never shall be my father," said Mysie, now pettishly, and in a tone much less firm, and lower in *moral* pitch, than that which nature had so lately prompted her to adopt when singing the same tune. "Never, never—I *hate* him! and so does Lisette, and all our young ladies that come here to visit with me."

The colour of the bride-elect deepened several shades through her rouge—*rouge* we say; for, alas!—so much for Scottish frailty and Parisian immorality and temptation—Mrs Mark Luke, under the open glaring example of Lady Di Corscaden, and some other British ladies, had become so utterly abandoned—so completely the thing that had once filled her with virtuous horror and indignation—as to use red paint!

"Lisette, child!" she faltered—"my fille de chambre?"——

"Yes, mamma!" and the young girl, blushing and trembling, the consciousness of the woman's feelings heightening the shamefacedness of the child, cast down her abashed eyes before her mother, while she said, with pettish affectation, meant to disguise those feelings—"He is so rude—always teasing *us*, and trying to salute *us*, as if *we* were babies!"—And Mysie pouted her lip, in resentment and offended delicacy—"We all hate him." The girl's eye caught her mother's, and remained as if fascinated by the rapid and remarkable changes which the troubled countenance before her underwent. It revealed far more than poor Mysie had ever before dreamed of;—horror, jealousy, mortification, shame, and a hundred struggling emotions, were momentarily visible in its workings. A little more dignity in the persons and situation might have made the scene highly tragic. As it was, it bordered on the tragi-comic, if not on the ludicrous. All the blood had forsaken the face of the bride-elect, and her rouge was boldly outlined by the clammy livid white that seemed to surround it. Mysie became frightened at her mother's ghastly aspect, and sensible that she had done some deadly mischief.

"Dear mamma, are you ill?" she exclaimed, seizing her mother's hands. "Oh! how I wish we were at home!—You were always so well at Halcyon Bank. There were no Lady Di's to laugh at us there."——

"Laugh at me, child!"

"Yes, yes, mamma—ask Lisette."

"Lisette, again! You are a strange, bold girl, Robina. Get out of my presence, and prepare to return to school instantly. Instantly, I say!" And the lady stamped with her foot, unconscious of what she did, or why she thus acted.

"I shall any way be happier at school than seeing you make a fool of yourself, Ma'am," cried Mysie, darting out of the room, and almost into the arms of her future papa, who gallantly caught her and forced her back, while she struggled to be free. The discomposure of both ladies and the excessive agitation of the elder one, proclaimed a recent fracas, and the Colonel fancied it most prudent to suffer the one to escape before he brought the other to confession. Even then he was not urgent for explanation, thinking it wisest to allow "the little tiff between mother and daughter to expend itself."

In a half-hour, Mrs Luke, more composed in her spirits, sought her daughter, whom she found in tears.

"Robina," she said, "on the solicitation of Colonel Blake, I am ready to forgive your extraordinary and undutiful conduct and language of this morning. Prepare to attend me;" and, as Mysie looked latent rebellion, she added, in a louder tone, "Upon your duty, I command you to come down stairs, and conduct yourself with propriety:—and I *will* be obeyed."

"I will attend you to-day, mother; but I *shan't* to-morrow. Pray, do not be so cruel as to require me." And Mysie wept afresh and bitterly.

Mrs Mark Luke was provoked beyond measure; but she was pierced to the heart also. Cruelty!—to be compelled to witness her married in the Ambassador's chapel, dressed in white silks, Brussels lace, and chaplets of orange-flowers;—to a man, too, of the *status*—that was become a favourite word—of Colonel Rugby Blake! Her own doubts and fears momentarily gave way to indignation at the perverseness of her daughter, for whose sake half the perilous adventure was made—so at least she chose to believe. It is one of the pithy sayings of Miss Luke's native land, that "One man may lead a horse to the water, but ten will not make him drink." Poor Mysie got into the carriage in waiting, at the word of command, and was paraded through the Garden of Plants, suspended from the one arm of the gallant colonel, while her mother leaned, in bride-fashion, upon the other; but nothing could overcome her sullenness—as the mother wished to consider the deep grief and shame of the child-woman—nor animate her to the semblance of cheerfulness. Colonel Rugby Blake, though complexionally what is denominated a fine, hearty, good-humoured, off-hand fellow, became almost angry with the perverse damsel; while Mrs Luke felt more distress than she chose to discover; again faltered in her purpose of wedlock, and almost wished that there was still room for graceful retreat even from the Ambassador's chapel. Lady Di Corscaden, and the French gentleman who attended her Ladyship, made nearly the whole expense of the conversation and gaiety. Colonel Rugby was already a well-known—probably the word is, a notorious—character among the Irish and English at Paris. His fame had preceded him; and the circumstances in which he appeared—a notorious fortune-hunter, upon the eve of realizing his projects, and running down his quarry, after a hunt of nearly twenty years, through all the covers of county-balls, races, and watering-places—drew attention and remark to the group. There were several English parties in the gardens, who stared and used their eye-glasses, as they passed, in a style which rather disconcerted Mrs Luke, accustomed as she was become to the public gaze, and completely overwhelmed her daughter. Which of the two was the most shocked to understand, by the passing whispers, that the *younger lady* was generally mistaken for the bride, it is not easy to say; but the blunder seemed to afford more amusement to the gay Irishman, seven years her junior, than the real lady of his love altogether relished. Once mistaken for her husband's mother-in-law, the error might be repeated; and she turned to her daughter, grown tall, and suddenly, as it seemed, womanly in her figure and demeanour—at least on this morning, when her calm and determined, and rather comely Caledonian countenance, reflected a burden of grave thought seemingly incompatible with her green years. The state of her feelings had communicated a degree of reserve and stateliness to her carriage, which added an inch to her stature, and two or three years to her age. Mother and daughter—so fashion had ruled—were dressed exactly alike; but the youthful and more flexible figure of Mysie, though naturally of a more substantial mould, had taken more of the peculiar *tornure* of France, that envy and aim of all female Europe, than her zealous mother had been able to attain. On this important day of parade, the desire of extreme elegance and youthful air had converted the ambitious widow into that most ridiculous of all over-dressed oddities—a Brummagem Frenchwoman, an absurd counterfeit, to be detected all over the world with half an eye. Her elaborate toilet had probably drawn an increased measure of public attention to Mrs Mark Luke and her party; and the ever-laughing—when she was not crying—Lady Di protested they would be *mobbed*, and begged the Colonel to walk his ladies in quicker time.

From the midst of a mixed group of students, French, American, and English, who seemed to have been just dismissed from a lecture, two individuals broke hastily away, and directly confronted our promenaders. One was a slim, elegant youth, whose dress and complexion bespoke him a Briton, and the other—but he shall speak for himself:—

"It's no possible, Mr Jeems, that painted Delilah can be the widow of your auld maister, and my friend, Mark Luke;" and Bailie Pirgi-

givie, this *aside* delivered, peered curiously under the demi-veil of the Scoto-Frenchwoman, the elder lady; while the eyes of the younger were riveted upon the youth, and her face kindled and glowed with the full consciousness of the delightful recognition of her countryman and early companion. The Colonel felt the sudden nervous tremour communicated to his fair charge by the apparition of the strangers, even before Mysie had slipped her arm through his, and plunged her united hands into those of Bailie Pirgivie, exclaiming, at the same time, "Mamma, don't *you* know James Wilson? I am sure it is he."

"Sure and certain," cried the astonished Bailie, while the young man paid his respects, and with a very good grace, to Mrs Luke—"Sure and certain it is James; but can it be Mysie Luke I am looking at?" And the worthy man shook hands with his fair ward over and over again; blessing himself in wonder at the change which had come over her in the four years between twelve and sixteen, and at the obvious improvement which had been effected in her appearance, even in France. Here was the miracle, the mystery, to Mr Pirgivie. At a second glance there was, to be sure, something outlandish about her air and step, and the cut of her bonnet; but, as she clung to his arm in a transport of joy, voice, and manner, and look, were all as kindly, if not as *couthie*, as Mr Bob's honest and warm Scotch heart could desire; and the twinkling and almost roguish smile of his dear old friend Mark was visible through all, and completely overpowered him.

"France has not altogether changed *you*, Mysie," he said, with some slight tremour of voice and moisture of the eyes; "ye are still my ain Mysie Luke, my auld friend's dear and only child."

"Still your wee 'four-neuked Mysie,'" cried the momentarily happy girl, in merry recollection of the Bailie's former description of her roll-about childish proportions; and she glanced towards James Wilson, not without some consciousness of not having degenerated in appearance since they last met, far as she fell short of him.

"Ye are a tighter, more strapping lass than I e'er thought to see ye. But I'm come to take ye home, Miss Luke. Ye are become a serious charge to Mr Ewins and me, and such is our determination, and I trust ye will not object."

"It is the happiest news I have heard for many a day," cried the girl, with vivacity; and she looked from her mother to her old friend James Wilson, who was still answering the incoherent, rapid questions of the agitated bride, to whom the Bailie now advanced and made his reverence.

"*Serviteur*, Ma-dame!" and he flourished his hat, and scraped in the manner which had so often provoked the wrath of Mrs Luke.

"For Heaven's sake, who is this original?" cried the ever-laughing Lady Di Corscaden, who had now joined the group: "some of your Scotch cousins—is it, my dear Mrs Luke? Do, pray, introduce me." The Bailie eyed the elegant suitor for the honour of his acquaintance with a kind of comical apprehension, as if he feared her dangerous, but disdained the unmanliness of flight before the fair face of a lady.

"We stop the path," cried Mysie, walking him smartly off, to the infinite relief of her mother, while Lady Di again exclaimed, "Who is—pray, who is that extraordinary person—so like one's notion of a character walked out of Galt's books? I do dote upon originals—you *must* make us acquainted—perhaps he would join our dinner-party at Tortoni's. I am sure he would heighten its *gout*. Perhaps he comes for to-morrow's ceremony?"

"Exactly one of Galt's vulgar, *outré* characters," returned Mrs Luke, flurried, and altogether much alarmed at the proposal made by a lady who valued her own amusement before all the proprieties and decorums in the world, and who for the feelings of others entertained no more consideration than became her privileged birth and high-toned manners.

"I know *you* detest vulgarity," rejoined Lady Di; "but *we* enjoy it of all things—or a spice of it, now and then—and Galt——

"Don't name him, Lady Di. I assure you his broad vulgarity and caricature is abominated in Scotland in anything approaching good society."

"*Chaque un a son gout*, my dear ma'am," said Lady Di, shrugging her shoulders; "there is a certain Girzy Hipple that almost killed me with laughing, and whom Byron absolutely adored."

"Byron! Lord Byron?" cried the amazed Mrs Luke. It was altogether beyond her comprehension that Mrs Walkinshaw, that vulgarest of all vulgar characters, should be relished by Lord Byron.

"Had you ever the felicity of meeting the original, my dear Mrs Luke? I should have gone a hundred miles to see her."

Mrs Luke was fairly posed whether to plead guilty to the ignorance, or to deny the vulgar contamination. Her answer was equivocal:—"I have seen abundant oddities and vulgar people in Scotland;—in manners, you are aware, Lady Di, our home-bred people are terribly behind."

"O dear! and so they are; but I have a fancy for vulgarians—now, I know *you* can't abide them—so much for difference of taste. You remember Goldsmith's showman, Rugby?" The Colonel was startled from a long fit of rumination, a most unusual observance of taciturnity.

"No, 'pon honour, I don't, Lady Di—just at this moment, at any rate."

"A most unwonted and supererogatory degree of candour in an Irishman, who knows everything, and at all times. But what has come over you?—Goldsmith's showman, you remember, detested every thing *low*, and never allowed his bear to dance to any but the genteelest of tunes, as "*Water parted*," or the "*Minuet in Ariadne*."

Mrs Luke, feeling the palpable insult, could not even attempt to join in the loud laugh which the Colonel forced up.

"I declare I am glad to see you can still laugh," continued the lively, impertinent, and privileged woman of fashion—"I fancied this new Scotch cousin had been of the line of Banquo, from his ghastly influence upon both your spirits—on such a day!"

"No cousin of mine, Lady Di," returned Mrs Luke with a swelling heart, and gulping down her chagrin. "That person is one of my daughter's guardians; and, I presume, has business which may have brought him to Paris at this particular time—perhaps with me," she faltered forth, glad, in this incidental manner, to announce to the gentleman the fracas she dreaded.

"To conduct Miss Luke home, I think he said?"

"That he shan't. We won't part with our daughter—shall we, Ma'am?" inquired the Colonel. "Surely, if ever the mother's care be needful to a pretty girl, it is at Miss Luke's age."

"Especially one with a fortune," added Lady Di, smiling, and with malicious emphasis. Mrs Luke made no reply. If truth must be owned, she wished herself a thousand miles off, and Lady Di double the distance. Another English party came forward; and she made a little movement of surprise, and as if to greet an old friend. The gentleman, advancing between two young ladies, abruptly drew them on, while one of them was heard to protest, "The lady was so very like, and yet unlike their old neighbour, Mrs Luke!" "You must be mistaken, Isabella, or else your old neighbour, if a respectable Scotchwoman, has fallen among thieves." The speaker might or might not have been overheard by Mrs Luke's companions; but it suited no one to notice him. Lady Di had probably heard nothing; for not even aristocratic nerves, and powers of face that had been acquired in the college of the Maids of Honour, could have remained in tranquil survey of the group, which she halted to examine at her leisure. "You seem to know these young people, Mrs Luke?"

"They are the two elder daughters, and, I believe, the eldest son of the Hawgreen family—old neighbours of mine in Scotland."

"And they have forgotten you:—of the class of old gentry I should presume?"

"It is a very old family."

"I should have known it. There is, indeed, no mistaking persons of a certain grade, whatever their country; though but gentry, and *Scotch* gentry too. There is a difference now; don't you think so, Rugby? Ha! they are turning; you must challenge them, and introduce us. I do long to see one real Scotch *gentlewoman* in the course of my life. I have known many *gentlemen* of your nation, in the army and otherwise. Scotch and Irish ladies of rank live so much among *us* now, in England, that the dear delightful oddities of my girlhood are no longer to be met with anywhere."

Beyond a painful and confused perception that something insolent was said, and something awful impending, poor Mrs Luke retained no consciousness; yet, as the Hawgreen party again advanced, she met them with a vacant simper and an attempt at recognition; and, while the ladies hastily turned away their heads, was dead *cut* by the gentleman, who drew them quickly on.

"Your Scotch friends don't seem to know you, Ma'am," said the Lady Di, in a tone which gave tenfold insolence to her words.

Female blood and bile could endure no longer; and had Mrs Mark Luke, for her rashness, been condemned, for ever afterwards, to no better society than that of decent tradesmen's wives, she could not have restrained the impulse of indignation which restored her to self-possession, and prompted the retort:—

"No wonder, Madam, considering the society in which I am found."

The still brilliant eyes of the Lady Diana shot a momentary glance upon the grocer's rich widow, in which were blended the fires of the noble house from which she was sprung, and the ancient one with which she *had been* allied. A cutting, an annihilating reply was at the tip of her tongue—retort, which must for ever have struck dumb and down the audacious widow of the tradesman—the paltry *Scotch* tradesman—a *London* trader could have outweighed his wealth ten times told;—but pride restrained her; and the same haughty feeling which makes the hero spare the ignoble foe unworthy of his sword, led her to turn away, and say, with calm imperiousness, to her husband's former adjutant, "Find the carriage for me, Rugby." She walked forward.

The unfortunate Colonel had never been in such a dilemma in his whole life. Half-a-dozen affairs of honour, originating at mess, or in billiard rooms, were nothing to this *rumpus* between his patroness, Lady Di, and his "dear Mrs Luke," within twenty hours of becoming his dearer Mrs Blake. His perplexity was heightened by shrewdly guessing at, but not knowing the exact tenor of the mission of the Glasgow magistrate. There was danger of losing both ladies, in the attempt to secure one; and it was become a question whether the old friend or the new mistress was best worth securing; yet he attempted a compromise.

"The carriage?—to be sure, Lady Di. It is waiting without there to take us all, a merry friendly party, to Tortoni's."

"I don't go to Tortoni's," cried Lady Di, resentfully.

"I must return home directly," rejoined Mrs Luke, poutingly.

"Devil a one of ye!" cried the gallant Colonel, with happy audacity, seizing an arm of each lady, and holding them fast. "Am I to be chated of my last hours of freedom? I'll make ye kiss and be friends, ladies. Sure, when there is the common enemy a-head, friends should stick together." This expostulation and exhortation was not without effect. "There is that little fat Scotch fellow waiting us, with Miss Luke and the young lad, as if he had something to say. Let me see you shake hands, ladies, and put you into the

carriage, and leave me to deal with him, my dear Mrs Luke."

Mrs Luke was really unable to answer. The Colonel joined their hands across his own person, in forced alliance; and Lady Di, forgetting her recent feelings, burst into one of her fits of un-lady-like laughter, exclaiming, "O Gemini, Rugby!—and will you have to fight for it?—to challenge yonder redoubtable short Scotch gentleman?"

Mrs Luke grasped the arm of the brave Colonel, and became pale.

"Do not be uneasy, my dear Ma'am," said the forgiving Lady Di. "Rugby has had fifty such affairs on hand in his time."

"For any sake, Colonel Blake—for *my* sake!" exclaimed Mrs Mark Luke.

"For your sake, jewel?" interrupted the Colonel, gallantly raising her hand to his lips; "anything for your sake, my angel."

"Now, that is what I call barefaced enough," said Bailie Pirgivie, who had taken his station, with Mysie, waiting the exit of Mrs Luke from the gardens. Poor Mysie bowed her reddening face. Daughters are seldom delighted with their mothers' conquests.

"*Pardonnez*, Ma—dame," continued the Bailie, addressing Mrs Luke. "I am sorry to interrupt good fellowship; but it is needful we should have two minutes of a private crack, and that as soon, too, as convenient. As for my ward here, I am resolved not to part with her on such short notice."

"I hope mamma will allow me, at least, to go home with Mr Pirgivie," said Miss Luke. "He has come far to see us—from kindness to us."

"I have, I am sorry, a very particular engagement this afternoon," faltered Mrs Luke.

"And another, still more particular, to-morrow morning," added Lady Di, smiling meaningly.

"Engagement here, engagement there, Madame, I have two private words to say to you; and the sooner said, let me warn ye, it may be the better for ye."

Mysie and James Wilson appeared ready to sink into the ground. Mrs Luke became of all hues, and looked deprecatingly to the sturdy magistrate, in whose hands her fate seemed to rest for the present; while her soldier-lover, as in duty bound, swelled and stormed.

"Zounds, Sir, do you mean to affront this lady?—a lady under *my* protection? Make way there. Miss Luke, my dear, attend your mother." And the passive bride was dragged forward, while her daughter steadily kept her ground.

"Affront her, Sir? No, I mean no affront, and no wrong to her or hers; and I wish every man could say as much," said the Bailie, sturdily, to the champion of the fair.

"It is all a mistake—my dear Colonel—for Heaven's sake!" cried the agitated bride, now standing still.

"Her dear Colonel!—humph—ay, ay, I see it is all ower true we heard, Mr Jeems; but ye shall not quit me, Mysie dear; but I tell you what, Mem, marry when ye like and whom ye like"——

"Oh, for any sake!" cried Mysie, in an agony, pressing his arm, while James Wilson placed his hand over the wide *outspoken* mouth of the Bailie.

"Weel, weel, my dear, I'll reserve what I have to say to Mrs Luke for a quieter moment. That, I grant, may be as discreet."

"If you have got anything to say to this lady, Sir, the footing upon which I have the honour to stand with her entitles me to mention, that it may as well be said to me—to me, Colonel Rugby Blake."

"I am not just so clear o' that, Cornel, since that's your title: what if ye should may be no' like just that weel, to hear what I had to say? The thing is just possible, ye'll allow."

"If the presence of these ladies were not your protection, I should call you roundly to account, Sir, for this insolence."

The Colonel was fumbling about his waistcoat pocket, apparently for his card.

"O Lady Di, will you permit this? will you not interfere?" implored Mrs Luke.

"Points of honour are delicate points, Ma'am," returned the mischief-loving lady; "yet a fracas at this crisis—a duel between a cousin and a bridegroom—does look ugly."

"Gi'e yourself no manner o' trouble, Mem," said the Bailie, drily, to the lady of quality. "The brave Cornel will wait lang for an antagonist, before he get me to the field."

"What, Sir! not give a gentleman the satisfaction of a gentleman when he demands it?"

"Satisfaction of a gentleman, quo' she! Satisfaction of a guse! A bonny-like satisfaction!"

"Why, Sir, you would be *cut*—posted for a coward."

"And what the worse would I be of that?" said the Bailie, laughing disdainfully. "Posted for a coward indeed! because I have the sense and courage to refuse making a fool o' myself, and fleeing in the face of my Maker."

"A coward does not risk his own life by plunging into the Clyde to save the life of a child," said James Wilson, who, with youthful feeling, rebutted for his associate the term so unendurable to the ears of men and boys, and who opportunely remembered this anecdote.

"Once when my mother was a girl, Mr Pirgivie saved her in Hamilton Park from a mad bull or one of the wild white cattle," said Mysie, who had often heard this tale of Bailie Pirgivie's gallantry and prowess, in the days of other years.

"And I would save her from worse mischief, now, if she would but let me," said the Bailie, turning with some re-kindling of old regard to his former friend, as Mysie's anecdote recalled their earlier days.

"If I thought, Sir, that this inuendo, Sir, was levelled at me," thundered the Colonel.

"Ay, weel, and what would ye do, an' if it were?" retorted the imperturbable Scot.—"Say

it were you, for connexion's sake—and what then?"

Colonel Rugby Blake had rarely been more at fault in his life. He was rescued by the presence of mind of Lady Di, who vowed, while she laughed immoderately, that, if another word on this absurd affair passed, she would summon the police, and recommend both the belligerents to its attention. Neither of them wished to carry matters to this extreme point, and the gentlemen exchanged cards, though certainly with no hostile intention on the part of the Bailie. His object was merely to facilitate an amicable conference. They then separated several ways, each triumphantly marching his lady off the field.

"You are willing to leave me, then, Robina?" said her mother, looking back, strong emotion working in her face, her usual courage quite quelled—"me, your mother?"

"No, no, mamma—no, no, indeed! I will not leave you"—and the girl rushed, weeping, into her mother's arms.

"Here is quite a scene, I declare," cried Lady Di. "Won't you, Mister Pirdidie, go with us, like a good, obliging gentleman, to Tortoni's—and, since you won't fight him, eat, drink, or talk it out with my friend, Colonel Blake, like a good-humoured, sensible man."

This was taking the Bailie in the right key; and, although he had some doubts about that "sharp-eyed madam" who made so free with a strange man almost at first sight, and hesitated, as he sharply and curiously eyed her, Mysie's whispered entreaty, "Oh, do not let us leave Mamma!" turned the scale; and, with some appearance of better understanding, the gentlemen, so strangely thrown together, growlingly agreed to dine in company with the ladies, and see *Life* in Paris, instead of facing Death in the Wood of Boulogne.—(*To be continued.*)

MUSINGS.

We dig our graves with our own hands! The black
And baleful passions grafted on our youth,
By manhood's devastating appetence,
Become the implements to torture us;
And, while they drug our senses, mould our tombs.
Sweet love, that, in our youth, fell, as the dew
On summer meadows falls, unasked—but, oh!
With what devotion fondly welcomed there!—
Grows to a blasting whirlwind—leveling
The chaste and delicate harvest of the heart.
The noble impulse, ardent for emprise,
And emulous of deeds of glory, turns
To arrogant ambition, that involves,
In the crooked crevices of its own craft,
Such secrets as the pen of history
Blazons in characters of blood!—av'rice,
The winter of our nature—that, as frost,
Locks up with needy hand the spendthrift rills,
Congeals the kind amenities which make
Our youth a time of blessing and of boon,
And is a craving canker in the breast.
What *were* our passions *are* our scourges; turned,
By the malicious alchymy of Time,
From feelings into crimes. We are, alas!
The general serfs of stern necessity;
And, over-tasked, the god within us grows
To a deforming devil—like a gnome,
Sweltering amidst the swarthy caves of earth.
We spin our shroud of gloomy thoughts, and weave
The loathsome fabric in a loom that stands
Within an atmosphere of execration—
A world of maledictions!—and, when Death
Knocks rudely at the door, and calls aloud,
We wrap our hideous winding-sheets about us,
Turn our wan faces to the wall, and—*die!*

R. C. C.

Ardersier Manse.

TO JOHN RICHARDS, ESQ., M.P. FOR THE DISCERNING BOROUGH OF KNARESBOROUGH, HOP MERCHANT, LONDON.

My Dear Sir,—Your Letter to Lord Brougham is dated the 20th of April: here is the 1st of June, and his suicide has not yet been announced to the expectant public. How the man can have impudence enough to retain his senses under such a merciless castigation, it is difficult to imagine; his continuing to eat his dinner as usual, and sleep as if nothing extraordinary had happened—nay, his having the audacity to live at all—is one of the grossest insults that ever was offered to a man of genius, like yourself. But you may comfort yourself with the reflection that, though his feelings are so blunted as to preserve his existence, still you have committed a decided murder on his fame. After this, his Lordship's reputation for talent, eloquence, patriotism, and all the other virtues and qualities that a few benighted individuals gave him credit for, will appear in its true colours. It is not every day that he enters the lists with a Richards. One can't help pitying him, even while one rejoices at his annihilation. And, as to the two phantom knights he has invoked to his assistance—the gallant Tomkins and the illustrious Jenkins—you have wolloped them in a way that has not been heard of in any history, sacred or profane, since Sampson demolished the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. To borrow an expression from a friend of mine on the Mississippi, you have "catawawmpously chawed them up;" and a pitiful mouthful they appear to you, after all.

I wish I had your gift of eloquence. How I *would* split the ears of the groundlings! But I

have, luckily, reconciled myself to the misfortune of being a plain, heavy old proser, and resign the palm to you and our good friend, the member for Caithness, without a sigh. Yet, though I have neither tongue nor brains enough to be an orator myself, I have a most keen appreciation of that excellent gift in others. The very sound of your sentences is so mellifluous, that I have great pleasure in reading a page or two of your letter just before going to sleep. This passage, now, at page 21, is so admirable in expression and cogent in reasoning, that I drop off into a slumber whenever I have come to the concluding sentence. Will you let me quote it to you? Those who have not seen any specimen of your style, will be delighted to meet with an author whose language is such as Burke nor Canning would never have dared to imitate.

"The three subjects, on your conduct respecting which your character, as a statesman and reformer, will probably be judged by posterity, are, Law Reform, Education, and the Poor Laws. With respect to Law Reform, I hardly ever met with a lawyer who did not say that you had signally failed. Whether this opinion be correct or not, I will not decide; but this I know, that the two great evils of the court over which you presided, are delay and expense; and that you have neither lessened the one nor abridged the other. Notwithstanding all your Lordship's boasted labours and exertions, a Chancery suit is still as ruinously expensive and tediously enduring as ever. *Crede experto.*" As this is the first item of your charge, let us linger in delighted satisfaction over the completeness of your triumph. Lord Brougham has clearly failed in all his efforts at Law Reform, because you have been told so by almost every lawyer you have spoken to on the subject. It is impossible to have more disinterested witnesses, as it is evident that their bias, if they have any bias at all, must be in favour of that person who endeavours to diminish the expenses of their clients, and leave them more time for other occupations, and who, by trying to shorten a process, as well as to lower the expenses of it, does all that lies in his power to save them the necessity of spending their money in coach-hire to and from Westminster Hall. With regard to your own knowledge upon this subject, on which you talk not only with deep feeling, but with a learning scarcely less deep, you will allow me, my dear friend, to sympathize with you under your misfortune, and to hint that it is scarcely such a prudent proceeding as was to be expected from so very acute an individual as yourself, to confess that your experiments in the Court of Chancery had been *ruinous* as well as *tedious*. At the same time, as self-preservation is the great law of nature, and I have some heavy bills to make up the latter end of this week, I will trouble you to settle the little account between us as speedily as possible. Affairs must have come to a very bad pass indeed, when a man openly confesses so much as you have done; and hops, I perceive, are manifestly on the decline.

The second knock-down blow you inflict upon his Lordship, is a right, straight breadbasketer in the pit of the stomach of the Schoolmaster.

"As regards your Lordship's endeavours to educationize, without teaching religion and morals, you have yourself, if I mistake not, very lately lamented your want of success; and certainly it cannot be even pretended that your attempts in this way have, in the slightest degree, diminished the amount of profligacy and crime." Very far from it indeed. It is well known that the London University, to which you so caustically refer, is so notoriously the hotbed of crime and profligacy, that the House of Lords would as soon think of giving a power to confer degrees to the "Professors of Conveyancing"* in his Majesty's prison of Newgate, as to the Professors of Medicine, History, and the Humanities, as they are sometimes quaintly called, in the suburban and altogether unaristocratic establishment in Gower Street. You have shewn Lord Brougham, my dear Sir, that it won't do to throw dust in our eyes any longer, and that he may pretend as much as he likes to cultivate the faculties of those who are not so rich as they ought to be; but that, if he devotes his time, and such feeble talents as he may possess, to editing the works of such a freethinker in religion, and such a pretender in morals as Archdeacon Paley, his disguises are easily seen through. He wishes to sap the very foundation of our virtues, and imbue the rising generation with the most infamous and demoralizing principles. When we see the good effects of a really religious and moral education on the alumni of Eton and Cambridge, we are not to be deprived of these admirable fruits by a system which excludes doctrinal controversy from its class rooms, and substitutes the mere cold narrative of our Christian dispensation, without one sectarian note or comment. And, as to Dr Paley—who, the deuce, my dear fellow, cares a farthing about Dr Paley? Wasn't he far too much of a liberal to be made a bishop of while he lived? and are we to make an idol of him now that he is dead? How D'Israeli, the younger—very young, indeed, one would think him—would laugh if you talked to him of such a pragmatical old pseudo-philosopher as Paley! And yet it strikes me—but then, I confess, I have sometimes very curious fancies coming into my head—that that young gentleman has a peculiar turn for being converted; and that, in spite of his conversions and recantations, he continues pretty much as he was at the beginning. You may depend upon it, he looks upon me, and even upon you—for he is a very conceited, overbearing sort of a person—as a couple of miserable "uncircumcised dogs," and not celebrated authors of novels in five or six volumes. In both these respects—the circumcision and the authorship—he has most probably the advantage over us; but yet I must make bold to say, and, as I have two sons in the Madras army, and another on the India station as a lieutenant, he may have an opportunity of shewing his courage very cheap

* Query—Pickpockets? Ed. T. M.

by sending them a challenge across the line. I say, my dear Sir, I must take the liberty of expressing my belief that the waters of his baptism, nor the waves of Thames, nor the ooze of the Cam, have washed out of his constitution the bitterness of his Jewish blood. Did not it strike you, that, in his letter to young O'Connel, he shewed a strong predilection for the spirit of that commandment—replaced, as we are happy most devoutly to acknowledge, by a law breathing love and benevolence to all men—of that commandment of the old law, where a threat is held out of visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children? But fighting duels, just now, is all the rage; and when we think of the pugnacity of the late Premier, of Sir Henry Hardinge, of Lord Alvanley, and, lastly, of Mr Benjamin D'Israeli, I can't help joining with you in accusing Lord Brougham's attempts to *educationize*, without teaching religion or morals, as the great cause of the acknowledged increase of profligacy and crime.

It is quite delightful, I assure you, my dear friend, to see you lay about you in so tremendous a manner. The ex-Chancellor hasn't a word, as the saying is, to throw to a dog, far less to so ferocious a tiger as yourself.

"Your Lordship's experiment on the Poor Laws is now in progress; and, therefore, it will, perhaps, be but fair to wait a while before we pronounce definitively, either on its justice or policy. But I, a *tyro* in such matters, should have thought it, at least, humane, if not necessary, before I rigorously dealt with the indigent here, to endeavour, by making some legal provision for the poor in Ireland, to stop the great influx of pauperism from that country into this. Your Lordship, however, is, it seems, against the principle of Poor Laws altogether; and your opinion, it is said, is—'That no relief ought to be afforded even to the aged and infirm poor; but that, during their health and strength, they ought to save enough out of their earnings to keep themselves in sickness and old age.' If these are your Lordship's sentiments, why, at least, not be consistent, and, contented with your own savings in a profession munificently paid, resign the pension that you receive, of £5000 a-year?"

That's what I call a poser. Hops is riz, and your seat for the next election is secure; so, even if you are completely cleaned out by another suit in Chancery, you are protected. for some time to come, from a tap on the shoulder—which leads me again to press on you the necessity of settling our accounts at as early a day as possible. Pamphlet writing, I am afraid, is not so lucrative a profession as to induce Messrs Hatchard to give you their security for the payment of my bill. May I expect an order for the amount by return of post?

I can't see how Lord Brougham, though he has already proved himself lost to all feelings of honour and decency, by refusing to cut his throat after reading your admirable letter—I can't see, I say, how he can persist in retaining his pension of £5000 a-year, after the declarations he has made, or is supposed to have made, on the subject of the Poor Laws. He stated, I think, that it was bad policy to hold out a comfortable provision, even for the old and infirm, *as a matter of right*, at the expense of other people, as it, of course, led to improvidence; and he added, that he wished to see such a spirit of independence re-awakened among the poor, that they would make provision for themselves as long as it was in their power.

After this, I shall look every day in the newspapers—by the by, don't I recognise your fine bold hand occasionally in the leading articles of the *Morning Post*?—to see the announcement of Lord Brougham having renounced the pension, and returned to the exercise of his munificently paid profession, as long as he has health and strength, in order to save enough out of his earnings to keep him in sickness and old age. But, on second thoughts, I am afraid there is some foolish etiquette or other which prevents his returning to the bar; and, as he resigned a practice, certainly as well paid as it ought to have been, and a practice which went on increasing in value every year—as he resigned this at the age of forty-eight or forty-nine, and has not spent his days in idleness since (though, unfortunately, you have proved too clearly that his efforts, where they have not been mischievous, have been unavailing)—why, under these circumstances, I think, that he will probably find a few of his less enlightened countrymen, who will not think him overpaid; especially as, though he is stripped of power, and rather in the background at present at court, he devotes all the feeble energies he possesses, to the furtherance of the interests of the people. But this has nothing to do with the drubbing you have given him. You have cut him down, root and branch, and buried the poor schoolmaster under a mountain of Latin. That was the finishing stroke. The English, he might, perhaps, stand pretty well; for, in many places, the meaning was so admirably wrapt up, that he failed to find it out; but when you take his own weapons out of his hand, and belabour him with some hard, knotty sentences out of so recondite an author as Sallust, human nature can resist no longer; and I have no doubt Lord Brougham will be found dead in his study some morning, with a broken heart in his bosom, and Ainsworth's Dictionary on his knee. The verdict of the coroner's inquest will be, "Killed by a difficult quotation." Rome was happy in her Cicero; and Cataline perished beneath the eloquence and energy of her first of orators. It was left for you, my dear Sir—and any one who reads your pamphlet will see how completely you have performed the task—to put an eternal end to the wicked designs of the unfortunate Lord Brougham. The parallel you have drawn between the two disturbers of the commonwealth is left imperfect, unless you also draw a comparison, after the manner of Plutarch, between the two saviours of their respective countries, by whom their machinations have been frustrated. But your knowledge of Latin is not

confined, it appears, to one sentence, however difficult. You are master of another; and, as a specimen of your powers of argument, you will, perhaps, have no objection if I delight myself with going over it once more. The meaning of the extract, so far as I can make it out—for I confess that three years of Cambridge sufficed to drive out of my head nearly all that ten or twelve years of Winchester had taught me—is this:—"For, in a state, those who have not wealth, *always* envy good men, and extol bad ones. They hate old institutions, desire novelties, and, through dislike of their own condition, are anxious for a change."

This is by no means a complimentary picture of the wishes and objects of the Reformers—of whom, by the by, before the unfortunate Chancery suit, I had always considered you one; but you clinch the argument with an "ergo" that must have endeared you to Sir Robert Peel, pretty much as the unprincipled scoundrel you have quoted tried to wriggle himself into favour with the master of the Legions—for you say, "because, in a country like this, there are some people so poor as to wish for a change," or, as you more ambitiously express it, "to imagine vain things"—therefore, "in such a state of society, a strong police! a standing army! and a vigilant, efficient, Conservative Government, are absolutely necessary!"—P. 28.

So far as I myself have any right to express an opinion on this point, I should certainly beg to agree with you; for, even if we were wrong, it would be pleasanter to be in error in company with such distinguished statesmen as yourself and Colonel Sibthorp, than right along with such "cupidi-novarum-rerum" fellows, as Lord Holland and the Marquis of Lansdowne. There is a fine line in the Eton Grammar, which expresses my sentiment exactly:—

Victrix causa *deis* placuit sed victa *Ricardis*.

Yet, though these are *my* sentiments, which are, indeed, rendered unavoidable in my breast by the esteem I have for your extraordinary abilities and acquirements, still there may, perhaps, be some doubt whether your logic will be equally acceptable with the electors of Knaresborough. I very much question whether there may not be some of them who will "be desirous of a change" at the very next election. In fact, I much fear, my dear Sir, that the great majority of them will resemble the rascals you have so pithily described in the words of Sallust, and be not only disgusted with good Conservative gentlemen and scholars, like you, but will also "extol" some steady-minded Liberal, and fix him in your seat.

I sometimes flatter myself, that my turn of mind is something like your own—not that I presume to put our intellects on a par in any other respect than as regards a weakness inherent in us both. Great men have their weaknesses, you know; so I beg you will not be offended if I hint at one of yours—a slight want of connectedness, I mean, if there be such a word—a sort of rambling, discursive way of treating subjects, which does very well for my bald, disjointed chat after dinner, if at any time a few friends do me the favour to share my bowl of punch; but it looks rather odd—you'll excuse me for saying so—in the solemnity of a printed work. You take considerable jumps from one subject to another; and I confess I am one of the sect of the Jumpers (to conclusions) myself. After this apology, will you pardon me, if I dip into another exquisite portion of your pamphlet, where, at page 9, it is thus set down: "Do these *soi-disant* leaders of the Whigs, with their Radical allies, fancy themselves, like the Whigs of a former day, possessed, forsooth, of 'all the talents,' and, therefore, the only proper persons to carry on the government?"

I confess this passage is my favourite, of all the brilliant ones which your letter contains. The whole question is here brought to a point, and a point, too, on which, with all their skill in doubling, the Whigs will find it impossible to avoid shipwreck. *All* the talents? Why, my good friend, how could you be so cruel as to ask such a question when we find that they have neither you among their number, nor Hughes Hughes, nor Robinson, nor White Ridley, nor indeed any of those exalted characters in whom the universal country puts unbounded confidence. *All* the talents? Nay, have they secured any talents at all? What is Spring Rice compared to the member for Worcester? or Poulet Thomson compared to you? or Lord John Russell compared to the sagacious member for the town of Oxford? I only wish I were King for a month. Such an administration as I would present to the wondering eyes of Europe, has not been seen or heard of for many a long day. If Whigs and Radicals, in the bitterness of their hearts, should repine a little when they saw *you* my Prime Minister, with a host of equally distinguished statesmen shedding a glory over my cabinet councils, I should fall back on my prerogative, and ask, if they refuse me the right of selecting whom I choose for my servants, why, in Heaven's name, do they take no notice of my proceedings in November? I should put the discontented ragamuffins into a dilemma that would astonish them; I should say to them, "Unless you take some steps to shew I was wrong in giving all the offices of the government to my friend, the Duke of Wellington, what right have a set of place-hunting vagabonds, as you are, to find fault with my having made my good friend, Johnny Richards, First Lord of the Treasury, and all the rest of it?" I think a speech of this sort would puzzle the rogues; and I only wish our present estimable monarch would try the experiment. After the affairs of last November, I should not be much surprised at anything of the kind. And here comes the main point of this letter—which, I am afraid, you will think a very long one—Will you take office if you get the offer of it? As to Lord Brougham, and Durham, and poor Lord Melbourne, it is as clear to me as possible, that they can have no sure tenure of office, even if (which Heaven forfend!) you were to offer them places in your administration; for they are by no means favourites with the aristocracy, nor the morally and religiously *education-*

ized portions of the public. Therefore, my dear friend, be careful in your selection, and, above all things, do not deprive yourself of the assistance of such men as Mr Sinclair and Sir Roger. The Church would throw her whole weight into the scale of so divinely inspired a minister as the latter—as we know that, of late years, she has devoted quite as much of her care to the Profits as to the Gospel—and with the Church, the law, and the aristocracy to back you, what cause would you have for fear? As to the low scurrilities of such fellows as Peter Jenkins, with their hints about your being rather laughed at than otherwise, and sneers about your being thought a noodle, and all that sort of thing, you have far too high an estimate of your own perfections to believe a word of it; so, go on, my good friend, and prosper! Give us another pamphlet or two—for why, as you have laid Lord Brougham prostrate with one hand, should you not smite Daniel O'Connell with the other?—and believe me your ardent admirer and sincere friend,

JONATHAN WILKINS.

P.S.—It was an unfortunate sentence that about the ruinousness of a Chancery suit. Blot it out in the next edition; and, in the meantime, I shall be anxiously on the look-out for the trifle of balance due to me.

LIGHT READING FOR JUNE.

IT is alleged that, during the late Tory usurpation, the shopkeepers in the provincial towns suspended their spring orders to the manufacturers, waiting for more settled times; and that trade became stagnant, because Sir Robert Peel was holding office at sufferance. How far this may be accurate with regard to silks, cottons, and fancy goods, we do not pretend to say; but that the *book-trade* is greatly influenced by those agitations which drive readers of all kinds to the newspapers and the political periodicals, is unquestionable. Hence, there is a great accumulation of light works at the end of the present season, each waiting until the excitement and bustle of change of officials, canvassing, and elections, are over, and the young ladies at leisure to resume their novels, and the old ones to settle once more quietly down to their rubber. We have no doubt that political agitation must also affect the sale of playing cards and play tickets, though not to the same extent as it does that of works of imagination and entertainment. What we now propose is, to assist the light readers in getting over the *glut*—to act, in some measure, as a patent digester for their especial benefit. From the swollen catalogue of entertaining works, which contend for their notice, we shall select a few of the more pressing and attractive, so far as names go. And here before us are Miss Mitford's *Belford Regis, or Sketches of a Country Town;* Mrs Norton's *Wife*, and *Woman's Reward;*—and for that, he has many claims to be classed with the ladies, in purity, elegance, and so forth; Mr Washington Irving's *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*. In more masculine compositions, we have Mr E. L. Bulwer's *Student;* Captain J. H. Cooke's *South of France*—a very lively work; and others of lesser note.

Although Miss Mitford had no higher claim to precedence—sex, and, moreover, seniority, establish the etiquette. The reading world has known her as a poetess for some thirty years or thereby; and, as a prose sketcher, her latter end has been better far than her metrical beginning. She should be associated with Crabbe in painting the level-life, the every-day goings on, the work-a-day world of rural and suburban England. *She* contributes all the sunshine and cheerfulness; the greenery; the vine-covered cottages, with their garden-plats; the black and blue-eyed rustic beauties; the verdant lanes, and hazel coppices, and daisied meadows; with the animating and hilarious sports of the village-green. *He* throws in the broad sombre shadows, and carefully pencils in the minute and unseemly details of the landscape—sketches the rank noxious vegetation, barren wastes, and saline marshes, the slough, and the quagmire, with the *ignes fatui* that dance there; the stunted herbage, the dismantled hovel, and its squalid inmates; and every outward indication of animal degradation and moral debasement. Which uses the most *faithful* and the most *powerful* pencil, unhappily for mankind, admits of no question; but it is equally certain that Miss Mitford's pictures are the more charming. Her books delight us upon the same principle as those persons who are said to be the darlings and favourites of society—simply because they aim rather at pleasing and putting people in good humour with themselves, than at shining or instructing. They are kindly and cheerful, and "in season gay;" and gently move the gentler affections, without once making any exacting or troublesome demand either upon the feelings or reflective powers of the reader. Her stories exhibit little action, and no deep passion—or, at least, no strife of passion—no conflict, no desolation. Miss Mitford, in short, never comes fairly to the *scratch* with human life in her prose tales. Misery and despair, sin and suffering, are reserved for the dignity of tragedy. She takes no deeper interest than that of a lively spectator or friendly neighbour in the game; and, wishing well to both sides, looks of choice upon the brightest. She never once infringes that soothing canon, so accordant with the tastes of the bulk of gentle readers, which demands what is called poetical justice; and that she gaily and uniformly dispenses in liberal measure. The author of *Our Village*, and the present work, *Belford Regis*, might, for anything that appears in them, be imagined the very anti-

podes of a tragic-dramatic writer. The styles are as opposite as those of Moreland and Salvator; and, with the duty before us, we congratulate ourselves upon the genius of our author having a much nearer relationship to what the painter of homely, hearty, but beautiful, rustic English life drew, with such unrivalled gusto, than affinity to what "savage Rosa dashed."

Nothing can be more simple than the groundwork of these detached sketches. *Our Town* is a few miles off from *Our Village*. It is a cheerful, busy, second-rate, English inland market-town. We conjecture, fully a second-rate one; because it has first one, and then two thriving fruiterers, a poulterer, a nursery-ground, market-gardens, balls and suppers, feuds between the county people and the aspiring town inhabitants about their respective claims to gentility; divers academies for young gentlemen, and polite seminaries for young ladies, with such grand names as York House and Clarence House; with Lancasterian schools and national schools; but, above all, with Belford School proper—a free grammar school, dating from the Reformation, at which Greek plays are yearly acted, which are attended by visiters from Oxford, *ex officio*, and the mayor and corporation in their furred robes. The civic, classic, and commercial consequence of Belford may be guessed from these things; its history and dignity from its antique streets, the venerable towers of St Stephen's and St Nicholas', and the tapering spire of St John's; and as much from its romantic and irregular private buildings, the huge ruins of the Abbey, and the massive walls of the county gaol. Miss Mitford rightly concludes that the modern houses may be the most pleasant to live in, but that the old ones are the prettiest to look at. It is the same with the respective times. It is charming to look back upon those of our ancestors; but quite as well to stand where we are. But Belford streets must be doubly picturesque and pleasant. Look at this corner, which was first thrust upon attention during a shower, when the painter was driven to take shelter in a shop about ten doors off, upon the right-hand side of Friar Street. From thence were visible, the old vicarage-house of St Nicholas', embowered in evergreens; the lofty town-hall, and the handsome modern house of Mr Beauchamp; the fine church tower of St Nicholas'; the picturesque piazza underneath; the jutting corner of Friar Street (not Friary Lane;) the old irregular shops in the market-place, and the trees of the Forburg just peeping between, with all their varieties of light and shadow! In passing a piece of dead wall or gable, of ancient height and massiveness, in some one of our old, yet evergreen Scottish towns—such as Dumfries or Linlithgow, Stirling, Elgin, or Dunfermline, whose street names are all so many pictures—what so delightful, when May comes back—the fresh, the vernal, the joyous, the buxom May—as to see once more the branches of those old *papist* pear-trees and monkish *geans* stretching over upon the narrow street, and shaking off showers of blossoms upon the causeway! But still more picturesque and beautiful is that "high solitary bay-window in that old house in Mill Lane, (of Belford,) garlanded with grapes, and hanging over the water, as if to admire its own beauty in that clear mirror."

Considering that Belford is so far inland, its fair historiographer makes rather too much of its quays and barges, and the wharfs and small craft. On the other hand, we concede that its entire freedom from suspicion of any, the slightest, *spa*—from chalybeate or saline spring—is a very considerable blessing. In another of our light readings, Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said that he doubted if the great influx of English travellers which of late years had inundated Scotland, had not injured the old-fashioned Scottish character. The influx of yearly visiters has certainly injured the old-fashioned English manners of those places where mineral wells have been made the pretext of dissipation, attended by profusion on one side, and rapacity on the other. Belford was "clean, airy, orderly, and affluent," the very reverse of Crabbe's borough; and it was also "well paved, well lighted, and *well watched*." This last is a sad drawback, and gives us a quite different and uncomfortable idea of that respectable English town. It is not yet above twenty-five years since this Modern Athens had not a single watchman within its bounds, nor yet a pawnbroker's shop. The pageantry of those ancient Scottish *gens d'armerie*, our old town-guard, was, in relation to efficient service, about what Caleb Balderstone, in the dismantled Wolf's Crag, was to the retinue of the feudal lords of Ravenswood. We wish that the old ladies of Belford could have come home from their tea-drinkings and rubbers through unwatched streets, without the possibility of interruption or harm.

Like Crabbe, Miss Mitford has a *great man* in her borough—a foundling, too. The Sir Richard Monday of the poet was, we are sorry to say, a real existence—the personification of everything mean, sordid, heartless, hateful, and prosperous. Stephen Lane, the butcher of Belford Regis, is so much the nobler fellow, and seems so *true a man*, that, for the honour of "our poor humanity," we should hope that he also may as certainly have had a real prototype. He was picked up in a by-*lane*, and christened in St *Stephen's* church—hence his name. He was reared in the parish work-house—but kindly reared; for the matron took a fancy to the foundling, as a cat-mother, which has recently lost her one kitten, sometimes does to a strange animal. Some one of the many reporters on the Poor Laws shrewdly says, a child bred in the work-house will never, in after-life, have a wholesome dread of accepting its hospitalities: but this did not hold of Miss Mitford's Stephen Lane, the butcher. He is a bluff, hearty, generous Englishman—"a tun of man"—who consumed beef and broad cloth beyond all precedent, and beer above measure; invincible in strength, hardihood, and good humour. At ten years old, upon his poor-house fare, he thrashed

the lads of fifteen. He was thrown in a huge mould, a cut-and-come-again sort of fellow, and his heart corresponded in bulk to the rest of his person. "Set aside his pugnaciousness—which he possessed in common (Miss Mitford says) with other brave and generous animals—and the foes made by his propensity to single combat, which could hardly fail to exasperate the defeated champions—and Stephen had not an enemy in the world."

His protectress, who had studied the novels of yore, where the heroes, originally foundlings, turn out, in volume 5th, to be lords or dukes, set down his combative propensities as a token of his gentle strain; and was shocked when the active and spirited lad assumed, instead of a sword and fire-arms, a butcher's basket and cleaver, which the parish-officers had chosen for him. Here is young Stephen—"In blue sleeves and a blue apron—the dress which he still loves best—parading through the streets of Belford, with a tray of meat upon his head, and a huge mastiff, called Boxer—whose warlike name matched his warlike nature—following at his heels, as if part and parcel of himself. A proud boy was Stephen on that first day of his promotion; and a still prouder, when, perched on a pony, long the object of his open admiration and secret ambition, he carried out orders to the country customers." As a young man, Stephen became remarkable for feats of strength and activity; sparring, wrestling, and lifting weights, "all but incredible." He was also a great pedestrian, a famous rower, a superlative cricketer, took the bass part in the glees and catches of the town-hall concerts, and became, in time, the most decided Radical in all Belford. But, before that, he had thriven thus prodigiously:—

The greatest man in these parts, (I use the word in the sense of Louis le Gros, not Louis le Grand,) by at least a stone, is our worthy neighbour, Stephen Lane, the grazier—ex-butcher of Belford. Nothing so big has been seen since Lambert the gaoler, or the Durham ox. When he walks he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Chairs crack under him—couches rock—bolsters groan—and floors tremble. . . . . His passing the window hath something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern.

Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantua-maker, and Mr Stacy, the surveyor, were kept puzzling a whole Sunday morning over a quirk concerning Stephen, which could not be resolved until the same print which put it forth, next Saturday, solved the quiddity:—"*Query*—Why is Mr Stephen Lane like Rembrandt? *Answer*—Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

Tailors dreaded the custom of Master Lane; they could exact no profit, nor save a shred of cabbage from his "huge rotundity." Gloves and stockings were made for his special use. At twenty-six, Stephen, not then so swollen, first became head-man to Mr Jackson, the great butcher in the Butts; then married Mr Jackson's daughter; and then succeeded to the business which enriched him. Stephen's wife, like himself, is painted in Miss Mitford's finest style. Both subjects have evidently been favourites.

Prosperous—most prosperous—has Stephen Lane been through life; but, by far the best part of his good fortune was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful—of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which Giorgione revelled; and, now, in the autumn of her days—amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character—she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture, than to see her sitting at her own door, in a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grandchildren—all of them handsome, gay, cheerful—with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. . . . . Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she was, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman—one of nature's gentlewomen in look and thought. All her words were candid—all her actions liberal—all her pleasures unselfish. All the poor of the parish came to her as a matter of course. *That* is always the case with the eminently charitable. But the children also applied for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. . . . . . Those huge pockets of hers were a perfect toy-shop; and so the urchins knew. . . . There was no limit to Mrs Lane's bounty, or to the good-humoured alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of small people. Oh! how they all loved Mrs Lane!

Another class loved her and her generous husband—those who had seen better days. With them Mrs Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unbespoken luxury, a sweetbread and so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr Hughes, the consumptive artist, never could manage to get his bill. The butcher had his full share of the kindness of such deeds, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife. Mrs Lane was more a woman of native delicacy than of artificial refinement.

She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father had lived, and in which her husband revelled; and, by this assimilation of taste, she not only insured her own comfort, but preserved, unimpaired, her influence over his coarser but kindly and excellent disposition. It was probably to this influence that her children owed an education which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation, and plain but useful knowledge, to the strong, manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They were just what the children of such parents ought to be.

This is but the domestic or private aspect of Stephen's character. He was a public-spirited, strenuous individual; and, consequently, universally as his wife was beloved, he had his enemies. For why? He was a politician—a reformer—a Radical, even in those days; and loved to descant on liberty, and economy, and retrenchment, and reform, and helped to oust the Tory member, and watched the mayor and corporation as a cat does a mouse. And he probably does so still; together with all gas companies, water companies, and paving companies, whom he attacks as monopolizers, and peculators, and torments out of their lives; for he is a terrible man in a public meeting, hath a loud sonorous voice, excellent

lungs, cares for nobody, and is quite entirely inaccessible to conviction. All the Tories hate Mr Lane; but they are now a minority in Belford as everywhere else, and Stephen has grown to be a Radical leader. Stephen should properly have been a Dissenter, and opposed church-rates; but we hear nothing of that. He was president of the smoking club, and still looks on from a window at the bowl-players, and takes his part in a catch or glee. But he is also a patron of the drama, which to us seems more extraordinary. He did not leave the borough until it was reformed, when he began to feel his "occupation gone," and to despise his pluckless opponents. "Dang it! they might have shewn more fight, those corporationers!" Stephen said; "I thought Ben Bailey had more bottom." He calls his new place, near Belford, Marvell Terrace, in compliment to Andrew Marvell. There he has a smoking-room, commanding the London Road, and, in front, a public-house of great resort in those parts. He farms his own freehold of five hundred acres—drives his one-horse chaise; finds time to look after the turnpike people and the road-surveyors, and to watch peculators in the poor-rates and charity-school funds; and also to fatten wife, children, grandchildren, servants, lads, and lasses, and all other domestic animals, up to his own pitch. His chief enemy here, at vestry meetings, was a Mr Jacob Jones, a kind of whipper-in of the Tory gentry, who dines once a year, or so, with Sir John and My Lord, and is a first-rate politician. All at once Mr Jacob gave in. By a happy contrivance of Stephen's, he was yoked with Peter Jenkins, the poulterer's hen-pecking sister; since which time he finds enough to do at home.

The Harwoods are a distinguished tribe in Belford. Their father, the late Rector of Dighton, liked noble sponsors for his sons and daughters. His eldest boy was named *Earl* Harwood—his youngest *King* ditto. His Georginas and Henriettas became, in time, old maids, of which order of fair existences Belford had its full share. The single ladies have a quarter of their own, apart, genteel, ill-paved, and worse lighted; but unpolluted with shops and other vulgar abominations. Earl Harwood was in the Church—pompous and priggish; but it is not with him we are concerned, but his brother, King, who appears to us an exquisite delineation of a coxcomb of the smaller kind.

He was *up*—not like generous champagne; but like cider or perry, or gooseberry wine, or "the acid flash of soda-water;" or, perhaps, more still, like the slight froth that runs over the top of that abomination, a pot of porter, to which, by the way, together with the fellow abominations, snuff and cigars, he was inveterately addicted.* Conceit and pretension—together with a dash of the worst, because the finest vulgarity, that which thinks itself genteel—were the first and last of King Harwood. His very pace was an amble—a frisk, a skip, a strut, a prance. He could not walk; he always stood on tiptoe, so that the heels of his shoes never wore out. . . . . His figure was slight—his face fair, and usually adorned with a smile, half supercilious and half self-satisfied, and set off by a pair of most conceited looking spectacles.

There were doubts about the original colour of his hair and whiskers; and some affirmed dyeing, and others a periwig. But these are trifles. "It was his speech that was the prime distinction of King Harwood. The pert fops of Congreve's comedies—Petulant, Witwoud, and Froth—seemed but types of the hero. He never opened his lips (and he was always chattering) but to proclaim his own infinite superiority to all about him. He would have taught Burke to speak, and Reynolds to paint, and Kemble to act."

If King Harwood had lived in a great town, he would infallibly have been a critic of literature and the fine arts. A small legacy left him by a vulgar grand-aunt, enabled the King to abandon his high stool in a banking-office, and return to his mother and sisters in Belford, the desire of assisting his family, by adding his small income to the general fund, mingling with the ambition of becoming a great man; for—and the sagacity which discovers the fact is worthy of Miss Mitford—"The egregious coxcomb was an excellent son and a kind brother; just in his dealings, and generous in his heart, when, through the thick coating of foppery, one could find the way to it." Mr King at once established himself as the *beau garçon*, the ladies' man of Belford and its vicinity, "bought a horse, and ascertained, to his great comfort, that his London avocation of banker's clerk was either wholly unsuspected in the country circles which his father had frequented, or so indistinctly known, that the *very least, little* white lie in the world would pass him off as belonging to the house." He boldly claimed acquaintance with everybody in the country whose name he had ever heard in his life; and, regardless of the tolerably visible contempt of the gentlemen, proceeded to make his court to the ladies with might and main. They laughed at him for his pains; and, after he had rode to London to match German wool for Lady Delancy for her tapestry game-cocks' necks of brown and gold, his reward was, to be christened King of the Bantams! This, and such like affronts, drove him altogether from the county circles to the less brilliant society of Belford; without, however, his getting on with the town young ladies much better, or yet with their mammas. He had not even the negative merit of being a *safe* person. Besides, the pride, poverty, and pretension of the Harwoods made them all an obnoxious race; and, after the King came home, a little starveling footboy was added to the establishment, who followed the ladies like their shadow—and the family actually set up a dinner-bell! Among his multitudinous accomplishments, the King had a small genius for music. He sung—with a *dirling* falsetto—popular ballads, understood to be in divers languages, but all very much alike to the hearer. He had a wonderful power of shake, and articulated not at all. He was

* Miss Mitford has surely been misinformed here. The King might keep a snuff-box and a cigar-case, but he never could be *addicted* to them, or to anything else, much less to so potent a potation as brown-stout. It is clearly a misprint.

also a pertinacious scraper upon the violoncello, and thrust himself upon the tradesmen's club of the town where music—good old English music—was really understood and relished, with a quartet from "Cenerentola." The indignation of Stephen Lane at such innovation, and the mishaps of the King, are exceedingly amusing in the narrative of Miss Mitford. Beaten in the concert-room, he would shine in the cricket-ground; and Stephen pitted Caleb, the ragged blacksmith, against him—ragged because Caleb's wages went to maintain his poor mother, and he had pawned his clothes rather than see her seeking parish relief. For this, Stephen's heart clung to him. The King disdained the match with the ragged man; and Stephen, who had long left off play, was so provoked that he took him up himself. King Harwood was as great a pretender in cricket-playing as in music; he lost his bet of £30, and offered payment with perfect equanimity, while his conqueror laughed in loud glee, enjoying his glory, but disregarding the gain. He put the notes gently aside. The King, vain creature as he was, and though he provoked Stephen every day he rose, was known to be a poor man and a kind son. "No, no," said the fat ex-butcher; "all's right now—we have had our frolic out, and all is over." King Harwood insisted. The result was, that ragged Caleb got the money; and, next day, Stephen sent the King a beautiful chestnut horse, upon which he had set his heart, in a present, and they remained sworn friends all their lives afterwards.

Stephen Lane is, beyond peradventure, the prince and flower of *Belford Regis;* yet that famous town contains many persons delightful to know, and even to meet with again, and to be formally introduced to a second time—for we have a notion that we have seen a great many of them before. Indeed, they are all of them people much too pleasant, when once known, ever to be forgotten.

Under the general name of *The Wife*, Mrs Norton has given us another much longer story, entitled *Woman's Reward*, and which might have been named *The Sister*. Both are pleasingly written, full of gentle and amiable sentiment, and studded with poetical description and pieces in verse, and occasional happy sketches of characters, approaching original. *Woman's Reward* has a high moral purpose. We are glad to find a lady and a poetess say, "Petrarch turned out a dreamer, and Byron one of the most selfish sensualists that ever pretended to deep feeling." This may, perhaps, be going too far; but it is to the right extreme: and the young and the fair, the unthinking, and the unsettled in principle, have been so apt to receive a bias the other way, that even violent reaction is desirable, as symptomatic of a sounder state of judgment. The outline of *Woman's Reward* is simple enough. An English merchant of great wealth dies at Madeira, and leaves his son, Lionel, an idolized, spoiled, and most beautiful boy of twelve, to the care of his daughter, Mary; who, at sixteen, is sage beyond her years, and virtuous beyond her sex. Lionel possessed fine talents, and surpassing personal beauty; he was attached to his sister; but he was also proud, capricious, petulant, arrogant, and, in one word, ill-hearted. He conceived a boyish passion for a charming little girl, Annie Morrison, the child of a merchant in Madeira; and, in his fits of rage, treated his gentle, loving, little wife, like a proper tyrant. Some of the traits of his childish violence, carried, in his blind rage, to the extreme of cruelty and ferocity, develop even a more atrocious character than Lionel became. The orphans return to England; Mary laying deeply to heart the solemn duty which she had undertaken to her dying father, to watch over, love, live for her young brother. They are boarded with one of their guardians, an attorney, in Norfolk—a vulgar man, with a vulgar wife, a tribe of young daughters, and a drawing-room locked up save on holidays. And here, while Mary gently restrains him, the selfish, cold heart, and the impetuous temper of her brother are continually breaking out in his indifference to every human creature, save his sister, and his unhesitating sacrifice of everything to his personal gratification. Even simple Mrs Bigley, his guardian's wife, who had formed a scheme of marrying him to her pretty daughter, Rosabel, begins to perceive that Lionel has "a bad heart." His faults of character had ever been veiled from themselves by his father and his sister, and they declared that "No one *understood* Lionel." And he adopted the same language. What in another would have been set down as insolence, headstrongness, and selfishness, were something quite different in him, because nobody *understood* him. When the self-willed youth was openly reproved for a fault, or informed that some part of his conduct had produced blame or censure, he would throw back his magnificent head, with a haughty sneer, and declare, that they did not comprehend his character. His sister's eyes were opened perforce; but her heart was not, for that, cooled. Long had she called his sullen resentment, *pride;* his violence of temper, *warmth of disposition;* his carelessness of wounding others, *thoughtlessness;* his obstinacy, *originality*. Still, when, with an affectation of candour, he confessed his faults to her, and promised atonement for some cruel wrong or injustice to another, she would gaze fondly upon his lovely countenance, kindling into intense beauty, and think, "So looked the seraphim!" As Lionel advanced in years, he became more self-willed, more cold-hearted; and the influence of his sister over him became perceptibly less. He went to Eton because it so pleased him, and afterwards to the university. He became of age, and bought a place in Yorkshire, and settled, and claimed Mary from a kind old lady, with whom she was residing happily in London:—happily; for she had there found in William Clavering, a young barrister of noble family, all that her heart wished for—all that she had hoped her brother might become. When a little boy, Lionel had, in a fit of jealous rage,

destroyed a currant-bush, which his "little wife," Annie Morrison, had reared for him, and trampled down the whole of her little garden; and, with a fragment of the garden-roller, he had crushed to death the pretty chameleon with which they used to play. When a lad, he, in one day, lost his passion for Rosabel Bigley, his guardian's daughter, because she did not seem to understand the verses he had made upon her, and could not say she loved him in the way people do in romances. A trial for damages was the result; and Lionel remains quite insensible to the generosity of the girl, who exposes the fraud of her father, to do justice to the lover who had abandoned her. But Lionel sins yet more deadlily against honour, principle, and humanity. He was chosen member for a borough; and Mary, who had done much to carry his election, at the ceremony of his chairing, was placed in a balcony to view the show. In an opposite window, she sees a face of such exquisite and astonishing beauty, that she involuntarily uttered an exclamation of inquiry, and was informed that the lady was Mrs Reid, the widow of a lieutenant in the navy, who was drowned. A maid was holding her baby. "Poor thing!" said Mary; "a mother and a widow; and she scarcely looks eighteen."

The face she gazed on was, indeed, very fair, and, at this moment, no trace of sadness was visible on the chisselled features. A profusion of golden hair hung in long loose curls from beneath her simple cap, tied with a narrow black ribbon. Her cheek was delicately coloured; but her full small mouth was of the hue of the richest coral; and the smile, which parted those lips, was the most beautiful in the world. Hope, joy, love, and triumph, seemed its natural expression; and, as the crowd came nearer, her large blue eyes flashed with the excitement of the moment. All of a sudden, Lionel was carried under the window, and, just when playfully turning to the baby, she had made it clap its tiny hands in mimicry, the countenance of the young woman changed; and she looked surprised, pained, and startled, and withdrew her head from the window.

Mary bent down and saw her brother looking pale and tired. She fancied he would look up to her, but he did not; and she felt hurt, and thought, "To forget me in the moment of his triumph! Not even to look up and smile!" That evening Mary mentioned the beautiful widow.

For a moment Lionel's brow wore an expression—a peculiar and disagreeable expression, which Mary had often seen on his countenance when gazing on others, but never when looking to *her*. It was a look of dark and fierce scrutiny, and Mary shrunk from it. "I counsel you," said Lionel, with a sneer, "not to ask after every pretty woman you see in a strange town; you might get disagreeable answers. I believe," added he, in a more jocular tone, "that our friend Conolly could tell you more about the *widow*, as you call her. These are subjects women should be cautious in speaking about; and I advise you to think no more of Mrs Reid." Mary did not think much more about her; but the day they set off for London, at a turn of the road, and at the door of a pretty cottage, she again saw the young widow standing; and by her side "a wee todlin thing," which was evidently the baby that had been made to clap its hands at the election.

"There, Leo! there she is!" "Who?" "That beautiful woman"—— "How can you be so foolish, Mary?"

In the world, and in retirement, Mary's mind had preserved those broad, definite, moral distinctions which its intercourse, especially in fashionable life, is so apt to obliterate. For passages like the following, which develope startling notions, we value Mrs Norton's book far more than for its eloquence and beauty:—

Mary Dupre was the most indulgent of her sex; but to her, a woman being *rather naughty* while a man is a *little wild*, conveyed no idea at all. She had only the stronger and more unusual expressions to clothe her thoughts; and as she mused, that cold February day, on this second vision of the lovely Mrs Reid, she could not help shuddering at the remembrance of Jack Conolly as a base, wicked, profligate man, and hoping that God would reclaim him.

Some time after this, Mary attended her brother to Hastings, whither he had been ordered after a severe illness; and one evening they went to the little theatre there, accompanied by this same Jack Conolly. A Miss Fitzharris was announced in the bills, as the *star* of the night, and, in her, Mary instantly recognised the lovely widow.

She came bounding on the stage, her light figure set off to the utmost advantage, by the correctest of peasant's dresses, and her rich golden hair plaited with blue ribbon down to her waist. Her smile we have already noticed; and sweeter than her smile, was her laugh: it was like the laugh of a child; so full of merriment and music, that you involuntarily paused to hear it, and envied the light heart that could produce it. . . . . Mary dared not turn; she dared scarcely breathe; but she thought how bitter must be the feelings of Jack Conolly, who, doubtless, had deserted the beautiful widow. . . . . As we have said before, she came bounding on, and startled the musing lover of the piece by a mocking laugh, whose peculiar beauty and merriment elicited a burst of applause. The young couple then advanced and prepared to sing a duet. A spirited and lively accompaniment was played, and the eyes of the attentive audience were fixed upon the imaginary peasant girl, when she was observed to pause, to falter, and remain silent. . . . . As the mingled storm of encouragement and disapprobation rose from the excited audience, she burst into tears and was led from the stage.

Here Mrs Norton makes some humane and generous remarks upon the compassionable condition of those Parias of civilization, the "poor players." But surely the audience at Hastings was a little worse than usual when they hissed off that fair and friendless stranger, who, the manager informed them, had, on Saturday, buried her child, a beautiful infant of two years old. That merry imaginary peasant girl, whose *laugh* had so charmed them, had wept incessantly for eight days. Mary was haunted by her recollection. Next day, Lionel, as to her it seemed, had sent to assist the friendless young woman.

"Ah, good, *good* brother," said the deceived Mary; and, on the following morning, she set out herself in search of the actress. This scene, in which Mary discovers, in the victim of her brother's villany and cruel desertion, the little Annie Morrison of Madeira, is one of the most sweet and touching in the Tale. She had disdainfully rejected the settlement her villanous seducer tendered her, and gone upon the stage to earn bread for his child. And now Mary was so unworldly, or so unwise, or so imprudent, or *immoral*, as to form a wish, that her brother should marry his beautiful victim; forgetting that, though, by the code of honour, a man may, and many

men do, marry the mistress of another, he must not marry his own.

"You dream," cried the forsaken girl; "you dream—you fancy he would be persuaded to marry me—*you* who have lived in the world!"

"I have *not* lived in the world," said Mary; "and I thank God for it, if its experience was to shew me that nothing right or just, or natural, can be accomplished there. . . . . You might have been a rich man's wife, [we wish Mary had said an honest man's wife,] you might have had a happy home, *but for him*; let the world answer that."

The brother and sister come to an explanation on this point.

"I ask you," Mary said, "do you intend to allow the mother of your child, the daughter of good Joe Morrison, to become a strolling actress?"

"For heaven's sake cease this persecution, Mary! What is past is past; she will accept of nothing from me, and there's an end of it."

"She will not accept money, but you can marry her."

"Marry her! good God, Mary! are you mad? marry her!" Then, in a tone of bitter contempt, he added, "What sort of a wife do you think the woman would make who *could* turn strolling actress?"

"Her sins are on *your* head, Lionel," said Mary, in a more excited tone than she had ever before spoken, "You will not then repair the wrong you have done her?"

"Not in that way. Nothing should induce me to marry her."

"Then may Heaven forgive you, brother."

This, so far, is noble, and, some centuries hence, some writer who has got as far before the conventional morality of that improved age, as Mary Dupre has of this, may shew the nobler nature rejecting the tardy atonement for which poor Annie sued, and scorning affinity with a being so despicable as Lionel. Annie's next appearance is not so commendable. As the wife of the strolling manager, a far worthier man than her profligate and heartless early lover, she procures an engagement in London; and when Lionel, ruined and abandoned by all the world, is thrown into prison, she visits him because she heard "he was alone and *forsaken*," and "thought," as she told him, "he would be glad to see one whom he knew long since—and who loved him long ago." She had brought him rare and expensive hot-house flowers and fruits: but he peevishly repulsed all her kindness, and told her harshly to cease to decorate his room according to her theatrical ideas of comfort. "I thought," said she, sorrowfully, "these would please you, and it was a pleasure to me to *earn* them for you." Annie might have been better employed. And we can almost forgive the ruined, despairing man, thrown into the King's Bench, while his wife has just gone off with his friend, for feeling some impatience with that gentle old true-love who ministers to his consolation in this baby fashion. This is among those amiable weaknesses of lady novels, which make men laugh, and say, "What, after all, can women ever know of the real business of life?" This prison scene has led us to anticipate the narrative. And that is of less consequence, as we had no intention to pursue it. Lionel had become the husband of Lady Clarice, a wayward, capricious, but bewitching creature; impassioned, and highly gifted in mind and person, and worthy, with all her faults, of a happier lot than being his wife. They love, quarrel, and torment, and love again; and Mary, the all-enduring sister—the Jane de Montfort—is the victim of the folly and childishness of both, and the heartlessness of one. The lovely Clarice elopes at last in the pet, or *par hazard*—her stars more in fault than herself. She should not have been allowed by Mrs Norton to take so *serious* a step so very much at random. But Clarice was all the creature of impulse and feeling—a number of small accidents conspire against her, and away she goes, without even love to plead in extenuation of her madness—for she is all the while deeply attached to her worthless husband. Such things happen—but most frequently in novels. Mary, meanwhile—the ever-devoted Mary—warned by Annie Morrison, hastened to her brother's side. She found him in the King's Bench, and raving in a brain fever, with Annie's neat flower-vases around him, and beside him some very pretty verses to "My Sister Mary." While she lingered over these lines, he called to her. He was found restored to his senses by a long sleep, though much exhausted, and he gazed fondly in her face, pressed her hand, and murmured—"You have, Mary, shewn me tenderness, care, devotion, such as my life could scarcely have repaid—and what has been your reward? Coldness, and neglect, and cruelty, and a desolate fate!"

"Nay, Lionel," said she, weeping! "Do not reproach yourself; my fate is in God's hand, and, what he wills, is best. I have had 'Woman's Reward;'—the consciousness that, as far as lay in my power, all the energies of my life have been devoted to one beloved object—and this is a blessed thought, dear Lionel." Lionel died almost with these words. We must now reluctantly whisper, that Mary—the self-sacrificing Mary—was rather a weak, though very well intentioned woman. Her original blind partiality, her fond and lingering affection, contribute to the depravation of her brother. To him she sacrificed her noble lover, Clavering—to his hate—his senseless vindictive hate—and, with Clavering, her own happiness. We must not be asked to admire her conduct. It is mistaken, though amiable, and pardonable; herself being the deepest sufferer. Nor do we think that she should have rested so entirely satisfied in the consciousness of what she had done. A reward more substantial, or, at all events, more intelligible, is finally given, in bestowing her upon her lover, Clavering, many years afterwards, and when she had really become the *old maid*, the giddy Lady Clarice had so often called her, and when her lover was a widower, grey-haired, and grown large, and, withal, the father of a goodly family. But they were very comfortable together, thus late in life; and had there been any noble motive, any justifiable end, in the sacrifices and sufferings of poor Mary, we should entirely have acquiesced in the religious moral—"That neither man nor woman should look to this world's portion of happiness, as their REWARD."

The Wife, a much briefer tale, is, perhaps,

for this cause, more perplexing. It hinges upon the love of a beautiful girl for a heartless, unprincipled man of fashion, whom woman's pride—woman's nature—should have taught to banish from her thoughts, and despise long before. Egerton does not even seem to love; and the heroine, Susan Dalrymple, has been married for some years, is betrayed by a false confidante, and a prey to a hundred perplexities, before she can cease to torment herself on account of her early feelings. An exertion of her understanding restores her in one hour to the affections of her deserving husband, and to peace and respectability. In this tale there is one striking character—Catherine, the deformed sister of Susan; but she is called into existence to very little purpose, as no use is made of her energies, either as an agent or principal.

In the *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey* of Mr Washington Irving, we find not much that is new, nor, in Newstead, anything of very peculiar interest. His pilgrimage to that shrine was made after Byron was in his grave, and when the Abbey had been long in the possession of the new proprietor, Colonel Wildman.

His visit to Abbotsford was made in a more propitious time—before the expense and anxiety, and, to say all in one word, the folly, of that fantastic mansion, and all connected with its pseudo-baronial establishment, had undermined the fortune and the peace of the gifted and most amiable owner, inconsiderate but in this modern species of epidemic or emulous madness. Mr Washington Irving carried a letter of introduction to Scott, from Campbell the poet. The visit, which was continued for some days, shews us as much of the genuine character of Scott as anything we have yet met with in print; and also of true Scottish life and conversation—such as may still be found in many of the dwellings of the resident gentry, in manses, and among the better order of old stationary farmers. Walter Scott was in the prime and vigour of his mind at that time, and, we should imagine, a much happier man than when his fame blew into higher circles. It was on a morning of August 1816, when the American author arrived, and sent the postilion in with his card and Campbell's letter, while he surveyed the habitation of the poet and novelist.

> It stood some distance below the road on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed, and was, as yet, but a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk's horns branching from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting lodge. . . . . The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound; and, leaping on a block of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out a whole garrison of dogs. . . . . In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic. An old green sporting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, and stout shoes, that tied at the ankles, and a white hat, that had seen service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly, and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-grey stag-hound, of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott reached the gate, he called out to me in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand. "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he; "ye're just in time for breakfast, and, afterwards, ye shall see all the wonders of the abbey."

Mr Irving was thus far on his way from Selkirk to Melrose. He was introduced to Scott's family, and, after breakfast, Charles, Mr Scott's younger son, was sent to shew him the lions, the principal of which was the since celebrated and renowned Johnny Bower, who, in pointing out the beautiful carvings of the stone-work, remarked, that "the Shirra (Sheriff) had a wonderful ee for a' sic matters." Johnny was loud in his praises of the affability of Scott. "He comes here, sometimes," said he, "with great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it, is hearing his voice crying out—'Johnny! Johnny Bower!' an' when I go out, I'm sure to be greeted by a joke, or a pleasant word. He'll stand an' crack wi' me just like an auld wife—and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!" Johnny is very amusing in Mr Washington Irving's relation; but the ramble with Scott, and his dogs of all degrees, is finer. Their chief was Maida. Scott described all their characters and peculiarities, as graphically as Burns had painted his "*Two Dogs*." The curs were yelping at something, and Maida, forgetting his dignity, joined the chorus, with his deep bow-wow. It was but a transient out-break, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he should receive censure or applause. "Ay, ay, old boy," cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day.—Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first; but when it does go off, it plays the very devil!" These simple anecdotes may serve to shew the delightful play of Scott's humours and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance; the face of the humblest dependent brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word. I had occasion to observe this particularly in a visit which we paid to a quarry. The men all paused from their labour to have "a crack with the laird." One was a burgess of Selkirk, with whom Scott had some pleasant joke about the old song—

> Up with the souters o' Selkirk,
> And down wi' the Earl of Hume."

One was the precentor of the parish; another, a great favourite with Scott, had been a soldier in

early life. Scott accosted him in an affable tone, and asked a pinch of snuff. The old man drew forth a snuff-box.—"Hoot, man," said Scott, "not that old mull; where's the bonnie French one that I brought you from Paris?"

"Troth, your honour," replied the old fellow, "sic a mull as that is nae for week days."

Poetry, tradition, the ballads of Scotland, and the romantic scenery and antiquities of this celebrated locality, occupied much of the random conversation of the gentlemen on their strolls.

Of our divine old songs, Scott said, "They are part of our national inheritance." How largely has he added to it! "Something that we truly call our own. They have no foreign taint; they have the pure breath of the heather and the mountain breeze. All the genuine legitimate races that have descended from the ancient Britons—such as the Scotch, the Welsh, and Irish, have national airs. The English have none; because they are not natives of the soil, or, at least, are mongrels. Their music is all made up of foreign scraps, like a harlequin's jacket, or a piece of mosaic work. . . . . A real old Scottish song is a Cairngorum, a gem of our own mountains; or, rather, it is a precious relic of old times, that bears the national character stamped upon it; like a cameo, that shews what the national visage was in former days before the breed was crossed." . . . While Scott was thus discoursing, we were passing up a narrow glen, with the dogs beating about to right and left, when, suddenly, a blackcock burst upon the wing. "Aha!" cried Scott, "there will be a good shot for Master Walter."

Upon another occasion, talking of the Scottish character, and particularly of the Highlanders, he said, "The Scottish minds were made up of poetry and strong commonsense; and the very strength of the latter gave perpetuity and luxuriance to the former." . . . You will never weed those popular stories, and songs, and superstitions out of Scotland," said he. "It is not so much that the people believe in them, as that they delight in them. They belong to the native hills and streams, of which they are fond; and to the history of their forefathers, of which they are proud." And he went on to describe the rustic *ingle nook* of a winter night, and the auld wife, or strolling gaberlunzie, dealing out auld-world stories about bogles and warlocks, raids, forays, and Border skirmishes, or reciting some ballads stuck full of those fighting names that stir up a true Scotsman's blood, like the sound of a trumpet. Mr Washington Irving seems to have listened to such sayings with true poetic unction. Those must, indeed, have been delightful days that he spent with Scott. The world must ever regret that they were not lengthened out, so good use has he made of his time. In reference to the Scottish songs, and the poetic character of the people, we must not omit an anecdote of a poor carpenter, whom the American traveller met among the ruins of Alloway Kirk, when he visited the birthplace of Burns:—"He left his work, sat down by me on a grassy grave close by, where Burns' father was buried, and talked of the poet, whom he had known personally. He said his writings were familiar to the poorest and most illiterate of the country folk; '*and it seemed to him as if the country had grown more beautiful since Burns had written his bonnie little sangs about it.*'"

From the top of a hill, which Scott, after Bunyan, called the *Delectable Mountain*, he shewed the stranger all the wonders of the neighbouring region, the land of song and Border story. Sooth to say, much of the natural beauty of that bare naked scenery can exist to an Englishman or American but by imagination. Mr Washington Irving had been trying his hand at a compliment, we presume, and alleging that such had been the effect of the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for him than the richest scenery he had beheld in England. Scott's was the true taste of a mountaineer. He hummed and looked grave for a moment. He had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. "It may be pertinacity," said he, at length, "but, to my eyes, these grey hills, and all this wild Border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own *honest* grey hills; and, if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*"——The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied with a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that shewed his heart was in his speech. There is a touch of Caleb Balderstone, in his liking the Tweed better where it is bare of trees, as it was the more convenient for his angling. His natural taste in manners, and in fashions of life, was of the same kind as his taste in scenery, and thoroughly Scottish. One day an English landed gentleman, and a young clergyman under his patronage, arrived at Abbotsford. The patron was well-bred and commonplace, and talked scholarly and wisely, "aiming continually at learned disquisitions," for which Scott had little relish. The conversation of the latter was, as usual, studded with anecdotes and stories—some of them of great pith and humour. The well-bred gentleman was either too dull to feel their point, or too decorous to indulge in hearty merriment; the honest parson, on the contrary, laughed loud and long at every joke, and enjoyed them with the zest of a man who has more merriment in his heart than coin in his pocket. When they were gone, "Scott spoke very respectfully of the good breeding and measured manners of the man of wealth, but with a kindlier feeling of the honest parson, and the homely but hearty enjoyment with which he relished every pleasantry." He thought him the happier man of the two—and added, "Upon the whole, I prefer the honest parson's good humour to his patron's good-breeding—*I have a great regard for a hearty laugher.*"

One day, Mr Laidlaw, Scott's factor, of whom the visiter makes kind and honourable mention, came to dinner with his wife, and a female friend:—

The latter was a very intelligent, respectable person,

about the middle age, and was treated with peculiar attention and courtesy by Scott. Our dinner was a most agreeable one; for the guests were evidently cherished visiters to the house, and felt that they were appreciated. When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. "I wished to shew you," said he, "some of our really excellent, plain Scotch people: not fine gentlemen and ladies; for such you can meet everywhere; and they are everywhere the same. *The character of a nation is not to be learned from its fine folks.*" He then went on with a particular eulogium on the lady who accompanied the Laidlaws. She was the daughter, he said, of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having had a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scotch economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished, though, in the effort, she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she, in certain instances, refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbours, who had befriended her father in his need, and had fallen into poverty. "In a word," said Scott, "she's a fine old Scotch girl; and I delight in her more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest."

It was intended that Washington Irving should see Hogg at this time; but this was not accomplished. Scott spoke of the Shepherd in warm terms, and repeated passages from "Kilmeny," to which he gave great and well-merited praise.

"He gave," says the tourist, "some amusing anecdotes of Hogg and his publisher, Blackwood, who was, at that time, just rising into the bibliographical importance he has since enjoyed. Hogg, in one of his poems, I believe 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' had dabbled a little in metaphysics, and, like his heroes, had got into the clouds. Blackwood, who began to affect criticism, argued stoutly with him as to the necessity of omitting or elucidating some obscure passage. Hogg was immovable. 'But, man,' said Blackwood, 'I dinna ken what ye mean in that passage.' 'Hout, tout, man,' replied Hogg, impatiently, 'I dinna ken aye what I mean mysel.' There is many a metaphysical poet in the same predicament with honest Hogg."

John Paul Richter, once, when questioned about the meaning of some similar passage in his writings, replied, "that he, no doubt, had known the meaning when he wrote it, and God Almighty knew it still; but neither himself, nor any one else on earth, he feared." We think we recollect of Mr Carlyle somewhere confessing himself in a similar predicament. This makes a good joke enough to the critics certainly, but it is not without a hidden and pregnant meaning.

Besides daily rambles over Scott's bleak but improving domain, and the memorable scenes in the vicinity, an excursion was made to Old Melrose, and Dryburgh Abbey, the place that now holds his dust. They saw Sandy Knowe, Bemerside, and many of the places now celebrated in connexion with Scott, or his writings. Melrose Abbey was among his most delightful associations. "There is no telling," he said, "what is hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder. There are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it, as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste—the mouldier the better."

We must draw to a close with the following general remarks of the visiter:—

The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. A vein of strong, shrewd, common-sense, ran throughout it, as it does throughout all his writings; but was enriched and enlivened by incessant touches of feeling, of fancy, and humour. . . . . During the whole time of my visit, he seemed in a lively, playful mood, and his remarks and stories inclined to the comic, rather than the grave. Such, however, I was told, was the usual habit of his mind in social intercourse. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour, and laughed with right good will. . . . . Scott never talked for effect and display; but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration; and his narratives and descriptions were without effect, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages, with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversations reminded me continually of his novels. . . . . He was as good a listener as a talker, and appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions. . . . . He had a quick perception of faults and foibles; but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye; relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this benignant spirit which gives such an air of *bon hommie* to Scott's humour, throughout all his works.

The Abbotsford division of this volume so far surpasses the portion devoted to Newstead Abbey, that we have exhausted our space upon it, and still left much to desire. This might, in our eyes, have happened, had the Lord of Newstead been living and reigning. But the descriptions, anecdotes, and gossip about the shell without its kernel, and all the quaint, and curious, and ingenious carving, Mr Washington Irving has bestowed upon the barren rind, though pleasant to behold, do not make up for the one great blank. It has cost him, in short, some trouble, decently to eke out the advertised entertainment, though with the aid of dance and song, and interlude between the great acts. Still the dance, and song, and other occasional divertisements are fanciful, lively, and pretty; as every thing about old scenes and names must be, in the handling of this skilful artist. Eighty thousand pounds had been spent in repairing the Abbey and beautifying the grounds, by the new proprietor, before Washington Irving saw and *catalogued* its beauties, in his felicitous sketchy style. As a specimen, we shall select this *Udolpho* state chamber, into which the guest was introduced:—

It was lofty and well proportioned. The lower part of the walls was panelled with ancient oak, the upper part hung with gobelin tapestry, representing oriental hunting scenes, wherein the figures were the size of life, and of great variety of attitude and colour. The furniture was antique, dignified, and cumbrous. High backed chairs, curiously carved, and wrought in needlework; a massive clothes-press of dark oak, well polished, and inlaid with landscapes of variously tinted woods; a bed of state, ample and lofty, so as only to be ascended by a moveable flight of steps, the huge posts supporting a high tester, with a towering tuft of crimson plumes in each corner, and rich curtains of crimson damask, hanging in broad and heavy folds. A venerable mirror of plate glass stood on the toilette, in which belles of former centuries may have contemplated and decorated

their charms. The floor of the chamber was of tessellated oak, shining with wax, and partly covered with a Turkey carpet. In the centre, stood a massy oaken table, waxed and polished as smooth as glass, and furnished with a writing-desk of perfumed rosewood. A sober light was admitted into the room through Gothic stone-shafted casements, partly shaded by crimson curtains, and partly overshaded by the trees of the garden. This solemnly tempered light added to the effect of the stately and antiquated interior. Two portraits, suspended over the door, were in keeping with the scene. They were in ancient Vandyke dresses; one was a cavalier, who may have occupied this apartment in days of yore; the other a lady, with a velvet mask in her hand, who might once have arrayed herself for conquest at the very mirror I have described. The most curious relic of old times, however, in this quaint but richly dight apartment, was a great chimney-piece of panel-work, carved in high relief, with niches or compartments, each containing human busts, that protruded almost entirely from the wall. Some of them were in ancient Gothic garbs; the most striking among them was a female, who was earnestly regarded by a fierce Saracen. . . . . .

This is among the mysteries of the Abbey, which has some real mysteries, and some vamped up. The old retainers could give few anecdotes of Byron, though Mr Irving has laudably preserved fragments of their gossip. Sherwood Forest, and Annesley Hall, each contribute to the volume. Robin Hood and his merry men, are ever fresh, buxom, and welcome to English readers; but, really, we begin to tire of Mary Chaworth and of the first love of the poet, who never loved anything but himself, and that neither well nor wisely.

With this charming *bit* of ancient forest scenery, we close our notice of light reading for June.

A ride of a few miles farther brought us at length among the venerable and classic shades of Sherwood. Here I delighted to find myself in a genuine wild wood of primitive and natural growth, so rarely to be met with in this thickly peopled and highly cultivated country. It reminded me of the aboriginal forests of my native land. I rode through natural alleys and greenwood glades, carpeted with grass, and shaded by lofty and beautiful beeches. What most interested me, however, was to behold, around the mighty trunks of veteran oaks, the arches of Sherwood Forest. They were shattered, hollow, and moss-grown, it is true, and their "leafy honours" were nearly departed; but, like mouldering towers, they were noble and picturesque in their decay, and gave evidence, even in their ruins, of their ancient grandeur. As I gazed about me upon these vestiges of once "merry Sherwood," the picturings of my boyish fancy began to rise in my mind, and Robin Hood and his men to stand before me:—

> "Good Lord! it was a gallant sight,
> To see them all a-row;
> With every man a good broadswod,
> And eke a good yew bow."

The horn of Robin Hood again seemed to sound through the forest. I saw his silvan chivalry, half huntsmen, half freebooters, trooping across the distant glades, or feasting and reveling beneath the trees. I was going on to embody, in this way, all the ballad scenes that had delighted me when a boy, when the distant sound of a woodcutter's axe roused me from my day-dream. The boding apprehensions which it awakened, were too soon verified. . . . . Alas, for old Sherwood Forest! It had fallen into the possession of a Noble agriculturist, a modern Utilitarian, who had no feeling for poetry or forest scenery. In a little while, and this glorious woodland will be laid low; its green glades turned into sheep walks, its legendary bowers supplanted by turnip fields, and "merry Sherwood" will exist but in ballad and tradition. . . . . A chime of evening bells came on the breeze across the heath, from a distant village. I paused to listen. "They are merely the evening bells of Mansfield," said my companion. "Of Mansfield!" Here was another of the legendary names of this storied neighbourhood, that called up early and pleasant associations. The famous old ballad of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield" came at once to mind; and the chime of the bells put me again in good humour. A little farther on, and we came again on the traces of Robin Hood. Here was Fountain Dale, where he had his encounter with that stalwart shaveling, Friar Tuck. . . . The moat is still shewn which is said to have surrounded the stronghold of this jovial fighting friar, and the place where he and Robin Hood had their sturdy trial of strength and prowess, in the memorable conflict which lasted

> "From ten o'clock that very day,
> Until the afternoon."

This is the style by which Washington Irving makes the veriest trifles delightful, and gives value to everything he touches, by the poetical and pictorial medium through which he views it, and presents it to the reader.

WINTERBOTTOM ON PRIMOGENITURE.

Besides a host of pamphlets upon the "Question of Questions," to which we cannot advert, there are several political tracts deserving of attention. Among the foremost of these is a *Letter on Primogeniture, addressed to Isaac Tomkins and Peter Jenkins, by Timothy Winterbottom.* Timothy is alleged to be, at least, as nearly related to those famous scribes as a cousin-german. We do not pretend to be in the secret; but Timothy, whoever he be, is a clear-headed, clever fellow, who discusses, and satisfactorily settles the entire question in thirty sparse pages. His opinions are particularly worthy of the attention of the ladies—of mothers—and of those who would be wives—*honestly.* We shall cull a few sentences:—

"As long as the family continue in childhood, they are, with the exception, perhaps, of that adulation which sycophants and flatterers too early bestow upon the eldest, brought up alike—they enjoy the same luxuries, they form the same friendships, they acquire the same tastes they learn to relish the same society; but when they arrive at the age of manhood, they begin to feel their different position in the scale of social life. Who is there that has not seen the difference of the reception of the members of the same family in this town? The younger brother is eyed with coldness and jealousy, while the eldest is received with flattering solicitude, with welcome and cordiality. To the younger the society of women is denied. He is forbid to aspire to the affection of those with whom he was born on an equality, but below the reach of whom he is degraded by the operation of this law. The fortune and circumstances of him upon whom the property of the father will descend, is that which gives the tone to that society in which a family is placed; and the artificial accumulation of wealth upon one has thus the effect of raising the standard under which parents will not permit their daughters to marry. It aggravates the distance between the various members of society in a twofold manner—by causing an artificial elevation on the one side, and an artificial depression on the other; and this to a degree greater than may at first be imagined. . . . . No landed windfall can come to him. If he receive anything, it must be by the special grace and favour of the donor. . . . . Those who possess the greatest wealth will meet with

the greatest attention among the children of this world. This nobody can doubt for a moment. The superior attention paid to wealth is natural; but primogeniture draws an artificial line. It makes a gulf between members of the same family, the nearest and most intimate relations. It gives birth to arrogance in the place where it is most intolerable. Where property is left to follow its natural course, persons in nearly equal circumstances will fall into the same society: but primogeniture causes a subdivision in the same class, from the painful operations of which it is difficult to escape. Were there no distinction between the eldest and the youngest children, were the property of families distributed equally, young women and their mothers would be content to dispense with many luxuries which at present they regard almost as the necessaries of life, because others enjoy them; and thus the decent comforts of domestic enjoyment would be placed within the reach of a larger number of persons of both sexes, and the aggregate of happiness in the country increased. It is indeed true that the liberal professions are open to all; but let me observe, that there is no period in the life of man in which he so greatly needs the comfort and solace of domestic affection as when he is first struggling with the difficulties of life: when he has attained rank, wealth, and distinction, he has passed that time when the social affections take deepest root in the heart. He has other objects to occupy his mind—society, business, and ambition, are then all he cares for. It is in the first moments of professional life, when daily and repeated mortification is to be borne, that the support and consolation of female tenderness are the most needed. It is from this that a man acquires fresh courage to face the difficulties of his profession, and to endure the anguish of disappointment, which none but those who have felt it can imagine; and this the "scorpion" must bear alone and unpitied, that his idle elder brother may keep a carriage and horses for his wife. I am firmly convinced that the younger sons of a private gentleman are the persons of all others the least favourably circumstanced to get on in a profession. The wisest plan, now that there is no war to provide for them, is to send them to make their fortunes and lose their health in India. It often happens that those who are debarred the society of virtuous women will have recourse to the company of the degraded; and this is an evil which surely has some weight, when opposed to the supposed benefits of primogeniture."

Mr Winterbottom proceeds to shew, that primogeniture defeats one of its own main purposes. It renders the heir apparent independent of all paternal control, and enables him to seek his own gratifications at all hazards. "It is perhaps to primogeniture that we are indebted for Crockford's. How many heirs apparent are ruining their fortunes there or at Newmarket, or breaking their necks at Melton! and yet these very men, however little they may have to recommend them but their fortunes or expectancies, are sure of a favourable reception in society, and, indeed, are only too much embarrassed by the attentions they meet with from chaperons and mothers. To these the insolent leaders of fashion, and the exclusives of Almack's, will cringe and bow with disgusting meanness, as they proffer their decked-out daughters to their choice. While the eldest sons remain prizes in the matrimonial lottery, the younger, blanks, are rejected and despised. And this leads me to consider the effect of primogeniture on the female sex."—These evil effects we cannot notice; and it is of less consequence, as the ladies must really discuss Timothy Winterbottom themselves. Women, he truly remarks, are deeply interested in property being fairly distributed among men; as *elder sons* afford but a short supply of husbands.

"But now comes the difficulty. The number of men and women are pretty nearly equal in the world; the number of elder sons but small. Every man, says Adam Smith, has a peculiar confidence in his own good luck: every woman, perhaps, in her good luck and good looks combined. Every one thinks that she has a better chance than her neighbours of securing a matrimonial prize; and if a daughter's generosity or folly lead her to prefer a younger brother, the superior sagacity and prudence of her mother will speedily set the matter right; access will be denied him, perhaps some history of a flirtation with another conjured up, or, if he confide his wishes to the fair one's parents, she may not be informed of his proposal. In short, to use the language of political economists, the supply of wives exceeds the demand. Hence arises the noble science of matrimonial angling. The noblest and most amiable part of our species are turned into so many artificial flies, to tickle and catch the human trout. Flimsy accomplishments are substituted for solid education; the adornment of the person for that of the mind; dress takes the place of literature; singing and dancing—instead of being regarded, one as a pleasant way of beguiling a cheerless hour, the other as a means of securing a graceful deportment—are ends seriously pursued for their own sake. While the mother superintends the maid or the milliner, as she sews the gown on her daughter's back, while she watches with respectful deference Mr Nisbett or Mr Woodman, as he decks or disfigures her hair with the orthodox ornaments prescribed by fashion, or plasters the curls with rice-water to her temples, her daughter's morals are left pretty nearly to form themselves, and her reading is confined to fashionable novels or trumpery annuals. The whole soul of the mother is bent on securing the benefit of an establishment; no time is to be lost, the future is left to take care of itself; present attraction is all that is thought of. Conscious that the chances are against her, the market being overstocked, no manœuvre is missed, no opportunity neglected; and much may be, and is done, by the good management of a judicious chaperon. The gaudy bait is skilfully played before the eyes of the destined victim—the fine-drawn slender line is invisible—the simple object of these arts, perhaps just twenty-one and fresh from college, sees and desires, thinks all is gold that glitters; he nibbles: should some other sister of the hook interfere, and try to lure away the prey, falsehood and slander lend their aid to defeat their intrigues; just when the swain begins to think himself in love, the bait is withdrawn, he follows, and at last takes it. But with matrimony comes repentance. Scarce is the honeymoon passed, when he finds out the deception which has been practised; he discovers that, instead of an amiable companion, who can enliven moments of dulness as well as partake of the pleasures of gaiety, he has married an empty, selfish, heartless, frivolous person, who cares not a sixpence for anything but his fortune, and who looks upon him only as the peg upon which her establishment hangs: but it is too late to recede; he may, indeed, "flounce indignant of the guile," but the line of matrimony is too strong to be broken. The natural consequence follows; the gentleman amuses himself with a mistress, the lady with a lover. This may be thought a picture too highly coloured; but I do maintain that it is the tendency of primogeniture to generate this spirit of rapacity and artifice; it even tends to make sister rival sister, and, perhaps, a whole family pull caps for one man. May be, indeed, under the pressing exigencies of circumstances, a rich grocer or tea-dealer is admitted to purchase his admission into the ranks of gentility, by taking some unsaleable commodity off her mother's hands. If no such thing as primogeniture existed, if things were left to follow their own course and permitted to flow in their natural channels, this disparity between the demand and supply would vanish, this urgent necessity to be the first in the field and to secure the first rich fool, boy, or booby, that might offer, would disappear; women would mate with their equals; and, though Hyde Park might not exhibit so long a line of carriages on a Sunday, nor the opera so splendid an attendance on a Saturday, yet the number of old maids at Bath, and of divorces at Doctors' Commons, would be diminished."

LITERARY REGISTER.

Williams' Life of Sir Matthew Hale.

There is not, we apprehend, very much known of the private life of this truly good and eminent man; but the relics preserved are, on this very account, the more precious. Of these slender materials, Mr Williams has made the most; and also given us a good deal, that, in a popular volume, designed to be useful, and calculated to be greatly so, might well have been spared. The life of Hale is a book for every immortal being; but it ought especially to be the English lawyer's moral manual. He was that rare character, an upright, sterling judge, in times perilous to judicial integrity. His few prejudices were those of his age, rather than of his mind. Sir Matthew Hale is often cited as an authority for the alliance of Church and State—for *political* Christianity. The following passage, from his intimate and cherished friend and neighbour, Baxter, turns temptingly up to us:—"I must say, that he was of opinion that the wealth and honour of the bishops was convenient, to enable them the better *to relieve the poor, and rescue the inferior clergy from oppression*, and to keep up the honour of religion in the world. *But all this on supposition, that it would be in the hands of wise and good men, or else it would do much harm.* But, when I asked him whether great wealth and honour would not be most earnestly desired and sought by the *worst of men*, while good men would not seek them—and whether he that was the only fervent seeker, was not likeliest to obtain, except under some rare, extraordinary prince—and so, whether it was not like to entail the office *on the worst, and to arm Christ's* enemies against him to the end of the world, which a provision, that had neither alluring, nor much discouraging temptation, might prevent—he gave me no answer. I can truly say, that he greatly lamented the negligence, the ill lives, and violence of some of the clergy, and would oft say, "What have they their calling, honour, and maintenance for, but to seek the instructing and saving of men's souls?"

Before the Chief Justice left the bar, his practice was immense; "but far less lucrative than it might have been, owing to his freedom from the love of money." Here is a singular trait. "In ordinary cases, requiring little time or study, when those who asked his counsel gave him a piece, (then a respectable fee,) being satisfied with ten shillings, he used to give back the half." He was a kind neighbour, and an indulgent landlord, and supported his rank, says one of his biographers, "more by his *character*, than either by luxury or parade;" and Baxter remarks, that "his great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or grandeur." Judge Hale would, we fear, have given very adverse evidence, if examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the propriety of increasing the salaries of the Scottish Judges. Mr Baxter, noticing the smallness of his estate, notwithstanding his opportunities of aggrandizement, remarked, that, "as he had little, and desired little, so he was *content* with little." Economy reigned throughout every part of his household, without mean parsimony. His rule was, "Be frugal in my family; but let there be no want; provide for the poor." We hear nothing of the necessity of the Chief Justice maintaining the same state as the nobility and landed gentry. One of his reasons for declining the elevation offered him by Cromwell, and which no man so much merited, was this old-fashioned one—"It will necessarily lift up the minds of my children above their fortunes; which will be my grief and their ruin." We cordially recommend this memoir of a great and good man, a sincere Christian, and a paragon judge, as a book eminently fitted to make the reader wiser, better, and happier.

Mr Bailey's Rationale of Political Representation.

The British public has just been favoured by the issue of another work from the mint of this profound thinker. The *Rationale of Political Representation*, like the other productions of Mr Bailey, is a work not for to-day nor to-morrow, for any special and limited season, or any particular meridian, but for the instruction of all men and all ages. It is a book of TRUTH—the sum of the reflections of a clear and powerful mind, working on topics of the highest interest to mankind; and there is no class or society of mankind among whom free institutions and free thoughts are in a state of developement, who may not, and will not, be instructed by it. It is our intention, however, not so much to speak of this individual volume, as to call the attention of our countrymen to its author. Several years back, the meditative portion of the public was surprised by the successive appearance of works of the highest value, but of the humblest pretensions; clear in style almost to transparency, but correspondingly profound in thought; treating of matter deeply concerning mankind; and, what, in these times of pretension and display, was oddest of all, the works were *anonymous*. The *Essays on the Formation of Opinions*, and on the *Pursuit of Truth*, placed their unknown author, without hesitation, in the highest rank of practical philosophers; and the *Critical Dissertation on Value*, by power of the same singleness of conception and clearness of expression, unravelled many ambiguities which had previously dashed and defaced the elementary principles of Political Economy. The thinker who minted this sterling gold, we soon found, was Mr Bailey, a private gentleman in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, enjoying a moderate fortune, and shewing, in his quiet but busy retirement, how some men may indeed "Thank the gods," that "they have neither poverty nor riches." Mr Bailey still preserves the anonymous *externally*; but it is useless. His countrymen have fixed their eyes upon him, and hailed him as a man fitted to perform greater and still more impressive service to the State. If the common, but most foolish fallacy, that a philosopher must be an indifferent statesman, required practical and emphatic contradiction, it obtained it from Mr Bailey's conduct during his two unsuccessful contests for the representation of Sheffield. The clear insight there shewn by him into our present complex and threatening social relations, marked him as one who would strengthen, in no ordinary degree, the cause of his adoption.

The interest of the people requires that such a man should be one of our legislators. Two of our Scottish constituencies have done themselves much honour by selecting for their representatives in Parliament, strangers eminent for their talents and integrity, instead of confining themselves to local mediocrity, or accepting the nominee of one of the great aristocratic parties. It would be gratifying to us, in no small degree, to see another Scottish constituency deserve the same praise which has been universally bestowed upon Dundee and Kilmarnock, by sending Mr Bailey of Sheffield to join Sir Henry Parnell and Dr Bowring.

History and Present Condition of the Barbary States. By the Rev. Michael Russell, D.D.

This volume forms the seventeenth of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. It completes the History of Africa, and constitutes a valuable and truly *complete* portion of a series, which, for research, accuracy, and trust-worthiness, takes a very high place among the improved works of the time. This volume has, fortunately, been delayed until the possession of Algiers by the French for several years, has greatly augmented the sum of European information on the present condition of the Barbary States, and their prospects and capacities of commercial and social improvement. Dr Russell has detailed the projects of the French statesmen in relation to this fine and very reclaimable country.

The long accumulated stores of classic knowledge, and the copious and varied information of a writer so entirely at home in his subject, are discoverable in every page of the volume. We should indeed, have suspected that the classic associations connected with the early history and antiquities of this division of Africa, might have carried

him too far. But remote periods are kept in their proper place, and in due subservience to authentic annals, and to the modern condition of the different provinces of Barbary. A chapter, not the least interesting at the present moment, is devoted to a description of the Regency of Algiers. This volume, like all the others of this Library, is adorned with numerous neat engravings, which are more than pretty pictures, as they really aid the story, and illustrate the text. The recent labours of the French draughtsmen and *savans* have placed materials at the disposal of the spirited and pains-taking publishers, which have enabled them to give their cheap volume a value and interest wanting to works of ten times the price. We eschew rounding off a period with a compliment to Dr Russell. His literary character is now so well known and established, as to make this not merely superfluous, but something like an impertinence.

Thornton's State and Prospects of India. London: Parbury & Allen.

This work emanates from a good quarter. It is valuable for bringing the affairs of the Indian empire within the reasonable compass of a single and not bulky volume, and for expounding sound and comprehensive views of what Indian government and internal regulation ought to be, in an enlightened and rather liberal spirit. We would except what is said about the freedom of the press. There is no analogy between the immediate co-existence of a free press and representative government in India. But the time for the latter may come—must come, if India advances; and a press immediately free will prove one of its best pioneers. Mr Thornton is also unduly apprehensive of too great rashness being displayed in the extinction of slavery. He is not so great an admirer of the "mild Hindoo" as many of those whose opportunities of knowledge are less. But the instances of inhumanity, or rather of insensibility to human suffering, which are adduced, might, we apprehend, be paralleled every day in the streets of London, and no more thought about it. The police and a window-shutter clear all away. Again, the striking want of veracity shewn by the natives in the law courts is not a feature peculiar to the people, but as much a necessary consequence of their political and social condition, as the self-same disregard to truth at an Irish assize. There are excellent hints in the book for the improvement of the system of selection, and the education of the Company's civil servants; and there are also some errors or prejudices.

Warren's Digest of the Laws and Regulations of the Wesleyan Methodists.

The reader will here find the fullest exposition of the organization and peculiar institutions of the Methodists' Society that has yet appeared. Small space is allowed to "Doctrine," the especial object of the author being "Discipline." The *arcana* of this society is curious. From those rules that are still unrelaxed in the letter, we quote two.

"VII.—OF MARRYING WITH UNBELIEVERS.

"Some of our members have married with unbelievers, yea with unawakened persons. This has had fatal effects. They have either a cross for life, or turn back to perdition. To put a stop to this, every preacher is enjoined to enforce frequently the apostle's caution, 'Be not unequally yoked.' And he is openly to declare, that whoever does this shall be expelled the society."

"VIII.—OF BANKRUPTCIES.

"To prevent scandal, whenever any of our members become bankrupts, the Superintendent shall talk with them at large; and, if any of them have not kept fair accounts, or have been concerned in the base practice of raising money by coining notes, (commonly called the bill trade,) he shall be expelled immediately." And the old rule of Wesley is again enjoined for the prevention of the scandal attendant upon bankruptcy—namely, "That two leading members of the society be selected *to examine* the bankrupt's accounts; and, if he has not kept fair accounts, and has been concerned in that base practice of raising money by coining notes, (*i. e.* wind bills,) let him be immediately expelled the society." This is not all: "If any member of the society is found to have speculated in business beyond a reasonable probability of his being able to meet every lawful demand, he shall be suspended from the privileges of the society for one year at least. If any of our members, who have formerly failed in business, shall afterwards, by the blessing of God, have acquired property, we earnestly exhort them to demonstrate their integrity, by paying all the former deficiencies as soon as possible." We also see strong laws against snuff, tobacco, and drams; calashes, high-heads, and enormous bonnets! There is another law which we trust is not yet obsolete, as it may be of use at Tory elections:—"*Extirpate bribery*; receiving anything, *directly* or *indirectly*, for voting in any election. *Shew no respect of persons herein, but expel all that touch the accursed thing.*" We should be glad to hear of recent instances of this law having been enforced. Mr Warren appears to think that the Methodist clergy have too much irresponsible power over the body, and to hint at representatives chosen by the congregations forming members of the Conference.

The Last Lay of the Last of the Three Dibdins. Author of Thirty-seven Pantomimes, Forty-one Burlettas, &c. &c.

Alas, that such a bird should sing in a cage! but such, we understand, is the melancholy fact. We were, indeed, but lately introduced to the third Dibdin, in prison in his old age, by the *Clergyman in Debt*. Let us hope that his lively volume—for nothing seems to impair his vivacity—may have an extensive sale. We find nothing, to be sure, like the ancestral Tom Bowling, or Poor Jack; but much that is merry and wise, *punnical* and entertaining. As, for example, this *moral* song:—

THE NEGRO.

Great way off at sea, when at home I beenee,
Buckra man steal me from de Coast of Guinee.
Christian massa pray, call me heathen doggee,
Den I run away—very much he floggee.
Ching, ching a ring, &c.

White man bring me here, and good Christian makee—
Lady fair, O dear! for a footman takee.
Stand behind her chair, play at cards for guinee—
Always she play fair, but she always winee.
Ching, ching a ring, &c.

Lady run away, den de lawyer takee—
Latin word he say, and great rogue he makee.
Poor man den I saw, go to law so funny:
He have all de law, massa all de money.
Ching, ching a ring, &c.

This stanza is from a lively translation of an excellent old fable, not a whit the worse for being adapted to music.

THE OLD MAN, THE BOY, AND THE ASS.

Gaffer Grist, Gaffer's son, and his little jackass,
Trotting along the road,
Through a gossipping, straggling village must pass,
Before they could reach their abode.

Master Johnny rode jacky, which old Gaffer led—
The villagers thought the boy monstrous ill-bred—
So they made honest Gaffer get up in his stead,
Trotting along the road.

DIBDIN THE THIRD is not so great a favourite with the sentimental as with the comic and laughing muses: but, among his selections, we find many popular *serious* songs, of which we were not before aware of the authorship. This volume, altogether, gives a good notion of what charmed the play-goers, and the convivial souls, of the first quarter of the present century.

Religion—a Poem. By Thomas D. Thomson. Edinburgh.

A lofty and expansive subject, smooth versification, a tolerable command of poetic diction, and a pious and amiable strain of rather commonplace sentiment, distinguish this attempt; and will, we have no doubt, commend it to many worthy people. Some years ago, and perhaps still, this poem would have had a fair chance for carrying

a prize at Oxford or Cambridge. If this measure of fame content the author, it is freely awarded to him as certainly due. The specimens we select give a tolerable idea of the style of the poem, and, if brief, are not unfavourable.

Prayer! holiest breathing ever heard on earth;
Pledge of the soaring soul's celestial birth;
Most glorious privilege of a fallen race,
To seek Jehovah in his holy place;
Mysterious voice, whose faintest whispers rise
Above the grand hosannahs of the skies.
When at his mother's knee the infant kneels,
And from his lips the artless worship steals,
That viewless God who made and governs all
Receives the plaintive accents as they fall,
And pours a blessing on his guiltless head,
And sends an angel to protect his bed.

A Sabbath morn, Sabbath bells, and public worship, afford us the following agreeable lines:—

It is a Sabbath morn—a solemn still
Pervades the vale, the hamlet, and the hill;
No sound of rustic labour wakes the breeze,
No leaf is stirred among the forest trees;
A dream-like calmness broods on earth and air,
And all creation seems like one in prayer,
Who hails the transient interval of rest
With the deep silence of a grateful breast.
Welcome, most favoured day of all the seven,
When earth like ocean seems to mirror Heaven,
And peace a transitory sway maintains
O'er crowded marts as o'er deserted plains.
Now may the panting spirit cast away
All worldly care for one delightful day;
Now may the soul of deep devotion raise
With kindred hearts the melody of praise,
And feel, in lofty joy, the mystic ties
That knit its heavenly nature to the skies.

A few short pieces eke out the volume, among which "Verses to a Tame Deer," are strikingly fine, and, indeed, incomparably above their compeers. Many young poets, who afterwards shew vigorous original powers, set out in the leading-strings of imitation; but no one worthy of the name will long continue in them. Campbell is conspicuous in every page of this poem; but it is not the Campbell of Gertrude, of Hohenlinden, the Mariners of England, and the Battle of the Baltic. The Bard of Hope is, we suspect, a very inferior, though it may be a more safe and easy model for young beginners.

Library of Elementary Knowledge, or The Schoolmaster at Home.

This is a useful and cheap popular work, containing valuable treatises and well executed historical abridgments, with a mass of agreeable and well-selected information, and numerous entertaining facts. Among the multitude of similar works we can confidently recommend this one, whether for instruction, the acquisition of knowledge, or for amusement of a liberal and improving kind.

Men and Manners in Britain.

Mr Grant Thorburn, or, as he delights to be called, THE ORIGINAL LAWRIE TOD, having re-crossed the Atlantic, has, from his seed-store, thrown back what he quaintly terms, "A Bone to Pick, to the Trollopes, Fiddlers, &c. &c.," being his journal in Great Britain. He is reprinted by Reid & Co. of Glasgow, and has met with a sharp editor. We cannot see much to commend in Grant's work, save the conceit of the little man—that is, indeed, delicious.

Lay Sermons. By John Watkins.

This is a book of ability and laudable purpose, though somewhat declamatory in style. It is dedicated to Ebenezer Elliott. The subjects of the different discourses are all of the kind that stimulates feeling, and helps to betray a generous mind into undue vehemence. Hence their occasionally violent tone. They are—*Seduction, Bastardy, Pitiless Treatment of the Poor by the Rich, Cruelty to Animals,* &c. &c.

The Household Almanac, or, Year-Book for 1835.

A book of tables, and general information of a useful kind in daily life. Why it is called *Household* we cannot tell. Some little essays are interspersed in the work, on popular subjects; and the old burden is chanted, of how *happy* and *comfortable* the poor might be, if they understood economy, and chose to be careful.

PAMPHLETS.

England, Ireland, and America. By a Manchester Manfacturer.

This pamphlet is evidently written by a practical Utilitarian. It is discursive in its subject, but relates mainly to foreign policy. A brotherly feeling is entertained for Ireland; and a kindly one for the United States. The author handles too many topics to be very effective or impressive on any one of them. He indulge in a long sensible talk upon things in general. The truth is, this pamphlet is a volume unbound.

Affairs of the East in Connexion with England and Russia.

This is another sounding of tocsin against the designs of Russia.

Malthusian Boon Unmasked, &c. &c. By A Friend to the Poor.

A sensible and very well-meaning pamphlet, without much that is either original or strikingly exhibited.

Free Trade in Corn, the Real Interest of the Landlords and the Policy of the State. By a Cumberland Landowner.

This is the Second Edition of Mr Rooke's valuable argument. We trust that light is, at last, breaking in upon our landholders, and struggling with the darkness which has so long blinded them to their true interests. The first section of the pamphlet *proves*, from the Eton prices, that the effect of restriction has been to *lower* the price of corn in the home market, and that a free importation, by promoting commerce and national prosperity, would raise its price. This much ought, of itself, to excite the attention of the landed interest to the discussion of the facts and arguments here brought forward. They are stated, we are told, "by one of their own body—by one who has no ambition to gratify, no purpose of the day to serve; but, attached to the interests of that yeomanry, which he knows to be the pride and strength of this great nation, he feels the love of truth predominant in his heart." We commend this pamphlet to the notice of our provincial anti-corn law associations, though some of the conclusions are not such as will always square with their ideas.

Agricultural Distress, its Cause and Remedy, in a Letter to Lord Chandos, by a Country Banker.

This is nor more nor less than a regular attack upon the Peel Currency Bill, by a genuine Tory. After stating all our miseries, this gentleman proposes a remedy, which, to him, appears "clear and plain." It is this—"Oblige the bank to meet their engagements, by exchanging *value for value*, £5 worth of gold for £5 worth of paper, and *we are safe!*" The Tories are safe; for "run the Duke for gold" could no longer "have a significant and deadly meaning." In our idea, "*value for value*" would mean several reams of good paper.

Place and Power.

A clever, slashing, but very young production, and rather abusive withal; of which the chief object appears to be the exhibition of the writer as a smart, eloquent fellow. These are not the kind of pamphlets that men write now-a-days, either to serve themselves or any good cause. Formerly they might have entertained "The Town" for a few days; but the monster has grown rather deaf and Utilitarian of late, and exceedingly contemptuous of tropes, figures, and declamation, and, indeed, of everything that has not a direct reference either to his pocket or his pleasures.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.

We formerly mentioned that we can give no notice of School Books, and that for very sufficient reasons. Their due examination would require a national *board*, and cannot be adequately accomplished by a self-constituted critical tribunal, arrogating power to itself, nor yet by casual criticism, through those usual strainers with which every *knowing* publisher is familiar. While upon this subject, we would inquire, in behalf of the public, by what right the "Journal of Education" is published under the paraded sanction of a string of great names, accompanied by a rather inconsistent protest, that these individuals shall not be considered responsible for the contents of that periodical: for its partialities, we presume; its pettinesses, its captiousness, its injustice, so often complained of; and other qualities, not quite so reprehensible perhaps, but very far from commendable in such a work? We have now to enumerate a few new school books:—"The Rev. J. M. M'Culloch's Manual of English Grammar; Second Edition, revised, 1s. 6d." "Treatise on English Grammar; by Richard Riley. Second Edition, considerably enlarged." "Abridgement of ditto; Second Edition, much enlarged, 1s. 6d." "Fifteen Lessons on the Analogy and Syntax of the English Language; by William Hill." "A Latin Grammar, for the use of English Boys; by James Paul Cobbett." "A Guide to Spanish and English Conversation; by J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S." "An Introduction to the Study of the German Language; by J. F. Reymann." "De Porquet's First German Reading Book." There is still a horde of others that we cannot at present notice even by name.

CATECHISMS.

"A Catechism of Natural Philosophy, by George Lees," and another of "Political Economy, by Thomas Murray," have been published. Both are good popular expositions of science. We also notice a "Mother's Catechism," which reminds us exceedingly of our old friend, Dr Blair's catechisms.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

The Stratford-upon-Avon Shakspearian Club are so aggrieved by the neglected, and even ruinous condition of the monument of the Bard, and of the chancel of the church where it stands, that they have resolved to appeal to the public, and solicit assistance towards the restoration and preservation of the tomb, and the venerable structure in which it is placed. The object is highly praiseworthy, and the club have appointed a committee of gentlemen to carry it into effect. They have resolved to appeal "to the educated portion of the community, to eminent literary characters in all countries, and to the admirers of genius throughout the world, to co-operate with them in the sacred task of protecting the tomb from further neglect, and the chancel from ruin." Donations, *not exceeding one pound each*, are received by Smith & Payne, bankers, London, to whom bankers everywhere will transmit. We have, we believe, a Shakspeare Club in this city; and we were wont to have another in Alloa, which, at one time, was of great celebrity. They will do their duty. The tomb of Shakspeare is surely not less sacred or less dear than Alloway Kirk or Abbotsford.

Worcester Institution.—The yearly report of this institution, which combines *Lectures* on *Science* and *Literature*, a *Library*, and a *Reading-Room*, is worthy of being generally circulated, as it affords useful hints for the formation or improvement of similar associations. This one has *Monthly Conversational Meetings*, when papers are read, and the subjects they introduce discussed; and also *Experimental Meetings*, which are not less useful. There are *French* and *Mathematical Classes* connected with it. The institution appears to be conducted with the good sense and economy which alone can ensure permanent prosperity. The managers are willing to communicate their scheme, and the results of their experience, to all similar commencing institutions, and have done so in many instances, where application has been made. One main cause of their prosperity, the association believe to be, the *popular annual* election of its officers and committee men. It is not managed by a clever junto, but by its own understanding and free-will. Another cause is *strict economy*. A third is alleged to be the propitiating of the spirit of *caste*, by the association not taking the obnoxious name of a *Mechanics' Institution*, which would have kept many persons back from the lectures. This is pitiful, no doubt; but, while "such things are," it is worthy of consideration.

Expedition to Southern and Central Africa.—An expedition proceeding from the Cape of Good Hope, and attempting an egress by the *Great Lake Tchad*, has lately been projected, the *expense to be defrayed by a public subscription*. Though we have seen the prospectus, we can say little about the affair, save that we find a list of noble patrons, who, we hope, may be better informed. The expedition is upon such a scale as warrants dating from "The African Expedition Office," and subscriptions are requested to be sent to the London and Westminster Bank. We mention this merely to stimulate inquiry, and not to induce people to pay their money without knowing for what. The project may be deserving of all encouragement.

Mr Fielden's Vote on the Choice of Speaker.—We must be excused from publishing the letter we have received, upon the subject of this gentleman's conduct, upon the election of the Speaker. In the observations made upon the Members for Oldham, by the author of the article complained of, (abating something of harshness of tone,) we entirely concurred at the time; and we can see no reason to change that opinion. It appears that Mr Fielden did not vote at all, but was absent "upon important private business;" and, besides, he thought the choice of Speaker (and probably the address) "a matter of no importance." In this, Mr Fielden and Mr Cobbett differed from all other reformers, without exception; for we presume the latter would now disclaim Sir Francis Burdett, and other waverers, as Reformers. "Important private business" must not be allowed to stand in the way of public duty. The man who had "married a wife and could not come," pleaded very important private business. Mr Fielden made a false step, and we hope he will soon discover as much, and retrieve himself. If his constituents are like the rest of their countrymen, who are Reformers, they cannot, more than we, approve of his line of conduct at the opening of this important Session, when so much was at stake, and every single vote precious. If Messrs Fielden and Cobbett think it of little consequence whether the Whigs or the Tories are in power, so do not we; and so does not Mr Hume, nor yet O'Connell. The electors of Oldham will not doubt, that these gentlemen are Reformers, as zealous, and probably as enlightened, as their own representatives.

Criminal Law.—We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the existence of a Society *for the diffusion of information on the subject of capital punishments*. It has committees in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. From its circular, just issued, it would appear that capital punishments are rapidly diminishing in number in the Continental States, and that, in some States, they are nearly discontinued. The statistical information given is from Prussia, Norway, Brunswick, and Belgium. The object it is meant to elucidate, is, that crimes diminish as penal laws are ameliorated, and hence the beneficial effects of such amelioration. The result is striking in Belgium, where capital convictions have diminished tenfold, and executions in the same proportion, within the last thirty years. A similar result has been observed in Tuscany.

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